

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review.

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Vol. V, No. 6. "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Dec., 1890

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The January issue of *Current Literature* will be made in a new form—double the number of pages; size and style that of the standard magazines. The broad page, and aristocratic clumsiness, are given up with a regret softened by the fact that the new shape is made imperative by trade requirements. *Current Literature* in circulation and standing has come to be classed and placed with the leading magazines, and, commercially speaking, it must be made to fit that place. We are of the opinion that readers as well as dealers will be pleased with the change, which, after all, is only to a more convenient and popular form.

Publishers and Authors—From the *New York Sun*

Whether the makers of books are fairly treated by the publishers of them is a question which London daily and weekly newspapers have been actively discussing of late. The discussion seems to have been started by Archdeacon Farrar, who complains that he had not received from Messrs. Cassell & Co. adequate remuneration for his *Life of Christ*. The work referred to was never taken seriously by Biblical scholars, by whom the author was known to be scarcely better qualified for his task than the late Henry Ward Beecher, who, it will be remembered, at one time projected a similar undertaking. The archdeacon, however, gave the publishers just what they wanted, an *ad captandum*, catchpenny compilation, which delighted the large body of readers who need to have their thinking done for them, for whom even the lucid narratives of the evangelists require interpretation. So a great many thousand copies of the book were sold, but the author, so he says, did not get an equitable proportion of the profits. Thereupon Messrs. Cassell & Co. appear with some indignation at the bar of public opinion and allege that the archdeacon has much to be grateful for, and nothing to complain of. As a matter of fact, they say that he cannot claim the idea, or the plan, or any of the important characteristic features, of the *Life of Christ* which he compiled. They had, it seems, prepared in their office the scheme of a popular biography of the Saviour, defining not only its scope and purpose, but indicating even the minute details. To carry out their design, which was frankly commercial, they naturally did not apply to men like Dr. Westcott, or the late Dr. Liddon, first, because their scholarship would have been inconvenient and misplaced rather than useful; and, second, because divines of that order would not have accepted their proposal. In Archdeacon Farrar, however, the publishers recognized the man they required, and they entered into an agreement with him, in pursuance of which he was to produce a

popular and pleasing *Life of Christ*, while they were to pay him for the manuscript \$3,000 (£600). The archdeacon performed his part of the contract to the satisfaction of the publishers and of the public which they had in view. It may be admitted, as one of his English critics has asserted, that he did not tell any true things that were new, but, on the other hand, he told a great many new things that were not demonstrably true. One branch of his revelations was glanced at in the reply of an Oxford undergraduate, when questioned on his knowledge of the New Testament: "About the childhood of Jesus," said the undergraduate, "we know little or nothing, except what we gather from Farrar's *Life of Christ*." So delighted were Messrs. Cassell & Co. with the archdeacon's exemplary fulfilment of their purpose, and with the net gains thereof, that, as they now testify, they made the author, in addition to the covenanted payment of \$3,000, a voluntary gift of \$7,000, making in all the handsome sum of \$10,000. How much they themselves made out of the book they do not feel called upon to divulge, and we cannot see that any one has a right to blame their reticence. We do not agree with the English authors who have taken part in the discussion on the archdeacon's side, who hold that Messrs. Cassell & Co. were in duty bound to spread their balance sheet before the author and the public. If we sell a horse for a fixed sum in cash, and the horse subsequently proves the best horse of his year, the latter fact gives us no right to demand of the purchaser a detailed account of his winnings, in stakes and bets, with a view to what we are pleased to call a fair division. If the horse had gone wrong, we certainly should not have returned the purchase money, provided, of course, that he was sound when he left our possession. Now, books are commodities as uncertain as horses; for one book that wins the blue ribbon of the market, a dozen books prove worthless. When a publisher pays money down for a manuscript, he takes upon himself all the risk of miscarriage in dealing with a highly speculative article. If, to offset a dozen failures, he meets with one success, he may barely recoup himself, and it is an act of generosity, rather than an act of justice, when, over and above the stipulated price, he offers to share the outcome of good fortune with the author of that exceptional achievement, a successful book. On the whole, we do not think that the facts brought out in an extensive<sup>24</sup> correspondence redound so much to the credit of Archdeacon Farrar as to that of his publishers. He seems to have discovered nothing unseemly in undertaking a *Life of Christ* which had been conceived and planned as a purely mercantile transaction.

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The only thing that he regrets is the fact that he received only about three times as many pieces of silver as had been agreed upon. We are inclined to concur with the distinguished philologist, Mr. J. S. Stuart-Glennie, in seeing a sardonic humorousness in the peculiar genesis of the English Life of Christ, which originated not in the study of a Strauss or the travels of a Renan, but in the office of a man of business, and as a signally sharp and singularly lucrative speculation.

Walt Whitman's Achievements—Robert G. Ingersoll

At the recent testimonial benefit to Walt Whitman, given in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in his lecture on Liberty and Literature, said: "In the year 1855 the American people knew but little of books. Their ideals, their models, were English. Young and Pollok, Addison and Watts were regarded as great poets; some of the more reckless read Thomson's Seasons and the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott. A few not quite orthodox delighted in the mechanical monotony of Pope, and the really wicked—those lost to all religious shame—were worshippers of Shakespeare. The really orthodox Protestant, untroubled by doubts, considered Milton the greatest poet of them all. Byron and Shelley were hardly respectable—not to be read by young persons. It was admitted on all hands that Burns was a child of nature, of whom his mother was ashamed and proud. At this time a young man—he to whom this testimonial is given—he upon whose head have fallen the snows of more than seventy winters—this man, born within the sound of the sea, gave to the world a book, *Leaves of Grass*. This book was, and is, the true transcript of the soul. The man is unmasked. No drapery of hypocrisy, no pretence, no fear. The book was as original in form as in thought. It was a marvellous collection and aggregation of fragments, hints, suggestions, memories and prophecies, weeds and flowers, clouds and clods, sights and sounds, emotions and passions, waves, shadows, and constellations. His book was received by many with disdain, with horror, with indignation and protest—by the few as a marvellous, almost miraculous, message to the world, full of thought, philosophy, poetry, and music. Since the year 1855 the American citizen has concluded that it is hardly worth while being a sovereign unless he has the right to think for himself. And now from this height, with the vantage ground of to-day, I propose to examine this book and to state in a general way what Walt Whitman has done and the place he has won in the world of thought. Walt Whitman announced the gospel of the body. He confronted the people. He denied the depravity of man. He insisted that love is not a crime. He taught the dignity and glory of the father and mother, the sacredness of maternity. Maternity, tender and pure as the tear of pity, holy as suffering—the crown, the flower, the ecstasy of love. To me the most obscene word in our language is celibacy. Walt Whitman defended the sacredness of love, the purity of passion—the passion that builds every home and fills the world with art and song. Whoever differs from the multitude, especially with a led multitude, will find out from their leaders that he has committed an unpardonable sin. It is a crime to travel a road of your own, especially if you put up guide-boards for the information of others. No writer must be measured by a word or line or paragraph. He is to be meas-

ured by his work. We cannot measure Shakespeare by a few lines; neither can we measure the Bible by a few chapters, nor *Leaves of Grass* by a few paragraphs. Walt Whitman had the courage to express his thought—the candor to tell the truth. Most writers suppress individuality. They wish to please the public. They flatter the stupid and pander to the prejudice of their readers. If what are known as the best people could have their way the works of Shakespeare would have been suppressed. If the Scotch kirk could have decided, nothing would have been known of Robert Burns. But we are not forced to go very far back. If Shakespeare had been published for the first time now, those divine plays—greater than continents and seas, greater even than the constellations of the midnight sky—would be excluded from the mails. Walt Whitman is in the highest sense a believer in democracy. He knows that there is but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty; to the end that man may be happy. He knows that there is but one excuse for any institution, secular and religious, the preservation of liberty; and that there is but one excuse for schools for universal education, for the ascertainment of facts, namely, the preservation of liberty. He resents the arrogance and cruelty of power. He has sworn never to be tyrant or slave. He has solemnly declared: 'I speak the pass-word primeval—I give the sign of democracy. I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.' He felt as all should feel, that the liberty of no man is safe unless the liberty of each is safe. Whitman has reminded the people of this country that they are supreme, and he has said to them: 'The President is there in the White House for you—it is not you who are here for him.' In speaking of the individuality of the American, he said: 'In order to protect the liberties of a nation we must protect the individual. A democracy is a nation of free individuals.' Walt Whitman has told us that 'the whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual, namely, to you.' Whitman is the poet of individuality—the defender of the rights of each for the sake of all—and his sympathies are as wide as the world. He is the defender of the whole race." "The great poet is intensely human, infinitely sympathetic—entering into all joys and griefs. When the respectable people of the North, the rich, the successful, were willing to carry out the fugitive slave law, Walt Whitman said:

"I am the wounded slave—I wince at the bite of the dogs.  
Hell and despair are upon me—"Crack" and again "crack"  
the marksmen;  
I clutch the rails of the fence—my blood drips thinned with  
the ooze of my skin;  
I fall on the weeds and stones;  
The riders spur their unwilling horses—haul close;  
Taunt my dizzy ear and beat me with the butts of their whips.  
"Agonies are one of my changes of garment."  
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels. I myself  
become the wounded person."

Walt Whitman has dreamed great dreams, told great truths, and uttered sublime thoughts. He has held aloft the torch and bravely led the way. As you read the marvellous book, or the person, called *Leaves of Grass*, you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of the will, the accomplishment of the ideal, will be within your power. Ob-



structions become petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken and the distinctions of caste are lost. The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of Nature. Creeds, theories, and philosophies ask to be examined, contradicted, reconstructed. Prejudices disappear, superstitions vanish, and custom abdicates. The sacred places become highways, duties and desires clasp hands and become comrades and friends. Authority drops the sceptre, the priest the mitre, and the purple falls from kings. The inanimate becomes articulate, the meanest and humblest things utter speech, and the dumb and voiceless burst into song. A feeling of independence takes possession of the soul, the body expands, the blood flows full and free, superiors vanish, flattery is a lost art, and life becomes rich, royal, and superb. The world becomes a personal possession, and the oceans, the continents, and the constellations belong to you. You are in the centre—everything radiates from you and in your veins beats and throbs the pulse of all life. You become a rover, careless and free. You wander by the shores of all seas and hear the eternal psalm. You feel the silence of the wide forest, and stand beneath the intertwined and overarching boughs, entranced with symphonies of winds and woods. You are borne on the tides of eager and swift rivers, hear the rush and roar of cataracts as they fall beneath the seven-hued arc, and watch the eagles as they circling soar. You traverse gorges, dark and dim, and climb the scarred and threatening cliffs. You stand in orchards where the blossoms fall like snow, where the birds nest and sing, and painted moths make aimless journeys through the happy air. You live the lives of those who till the earth, and walk amid the perfumed fields, hear the reaper's song, and feel the breadth and scope of earth and sky. You are in the great cities, in the midst of multitudes, of the endless processions. You are on the wide plains—the prairies—with hunter and trapper, with savage and pioneer, and you feel the soft grass yielding under your feet. You sail in many ships and breathe the free air of the sea. You travel many roads and countless paths. You visit palaces and prisons, hospitals and courts; you pity kings and convicts, and your sympathy goes out to all the suffering and insane, the oppressed and enslaved, and even the infamous. You hear the din of labor, all sounds of factory, field, and forest, of all tools, instruments, and machines. You become familiar with men and women of all employments, trades, and professions—with birth and burial, with wedding feast and funeral chant. You see the cloud and flame of war and you enjoy the ineffable perfect days of peace. In this one book, in these wondrous *Leaves of Grass*, you find hints, and touches and fragments, of all there is of life that lies between the babe, whose rounded cheeks dimple beneath his mother's laughing, loving eyes, and the old man, snow crowned, who, with a smile, extends his hand to death."

Unpopularity of Fathers in Fiction—Hartford Courant

It is all Lombard Street to a China orange in favor of the mothers. The novelists have given fathers a bad name. Here is a recent novel Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *Sant' Ilario*. What a world of romance, love, and happiness would have reigned in that old Roman palace, such a world that this book would never have been written (which Heaven forbid!) if it had not been for the parsimony and the cruelty of the

old miser, Montevarchi, who thought his daughters his goods and chattels, whom he might sell to whom he wished. We detest Sidonie, but Daudet shows us pretty plainly where that little selfish intrigante got her evil ways—where, indeed, but from Old Chebé, with his round, empty head, like a ten-pin ball, and his little, greedy, green eyes? And, but for her solemn fool of a father, would Desirée Dolobelle have been the subject of that pitiful picture of a little, half-drowned, lame girl in the police station, listening with burning cheeks to the indictment of the officer of "Attempting suicide by throwing herself in the Seine?" Thackeray knew and hated him, the male progenitor. Look at Dr. Firmin with his smooth, bald head, his red cheeks, his gracious bow, his everlasting smile. How it sickened poor Philip and drove him into intolerable rages! And what have you to say of Captain Costigan as a father, you who would put in a feeble plea for that character who in all these instances has proved himself a monster of depravity? The cheerful old fraud, with his red handkerchief, his red nose, his battered top hat, his odor of gin and water, and his angel of a child, the Ravenswing. There is another person who suffered from this misfortune, to whom Thackeray has devoted a good deal of his attention, a pale young lady with green eyes and innumerable accomplishments. She has suffered much at the hands of a cynical world, and she has been described by that awful title, "a woman without a heart." But listen to her pedigree. The author of her being was an artist, a sharper, and a drunkard, and when he got into his cups he beat his wife and his daughter till the former died. Do you suppose if he had not killed his wife, Becky would have been put to the pathetic expedient, to which moralists so much object, of being her own mamma? We began by rather resenting the attitude of the novelist, but we are like the landlord who came to sell Sheridan's roof over his head, and went away having leased it to him for two more years, conquered by the eloquence of the debtor. We think of Mr. Dombey. A precious father he was with little Florence hiding from him in the corner. And Ralph Nickleby, alas! poor Smike! Balzac knew the man. Baron Hulot, for instance; we have no apologies for Madame Marneffe, but you recall, of course, Hulot junior's last words: "Children cannot prevent the follies of their childish parents." And the vaunted virtues of Père Goriot, a coward, another Lear, to whom we pay our compliments as the embodiment of paternal weakness, and richly deserving all he got from his ill-brought-up daughters. Our antipathy increases with our investigations. Had the elder Dane, knowing Hamlet as he must have done, not been a selfish, jealous father, would he have left the shades for that little hour to tattle to him about an affair that was going to set the world afire, and, worse, line the three book-shelves above our table and the three uncut magazines upon it with discussions about it all? Polonius with his prosy advice has a pretty record—one child drowned, another dead by the thrust of a sword. We could go on and on to show how fathers in fiction are responsible for untold misery. One is their way of risking and losing their money in all sorts of wild schemes, and expecting their children to do something about it, another getting killed in battle (a sort of insane passion with them), and still another incontinently dying of consumption, and leaving their helpless families to earn a living as best they can. If

Pamela had not been an orphan, Burke's and Garrick's tears had been spared. Had little Nell a father to protect her, Sir Walter would not have been obliged to surreptitiously wipe his eyes over her untimely fate. The Lady Constance, in Mr. Boyesen's latest novel, *The Light of Her Countenance*, would have stayed at home and married a Carolina planter instead of setting up a palace in Rome, and driving sensible young men insane about her beauty, if her papa had not been killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Seven Pines. Miss Jephthah was a sacrifice to that silly and boastful way of soldiering and fighting that distinguishes fathers. Little Lord Fauntleroy might have been an American citizen to-day but for Bertie Errol's love of a scarlet coat. Beauty was sent to the Beast because her father owed him money, and as much may be said of most of the properly-behaved married ladies in Ouida's novels. As for the consumption habit, it is a favorite way with fathers of getting rid of their responsibilities. Who has not gone through with it in all the English works of fiction for the last twenty years? Even Robert Elsmere took advantage of it, leaving a little girl. Then there are *The Wide, Wide World*, and *Queechy*, Ellen Montgomery and Fleda, and their lovers, whom we think of as having damp shirt bosoms, so frequently were they wept upon by these unfortunate orphans.

Literary Immortality—J. R. Seeley—Chicago Saturday Herald

It is a commonplace of literature that the truly successful writer is he whose works live. "Popularity by itself," so it runs, "is no test of merit; the true test is lasting popularity. Works which are remembered when the authors have passed away, these are the works of sterling merit, and the great literary works are those which are not for an age, but for all time." Now, I can readily understand that works which are not really good will soon pass into oblivion. We know that fashion may give a momentary popularity to an affected style or a morbid vein of sentiment, but it is equally obvious that fashion has commonly but a short term. What is not so obvious is why sterling merit, or even great merit, should have the power of making a literary work immortal. For may not the most striking truths become trite after a certain time by repetition? Goethe himself said he knew not what he should have done if he had been born in England, if he had grown up always aware of Shakespeare behind him, always aware that everything worthy to be said had been said already. But will not this reflection, if we give way to it, carry us very far? If no writer can expect to live unless he have something which is and will always remain peculiar to himself, not to be found elsewhere, who can be safe? Can there be such a thing as literary immortality? Livy has lived two thousand years; why should not Macaulay also expect to do so? We see a whole series of writers in the great times of Athens and Rome acquiring the rank of classics, rising above the fluctuations of fashion into a region of stability translated to a sort of sky of posthumous fame. We see that no change of time affects them any longer. Why should not this happen again? Indeed, in modern Europe we see a phenomenon not wholly different. Modern Italy, France, England, and Germany have their classics, their series of consecrated writers, who are compared to the classics of Greece and Rome. This is why it seems not extravagant for a writer of the present day to look forward to a similar immortal-

ity, and to flatter himself with the hope that he, too, will be read two thousand years hence. Now, if we reflect a moment we shall recognize that the analogy of Greece and Rome does not really hold. The posthumous fortune of the classics has been very special; it cannot be expected to befall the moderns. If they have maintained their ground, it has not been purely by merit, but by a series of very peculiar accidents, which are not likely to recur. By the decay and confusion of Europe the Latin classics were carried over the first thousand years. So much being gained, they acquired a new title to attention, for thereafter they appeared as monuments of an extinct civilization. If in the present day they are so interesting to students, this is partly because of the vast amount of history of all kinds which they hold in solution; it is not purely the result of their literary excellence. Each generation has now its own writers, and what a multitude of writers! We are abundantly supplied, so that we can occupy every vacant half-hour with some book which we never saw before, and which is expressly adapted to every possible condition of mood or need. Against such an overwhelming competition of new books it is difficult to imagine how old books can bear up. At least, in no former age have candidates for a literary immortality been situated so disadvantageously. I do not here call in question the possibility that once or twice in a century some author may appear so profoundly original that later times may cherish his works as inestimable and irreplaceable. I do not refer to supreme authors, whether ancient or modern. Literary immortality of that sort must be considered by itself. It is when less exceptional authors are proclaimed, or proclaim themselves, immortal that I have my misgivings, when the ordinary man of letters, eminent perhaps in his generation, is described in obituary notices as having produced "perhaps two or three works that are likely to live," or when such a man, in reviewing his own career, says that "he is, indeed, conscious of many failures, but yet feels a modest confidence that posterity will place him in the rank which he feels he deserves." This is a view which is rendered tenable by the example of such ancients—not as Homer or Virgil, but—as Tibullus or Statius. It is because writers of no pre-eminent genius have lived two thousand years that at the present time the successful writer of a season flatters himself with the prospect of writing for posterity. We call Addison and Johnson and Pope English classics. Their works are said to live; yet can we consider these works as so absolutely inimitable, unapproachable? May not a modest man of letters cherish the hope that, a hundred years hence, his essays or poems may have a position in English literature as established as the Spectator, or the Rambler, or the Essay on Man? Hardly, as it seems to me. The conditions of literature are too much altered. There is an age for each nation when its language has not yet been adapted to the purposes of literature. The different styles have not been distinguished. The words proper to prose and poetry, to business or conversation, or grave argument and philosophy, lie in a confused heap. This age must last till masterpieces appear which may serve as models in the different styles. A modern writer might surpass Addison in ease, or Johnson in gravity, or Pope in the brilliancy of his couplets, without winning a rank in literature at all similar to that of Addison, Johnson, or Pope. What do I conclude?



Is it that for the future there will be no more literary immortality? I do not go this length. I fully believe that other palms will yet be won, that writers will still arise who will be read for a hundred years; as to a thousand, I had rather not speak. The conclusion I would draw is rather this: Let every one who writes aim as high as possible; let him write to his ideal, and by all means let him treat with contempt the passing opinion of the day. But I would not have him write for posterity, or flatter himself that some future age will do him justice if his contemporaries neglect him. It may indeed prove so, but posterity is likely to be very busy; I doubt whether it will find the time for redressing any injustices that the present age may commit. Rather, I imagine, it will be so overburdened with good literature that it will be forced to lighten the ship. And so I am led to think that, after all, real literary immortality is exceedingly rare.

Errors of Genius—D. F. Hannigan—Westminster Review

Somebody has said that, next to the Newgate calendar, the lives of authors furnish the most melancholy chapter in the history of man. Exaggerated as it may seem at first blush, there is much truth in this statement. The sufferings of literary men have been so frequently dwelt upon that the subject has by this time become rather threadbare. The student of literature is only too familiar with the details of Marlowe's follies and his miserable death, François Villon's crimes, Chatterton's suicide, Savage's mad career of dissipation, Rousseau's unsavory eccentricities, Byron's fierce and cynical defiance of the moral law, and Alfred de Musset's pitiable lack of will power. Even the highest genius has been, in the vast majority of cases, accompanied by either singularity or weakness of character. Dante's attachment to Beatrice may be regarded by his admirers as a worship of the ideal woman; but to a prosaic mind it may appear a rather questionable kind of Platonism, inasmuch as, at the time of their mysterious relations, Beatrice had a husband living. Shakespeare's married life will not bear minute investigation. He was wedded to a woman older than himself, whom he practically abandoned for some years, and there is only too much reason to believe that during the interval he transferred his affections to the wife of another man. The facility with which the author of *Paradise Lost* obtained a divorce is certainly calculated to shock persons who hold that marriage should be indissoluble. In the case of Tasso, we may, perhaps, excuse the poet's feebleness of character on account of his exceedingly romantic history. But, altogether, it may safely be laid down that the lives of men, and, we may add, of women, of genius, are exceptional in the sense of not absolutely conforming with the conventional standard of propriety. The question which naturally occurs to a philosophic mind is whether genius is exempted from the ordinary law of moral responsibility. The celebrated lines of Dryden crystallize in epigram a profound psychological truth:

Great wit is sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Genius is certainly a possession which is rarely favorable to the mental or physical health of those endowed with it. Extreme sensibility results from a delicate nervous organization, and so it is that muscular strength and imaginative power do not often go together. To this delicacy of organization we may fairly attribute

not only most of the maladies, but many of the follies, which have overshadowed the lives of gifted poets, great composers, and accomplished artists. If Rousseau had been a commonplace bourgeois he might have escaped those awkward entanglements of which he gives us such an interesting sketch in his *Confessions*, but in that case French literature would not have been enriched by *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. If Cowper had not been afflicted with hypochondria he would not have alarmed his friends by his attempt to commit suicide; but if he had not been a hypochondriac, would he ever have written *The Task*? Who can say how many of the most beautiful lyrics of Burns owe their existence to the vice which led to his untimely death? Tam O'Shanter was written by one who had actually "sat bousing" with "Souter Johnny." The Jolly Beggars is simply the poet's own experience of a carouse at a low roadside inn, with a crew of mendicants. John Barleycorn was an apology for hard drinking which could only have been produced by an enthusiastic foe of temperance. It is not unlikely that Shelley's expulsion from college gave a stimulus to his literary career, and a great part of Byron's poetry owes its inspiration directly to his own transgressions and misfortunes. Coleridge lectured and wrote while he was the hopeless slave of opium; and De Quincey's famous book would never have seen the light had he not been the victim of the same terrible drug. While we condemn the conduct of those literary toilers who have wrought works of immortal beauty out of their own sins and sorrows, let us remember how much humanity has gained by even the misfortunes of genius. Without a knowledge of evil, poets and novelists could reveal little to the world which has not already been compassed by the intellect of a child. Goethe found in his relations with beautiful women suitable material for some of his works, and in this way he added a few splendid masterpieces to the literature of Germany. Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* owes much of its positive value to the fact that it contains the author's personal experiences of Parisian life. Few men of letters have been the subject of so much conflicting criticism as Balzac. His novels are marvellous studies of character, in which the most intimate recesses of the human heart are unveiled: and yet he was regarded by his contemporaries as a mere visionary, constantly pursuing some wild chimera of his restless brain. It is true that, in spite of his vast literary labors, he was always in pecuniary straits; but the explanation is simple enough, in spite of the strait-laced views of the late Mr. Wilkie Collins on this topic. A man of genius cannot be converted into a shop-keeper. Ideas cannot blossom and grow to maturity in an atmosphere of mere book-keeping. Again, take the case of George Sand, perhaps the greatest literary woman the world has ever seen. Would she have written *Consuello* or *Elle et Lui* had she remained all her life a conventional matron? It has been said that each of her novels owes its origin to a different lover. She apparently regarded love as a series of passionate sensations essential to the true development of her character. And who can say that the idea was based on an entirely false ethical theory? In George Eliot, love, too—and what the votaries of Mrs. Grundy would call an illicit love—was partly the genesis of literary endeavor. It is extremely doubtful whether *Adam Bede* or *Middlemarch* would ever have been produced if their author had not been under the influence of a man



who abandoned family ties and defied the censure of society for her sake. In short, it is part of the destiny of genius to love, to suffer, to acquire knowledge even by the bitterest experience, in order that it might teach the mass of humanity how to struggle and endure. The poets who have never emerged from a condition of cloistered innocence have produced nothing great. Witness the case of Kirke White. In spite of Byron's panegyric of that consumptive young rhymist, few modern critics could point out any special excellence in his effusions. Keats, who died, like Kirke White, in early manhood, knew what it was to love passionately, and to love in vain; but for this he could never have written poetry which was sure to live. If Shelley had never parted with Harriet, and united himself to Mary Wollstonecraft, he would, in all probability, never have produced *The Cenci*. Even of Byron it must be said that his best work was done after his domestic life had been wrecked. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that some of the greatest literary achievements are the resultant of great passions. The passionless, the cold, the austere, can accomplish nothing above mere commonplace; while, on the contrary, even the most wretched can, under the inspiration of passion or sorrow, write books which the world will treasure longer than the most precious gems. Can anything be more pitiable than the life history of Edgar Allan Poe? And yet how clearly he has established his title to permanent literary fame. The sad refrains of his gloomy verses seem to be impressed in our minds in letters of flame. His wonderful prose tales haunt us as if they were spectres embodied in a literary form. We feel that the author possesses a mysterious power over us, such as the Ancient Mariner exercised over the wedding guest, and we freely yield to this potent fascination. In forming an estimate, then, of those who are fortunate—or shall we say ill-fated?—enough to be endowed with genius, let us not employ too narrow a scale of measurement. We entirely err when we suppose that the same ethical code should govern the actions of Shelley and Mr. Gradgrind—assuming that the latter is a possible type of character. To Shelley the idea of viewing human beings as chattels or industrial slaves was not only abhorrent but inconceivable. So passionately did the author of *The Revolt of Islam* worship the divinity in man that he yearned for absolute freedom, unfettered by kings or priests or legislators. And so it is that an over-literal criticism of Shelley would attribute to him indecency because he considered that, in a perfect state of society, men and women would walk about the streets naked and unashamed. The exquisite sensibility of genius is the source of both its strength and weakness. The poet sees further, and feels more deeply, than the mass of the human race, but he is often weaker than the most unimaginative of his fellow-men. Sometimes, by a colossal effort of self-mastery, he can conquer even the fiercest passions by which his nature is assailed; but there is danger that in suppressing his moods and inclinations he may utterly extinguish the poetic fire which burns, like a sacred lamp, in his soul. What has been said of the poet is true, more or less, of every man and woman destined to produce great literary works. Talent never rises above the level of respectable mediocrity, and therefore talent is almost invariably decorous. Not so genius. It "struggles, groans, and agonizes," and it often comes back from the battle for

fame bleeding and maimed and well-nigh exhausted. How, then, can we expect genius to remain pure, "unspotted by the world?" All great efforts in the domain of imagination are, so to speak, conflicts with invisible powers, and human nature cannot without risk engage in such conflicts. It must ever be true of great poets

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Genius is not irresponsible; but its responsibility is not the same as that of ordinary mortals. The diver at the bottom of the sea has different sensations, and is surrounded by atmospheric conditions quite different from those which encompass persons walking on terra firma. The explorer of the great unfathomable sea of imagination is placed in an entirely different position from those picking their steps along the solid earth. It is not because the mole adopts the slowest mode of locomotion that the wings of the eagle should be clipped.

Power in Literary Style—The San Francisco Chronicle

Guy de Maupassant, who is recognized in France as the literary god-child and heir of Gustave Flaubert, prefaces one of his novels with an essay on *The Novel*, and in the course of his essay makes some reflections on style well worth considering. He says: "Whatever the thing we wish to say there is but one word to express it, but one verb to give it movement, but one adjective to qualify it. We must seek till we find this noun, this verb, and this adjective, and never be content with getting very near it, never allow ourselves to play tricks, even happy ones, or have recourse to sleights of language to avoid a difficulty. The subtlest things may be rendered and suggested by applying the hint conveyed in Boileau's line, 'He taught the power of a word put in the right place.' There is no need for an eccentric vocabulary to formulate every shade of thought; but every modification of the value of a word, by the place it fills, must be distinguished with extreme clearness. Give us fewer nouns, verbs, and adjectives, with almost inscrutable shades of meaning, and let us have a greater variety of phrases, more variously constructed, ingeniously divided, full of sonority and skilful rhythm. Let us strive to be admirable in style, rather than curious in collecting rare words." There could be no better or sounder advice to those who have chosen literature as a profession, whether their work be writing novels or preparing treatises on the higher mathematics. A writer who adopts obsolescent words and archaic forms is like the juggler who diverts the attention of his audience from his real purpose by making humorous or complimentary speeches or by doing some simple trick which bears no relation to the real features of his performance. It is not a difficult matter to impose upon most people by a show of learning. A dictionary and a little industry will enable a writer of average intelligence to collect a store of what Maupassant well denominates "complicated, multifarious, and outlandish words," and whether he uses them with skill or not, the general public is equally impressed with the elegance of his style and the prodigiousness of his erudition. Maupassant himself practises what he preaches. Whatever may be thought of the morality of his stories or of his choice of themes, there can be but one opinion as to his use of the French language. He has not reconstructed it, as Theophile Gautier did in a great measure, but he has selected his words and made them into phrases with an unerring eye for effect and a pure artistic taste. He himself says of the

French language: "It is a pure stream, which affected writers never have and never can trouble. Each age has flung into the limpid waters its pretentious archaisms and euphuisms, but nothing has remained on the surface to perpetuate these futile attempts and impotent efforts. It is the nature of the language to be clear, logical, and vigorous." All this and more may be said with equal truth of that composite tongue which we call the English language, and Maupassant's remarks about simplicity and directness of style apply with added force to that language. Many neglect the language which the great masters of poetry and prose have found ample for their needs, and invent a jargon of their own, hoping possibly to conceal their paucity of ideas, and inability to give clear expression even to those few ideas, by wholly artificial diction which shall make the reader lose sight of the want of power in the machine by being stunned by the rumble of the wheels and blinded by the glitter of its external and useless trappings.

Literary Activity of the Century—Providence Journal

The death of Cardinal Newman reminds us that only a few are now left us of that group of illustrious men whose contributions have made the literary history of the nineteenth century the most remarkable of any age of the world. Ruskin still lives, but, like Swift, he is dying at the top, and will soon be where savage indignation can no longer lacerate his too sensitive soul. Tennyson, Gladstone, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes are left us, but their years of literary activity are over, and they are already all but numbered with the past. No others remain of the older generation of authors to whom we owe so much; and the names of those who will fill their places do not yet appear. How wonderful the intellectual activity of the century has been may be realized if we try to estimate how barren literature would seem if the great creations of our own time had not been made. Poetry would be dreary reading if the works of Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning, Heine, and our own poets of household fame did not exist. Fiction would not be the instructive recreation that it now is if such names as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, George Eliot, and the long list of others only just below these in point of fame were stricken from among its contributors. History could ill afford to lose such names as Macaulay, Carlyle, Ranke, Freeman, Green, Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley, whose various researches have thrown such light upon the past, made history the rival of romance in interest, and whose efforts have founded a historical school in which innate investigation aims at the recovery of every discoverable fact of the past. Many of us would pass lonely hours without our Emerson, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, our Lamb, Landor, or the score or more of delightful essayists in whose companionship we have loved to pass our leisure. Science could ill spare such men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndal, or the hundreds of others whose contributions have enriched the domains in which they have labored. The eighteenth century was greatest in the development of musical genius, but we could not afford to lose the works of Auber, Schubert, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Wagner. The political history of the century would have been very different from what it is if Talleyrand, Metternich, Peel, Cavour, Gortchakoff, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bismarck, Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln had not so powerfully affected their time. Military science

would miss names that it can least of all afford to spare if Napoleon and his famous marshals, if Wellington and Von Moltke, if Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan had not so changed its methods. Invention and discovery have names in this century which almost make us forget that anything was ever discovered before its time, and which have revolutionized society and made us to live in a world which would be unrecognizable to our fathers could they return. Further remarkable indications of intellectual activity are seen in the extension of the public-school system, the growth of reading habits among the common people, the development of the newspaper and the periodical literature of the time. The common-school system, together with its dependent academies and colleges, is almost entirely a feature of the present century. Its work in the intellectual quickening of the people cannot be overestimated. The same may be said of the newspaper, which, with many defects, is still of vast influence in bringing all conceivable topics within the mental range of the masses. Together these two forces, the common school and the newspaper, are driving away mental sluggishness, and are creating a degree of intelligence which is very hopeful for the future of our race. It is thus evident that intellectual activity has not existed at the top of society only, but has penetrated deeply and been diffused widely. It would not count for much if our great authors had written for a few, if our inventions and discoveries did not improve the condition of the great mass of humanity, if the wealth which nature is bestowing upon us did not find its way down the various grades of society, increasing the happiness and comfort of all who try to deserve the favor of heaven; but it is the conviction that all these intellectual and material gains of the century are rapidly becoming the heritage of all, and that the liberty of contending for them is more nearly equal than ever before, which makes us write of the present century with gratitude and rejoicing. There are many who, in counting up these triumphs of our time, will be inclined to fear that humanity has reached its high-water mark, and that a decline of intellectual activity must characterize the coming century. We believe, on the contrary, that the reverse of this will be true. We must not forget the resources of human nature or the awakening power of the forces that are being brought to bear so widely upon society. The great minds of the past could only come from favored classes of mankind. What may not be the result when all classes are favored, when education, wealth, and opportunity are not narrowly, but generally, enjoyed, and when every richly-endowed child can find the development which his genius demands? Evidently we may be very hopeful about the future. There may be a momentary twilight, some transient eclipse of genius, an interval during which mediocrity will appear to have the field to itself in nearly every department of literature; but out of the silent depths of humanity new heroes, poets, artists, statesmen, prophets, and saviors will appear in due time. The great man is ever a surprise to his generation, coming in unexpected form, disappointing those who made predictions about his personality or work. But he never fails to come in his own way and time. We may be very certain that he will continue to come, and that the result of his labors, added to those of his long line of predecessors, will make it more glorious to live in the twentieth century than even in the nineteenth.

## CHOICE VERSE—FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The Lovers' Litany—The Cornhill Magazine*

Eyes of gray—a sodden quay,  
Driving rain and falling tears,  
As the steamer wears to sea  
In a parting storm of cheers,  
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—  
None so true as you and I—  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:  
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,  
Milky foam to left and right;  
Whispered converse near the wheel  
In the brilliant tropic night.  
Cross, that rules the Southern sky!  
Stars, that sweep, and wheel, and fly!  
Hear the Lovers' Litany:  
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain,  
Split and parched with heat of June,  
Flying hoof and tightened rein,  
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.  
Side by side the horses fly,  
Frame we now the old reply  
Of the Lovers' Litany:  
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills,  
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;  
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,  
Dies and echoes round Benmore,  
"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-by,"  
Glamour, wine, and witchery—  
On my soul's sincerity,  
"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,  
Pity my most luckless state,  
Four times Cupid's debtor I—  
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.  
Yet, despite this evil case,  
And a maiden showed me grace,  
Four-and-forty times would I  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:  
"Love like ours can never die!"

*Pleasure and Pain—J. T. Chapman—London Academy*

Sweet Pleasure thought her bliss would be complete  
Could she escape her spiteful sister Pain,  
Who plagued her life, dug pitfalls for her feet,  
And when she sang, mixed discord with the strain,  
And, as her shadow, stalked from age to age;  
Till Pleasure planned her death, half-mad with rage,  
And, stifled with sweet odors, Pain lay slain.  
Then wiser, as she thought, than any sage,  
She started forth to tread life's paths again.

I found her on a couch of fragrant flowers,  
With thornless roses, sunshine overhead;  
I thought she slept, and waited anxious hours,  
Then kissed her cheeks, whence all the bloom had fled;  
I called her fondling names, she never spoke;  
I pressed her lips to mine, she never woke;  
And then, alas! I knew that she was dead;  
She slew her sister, but her own heart broke;  
She tried to live alone, but died instead.

*The Wanderer—Eugene Field—Western Verse*

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,  
I found a shell,  
And, to my listening ear, the lonely thing  
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.  
How came the shell upon that mountain height?  
Ah, who can say

Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,  
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept the Land,  
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,  
One song it sang,—  
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,  
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,—  
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height  
Sings of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—  
So do I ever, wandering where I may,—  
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

*Comanche—Joaquin Miller—In Classic Shades*

A blazing home, a blood-soaked hearth;  
Fair woman's hair with blood upon!  
That Ishmaelite of all the earth  
Has, like a cyclone, come and gone—  
His feet are as the blighting dearth;  
His hands are daggers drawn.

"To horse! to horse!" the rangers shout,  
And red revenge is on his track!  
The black-haired Bedouin en route  
Looks like a long, bent line of black.  
He does not halt nor turn about;  
He scorns to once look back.

But on! right on that line of black,  
Across the snow-white, sand-sown pass;  
The bearded rangers on their track  
Bear thirsty sabres bright as glass.  
Yet not one red man there looks back;  
His nerves are braided brass.

At last, at last, their mountain came  
To clasp its children in their flight!  
Up, up, from out the sands of flame  
They clambered, bleeding, to their height;  
This savage summit, now so tame,  
Their lone star, that dread night!

"Huzzah! Dismount!" the captain cried.  
"Huzzah! the rovers cease to roam!  
The river keeps yon farther side,  
A roaring cataract of foam.  
They die, they die for those who died  
Last night by hearth and home!"

His men stood still beneath the steep;  
The high, still moon stood like a nun.  
The horses stood as willows weep;  
Their weary heads drooped every one.  
But no man there had thought of sleep;  
Each waited for the sun.

Vast nun-white moon! Her silver rill  
Of snow-white peace she ceaseless poured;  
The rock-built battlement grew still,  
The deep-down river roared and roared.  
But each man there with iron will  
Leaned silent on his sword.

Hark! See what light starts from the steep!  
And hear, ah, hear that piercing sound.  
It is their lorn death-song they keep  
In solemn and majestic round.  
The red fox of these deserts deep  
At last is run to ground.

Oh, it was weird,—that wild, pent horde!  
Their death-lights, their death-wails, each one.  
The river in sad chorus roared  
And boomed like some great funeral gun.  
The while each ranger nursed his sword,  
And waited for the sun.



Then sudden star-tipped mountains topt  
With flame beyond! And watch-fires ran  
To where white peaks high heaven propt;  
And star and light left scarce a span.  
Why none could say where death-lights stopt  
Or where red stars began!

And then the far, wild wails that came  
In tremulous and pitying flight  
From star-lit peak and peak of flame!  
Wails that had lost their way that night  
And knocked at each heart's door to claim  
Protection in their flight.

*The Great Procession—J. E. McCann—Songs from an Attic*

Look up the street, look down the street—you cannot see it pass,  
And it glides along as noiselessly as breath upon a glass;  
No fife, no drum, no bugle-call is heard upon the air  
To tell the listening mortal that a billion souls are there.  
At every breath a mortal draws a new recruit falls in—  
No bloody war they're marching to, to perish or to win;  
There are no Captains in the line—they're equal, one and all,  
When they join the Great Procession, at the Great Commander's call.

The King and peasant march along, the princess and the lass—  
The old graybeard and beardless boy—as all who live must pass.  
Caste and birth forgotten are in that noiseless tide—  
And a Croesus marches humbly with a beggar by his side.

Oh! I have listened for it, but I've never heard it pass—  
For it glides along as noiselessly as sunbeams over grass;  
But though I never yet have heard, nor seen, it passing—why,  
There's a something in my heart that says, softly: "By-and-by."

*The Shékh Abdallah—Clinton Scollard—Scribner's*

What does the Shékh Abdallah do  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?  
Why, he rises, and says his prayers, and then,  
He sleeps till the prayer-hour comes again;  
And thus through the length of the weary day  
Does he sleep and pray, and sleep and pray.  
Whenever the swart muezzin calls  
From the crescent-guarded minaret walls,  
Up he leaps and bows his turbaned brows  
Toward Mecca, this valiant and holy man,  
The Shékh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

What does the Shékh Abdallah do  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?  
Why, he fasts and fasts without reprieve  
From the blush of morn till the blush of eve.  
Never so much as a sip takes he  
Of the fragrant juice of the Yemen berry;  
He shakes no fruit from the citron-tree,  
Nor plucks the pomegranate, nor tastes the cherry.  
His sandal beads seem to tell of deeds  
That were wrought by the hand of the holy man,  
The Shékh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

What does the Shékh Abdallah do  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?  
Why, he calls his servants, and just as soon  
As in the corpses the night-birds croon,  
A roasted kid is brought steaming in,  
And then does the glorious feast begin:  
Smyrna figs and nectarines fine,  
Golden flasks of Lebanon wine,  
Sherbet of rose and pistachios,  
All are spread for the holy man,  
The Shékh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

What does the Shékh Abdallah do  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?  
Why, when the cloying feast is o'er,  
Dancers foot it along the floor;  
Night-long to the sound of lute and viol

*O, chu-lu-le! O, chu-lu-lo!*  
A thousand red hands reached in air.  
*O, chu-lu-le! O, chu-lu-lo!*  
When midnight housed in midnight hair,  
*O, chu-lu-le! O, chu-lu-lo!*  
Their one last wailing prayer.

And all night long, nude Rachels poured  
Melodious pity one by one  
From mountain top. The river roared  
Sad requiem for his braves undone.  
The while each ranger nursed his sword,  
And waited for the sun.

There is wine-mad mirth and the lilt of song  
And loving looks that brook no denial  
From a radiant, rapturous throng.  
"Morn calls to prayers, now away with cares!"  
He cries (this faithful and holy man!),  
The Shékh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—  
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

*In Puck's Glen—E. R. Burden—Temple Bar*

I fear that Puck is dead.—Eugene Lee Hamilton.  
He is not dead. "The merry wanderer of the night"  
Still haunts the glen where pale moon-daisies' light  
And starry stitchwort make his pathway bright.

'Twas but a freak of his quaint fancy when  
He fooled with feint the robin and the wren—  
As erst he fooled the foolish hearts of men.

He is not dead. Far in the North he dwells,  
In the home-land of witchery and spells—  
The land of misty skies and heather bells,

Where fairy Eck sleeps 'neath the azure dome,  
And Holy Loch lies fringed with silver foam—  
"Puck is a Christian elf"—here is his home.

Oft have I heard him, wandering through the glen,  
Wind from his silver horn, his wildering strain,  
And mused, "I'll mock him and he call again."

But never would the wily imp respond  
Till, 'neath the filmy fern's pellucid frond,  
I caught him fast asleep, and touched his wand.

Here, 'neath the almond-scented chanterelle,  
On quiet nights, I've heard his elf-song swell,  
Flooding with mystic music hill and dell.

And here, in June's sweet dusk, a merry rout  
Comes forth with pipe and flute and elfin shout,  
When Puck, their leader, calls his henchmen out.

He is not dead—sweet Puck; though true, I trow,  
Men little reck he dwells among them now,  
So heavy hangs the world-cloud o'er their brow.

Yet have I seen his treasure-caves unfold  
A mint of royal wealth—unrecked—untold,  
Stamped with the mystic seal of fairy gold.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Arthur Henry, the author of *Nicholas Blood*, Candidate, a strong study of the Race Question, from which a reading is given in this number, is unprejudiced, a clear thinker, a calm, conscientious observer, and a strong, graphic writer. He is somewhat under medium height, with fair hair, large blue eyes, and complexion smooth and rosy as that of a woman. He was born at Peccatonica, Ill., and is in every respect a self-made man; his whole school education could be covered by three years. While yet in his teens he left home for Custer County, Neb.—a wild, forsaken place thirty miles from a railroad. There, from a high plateau overlooking acres, he pored over Pope, Lucille, and Emerson—his only three books—in the intervals of his labor, minding the cattle for “board and keep.” Here he determined to go back to school and went to Central City, Neb., but being unable to pass the examinations he despaired at his stupidity, and went to Omaha, where he found employment in a dry-goods house. He left in a few months for a better position in the Union Pacific Railroad Company more suited to taste and pocket. A year of this was enough, and with no money he, with his brother, bought “on time” a broken-down Oakland, Neb., paper, which they soon built up into a good, paying journal, the organ of the county. His efforts as reporter on the Chicago papers won him friends and experience, but little success, his style being too analytic and expansive for mere facts. The *Legend of Pastine* was his first magazine story. Before settling in New York, Mr. Henry represented *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* in the South for a year and a half, at first as to the political situation, but later, as his ideas changed, he was transferred to the industrial department; continuing his trip, “writing up” and illustrating the prominent cities. Throughout this trip he, to use his own words, “an ardent Republican, intense Northerner, prejudiced against the South, and commiserating the blacks, found the Southerners and the nature and the condition of the negro so radically different from” his early teaching and preconceived ideas and opinions, that the subject, in its many phases, took possession of him, and *Nicholas Blood* was the result. The book was begun last Christmas and only lately finished. Two leading publishers have accredited it with all the Bellamy and the Ward possibilities.

A writer in Arthur C. Gressom's paper, *Spirit*, says of S. W. Foss, the editor of *The Yankee Blade*: “The serio-comic poems of S. W. Foss are known wherever the English language is spoken, and yet who knows anything about S. W. Foss himself? He is the son of a farmer, and was born in Candia, N. H., June 19th, 1858. He worked on the farm until fifteen, and then he went to the Portsmouth High School. He worked his way through Brown University, at Providence, R. I., standing very near one end of his class—which end he positively refuses to state. At any rate, he was class poet. From 1883 to 1886 he was editor of the *Lynn Saturday Union*, and it was while on that paper that he originated the so-called ‘long-tailed’ style of poetry, which consists of enormously long lines and long words. For a year after leaving the Union he worked as a free-lance, and wrote humorous verse for every comic paper

in the land. He wrote three or four poems a day, never less than two, and his work displayed a wonderful amount of originality and poetic genius. In August, 1887, he became editor of *The Yankee Blade*, of Boston. Mr. Foss is of a retiring disposition, and enjoys home-life and his rollicking two-year-old boy better than club-life or society. His poems are all written in his editorial office, subject to the usual interruptions. He prefers to write serio-comic rather than purely comic verse, and in his line he has no equal. The announcement that he will issue a volume of poems this fall is of interest to all lovers of good dialect verse.”

Dr. William G. Eggleston, who is in the front rank of Chicago's younger generation of journalists, is a member of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Herald*. He was born in Virginia in 1859, and is the son of a physician. He is a thorough classical scholar, and has devoted much time to modern languages, being especially proficient in German. He can get at the sense of a scientific article written in any European tongue with the exception, possibly, of Polish. He has written much for high-class scientific publications and the leading reviews. The doctor is accused of being a crank on the subject of higher medical education, and he does not deny the charge. From April, 1883, to January, 1885, he held the position in Philadelphia of assistant editor of the *Medical News*. From 1885 to 1889 he filled a similar position on the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Then began his connection with *The Herald*. Dr. Eggleston is one of the best critics of negro dialect in America; some of his clever verse has been reproduced in *Current Literature*.

One of the strongest books of the season is *The Chief Justice*. It appears in Lovell's *Foreign Authors Series*, and was written by Franzos, whose novel, *For the Right*, was so enthusiastically received in America two years ago. Edmund Gosse, in his introduction to *The Chief Justice*, says: “The remote Austrian province of Galicia has, in our generation, produced two of the most original of modern novelists—Leopold von Sacher-Masoch and Karl Emil Franzos. The latter was born on October 25th, 1848, just over the frontier, in a ranger's house, in the midst of one of the vast forests of Russian Podolia. His father, a Polish Jew, was the district doctor of the town of Czorskow, in Galicia, where the boy received his first lessons in literature from his German mother. In 1858 Franzos was sent, on the death of his father, to the German college at Czernowitz. At the age of fourteen he was left entirely to his own resources, and gained a precarious livelihood by teaching. After various attempts at making a path for himself in science and law, and finding that his being a Jew stood in the way of a professional career, he turned, as so many German Israelites have done, to journalism, first in Vienna, then at Pesth, then in Vienna again, where he still continues to reside. In 1876 Franzos published his first book, two volumes entitled *Aus Halb-Asia* (From Semi-Asia), a series of ethnological studies on the people of Galicia, Bukowina, South Russia, and Roumania, whom he described as in a twilight of semi-barbaric darkness, not wholly in the sunshine of Europe. This was fol-

lowed, in 1878, by Vom Don zur Donau (From the Don to the Danube), a similar series of ethnographic studies. Meanwhile, in *Die Juden von Barnow* (The Jews of Barnow), 1877, he had published his first collection of tales drawn from his early experience. He followed it, two years later, by *Junge Liebe* (Young Love), two short stories, *Brown Rosa*, and *Brandenegg's Cousins*, extremely romantic in character, and written in an elaborate and somewhat extravagant style. These volumes achieved a great and an instant success. The succeeding novels of Franzos have been numerous, and unequal in value. Moschko von Parma, in 1880, was a pathetic study of the vicissitudes of a young Jewish soldier in the wars. In the same year Franzos published *Die Hexe* (The Witch). The best-known of his writings in this country is *Ein Kampf um's Recht* (A Battle for the Right), 1882, which was published in English, with an introduction by George Macdonald, and attracted the enthusiastic notice of Mr. Gladstone. *Der Präsident*, here translated under the title *The Chief Justice*, appeared in Germany in 1884."

James Whitcomb Riley recently wrote of the verse of Madison J. Cawein, the Southern poet:

"Herein are blown, from out the South,  
Songs blithe as those of Pan's pursed mouth,  
As sweet in verse as, in perfume,  
The night breath of magnolia bloom.

"Such sumptuous languor lures the sense,  
Such luxury of indolence,  
The eyes blur as a nymph's might blur  
With water lilies watching her."

"Of Mr. Cawein," says a recent writer, "all too little is known in the North. In his native city of Louisville, Ky., he is a prophet not without honor. He was born there on March 23d, 1865. He entered the Louisville high school at the age of 16, and after a course of five years graduated in 1886. His early efforts were published under the title of *Blooms of the Berry* in 1887, which was followed in 1888 by *The Triumph of Music* and in 1889 his most ambitious work, *Accolon of Gaul*. This year, 1890, *Lyrics and Idyls* was issued. All are published by John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville. Mr. Cawein shows how the true lover of literature rises above difficulties. He is confined daily for 12 hours as accountant in a business house of Louisville, consequently the time he devotes to his art is restricted to the early morning—an hour or two. In his poetry Mr. Cawein shows the influence of Browning, but cannot be said to be an imitator. He has the true poetic instinct, with the Southern sense of rich draperies, gorgeous nights, magnolias, and the times of King Arthur. That this man of 25 years of age, confined 12 hours a day in a counting-room, seizing an hour in the morning to express what is in his heart, has already made a name in American letters, cannot be denied. William Dean Howells, in the *Editor's Study* in Harper's Magazine, gives Mr. Cawein's verse high praise.

Archdeacon Farrar, whose controversy with Cassell & Co., his London publishers, has brought him again before the public eye, is thus sketched in the London "Star": Since 1874, when his *Life of Christ* appeared, Archdeacon Farrar's name has been as well known to the public as that of any Anglican ecclesiastic of the time. He was born in India in 1831, being the son of the Rev. Charles Farrar. The father was an unobtrusive gentleman of extremely Low Church

complexion. The son from the first made his way upward by very rapid steps. He went from King's College, London, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a scholarship; came out fourth in the Classical Tripos, gained a Trinity fellowship; went as an assistant master to Marlborough; and quickly "bettered himself" by removing to Harrow. Here he published his tales, *Julian Home*, and *Eric*, or, *Little by Little*, which are likely to draw tears from the eyes of many generations of schoolboys yet to come. He also published at this time one or two excellent educational works, including a first-rate Greek Syntax, really the best work of its kind in existence, and a useful book on the *Origin of Language*. In 1871 he went back to Marlborough as headmaster, and quickly made his mark as quite the right man in that place. In 1876 he was appointed a Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's Church, which positions at once placed him in the ecclesiastical front rank. His next upward step was that of Archdeacon of Westminster in 1883. The archdeacon's face and figure are well known in London. His face is of a type often seen in prosperous ecclesiastics, in which the dominant expression of pleasant piety is tempered by certain touches more characteristic of the successful worker—a subtle combination of *Ecce Homo* and the self-made man. In the pulpit he has a fine manner, which is backed up by a fine flow of language. It is, however, as an author that Dr. Farrar is most widely known. It may safely be said of his *Life of Christ* that among works on the same subject it has had "the largest circulation in the world." Over and above the English editions, the book has gained an immense popularity in America, as was shown by the enthusiastic reception of the author on his visit to that country in 1885; and it has been translated into several Continental languages. The people who dislike it intensely are by no means an insignificant minority. By such it has been described as a "Cook's Tour through the Four Gospels," or "The New Testament Daily Telegraphed," or by other contemptuous names, which more or less hit off its failings; but undoubtedly the book has many good claims to popularity. It transposes the Gospel narrative with great dramatic power and much real—if somewhat luxuriant—eloquence, and it presents a singularly graphic picture of the scenes amid which Jesus Christ lived and died.

The literary idol of the hour is Jerome K. Jerome. With three of his plays running simultaneously in New York, the circulation of his books running into the hundred thousands, and his slightest sketches eagerly sought after, his success might readily turn the head of many a man of thirty. A writer in *The Magazine and Book Review* gives a glimpse of him in his London home: "A little beyond Chelsea Barracks is a huge building of yellow brick with red stripes, known as Chelsea-gardens. A door stands invitingly open, with the humorous announcement that trespassers will be prosecuted. This statement is evidently intended to rouse a spirit of contradiction in the human breast, or else to lure one on to mounting the ninety steps which intervene between the ground-floor and the suite of rooms of the "English Mark Twain." The walls of this ascent are painted a cheerful blue, while a plum-colored dado checks the light-heartedness which would otherwise be inspired by such a pleasing color. Once within Mr. Jerome's drawing-room, the plum-colored



dato is forgotten. Over the trees, facing the house, all London can be seen. Almost opposite, and a little to the right, is the Tower House. To the left, the river shines like a silver streak in the sun, and beyond the river in the far distance is the Crystal Palace. The 'interesting personality' of Mr. Jerome is, at this moment, clad in light trousers, slippers, a boating jacket, and eye-glasses. He might have stepped in from some secluded bower after a nap. In reality, he has been sleeping off the effects of a long stretch of work extending from six o'clock to lunch-time. His brown hair is rumpled over his broad high forehead; somewhat deep-set gray eyes look out with a kindly glance from beneath heavily hanging brows. He has a thick, drooping mustache, good straight nose, and rather large head for a man of medium height. Greetings are exchanged; he flings the casement wide; and in the refreshing breeze we sit and talk of many things, the sunlight dancing over the dainty room, with its soft cushioned chairs, picturesque photographs, and delicate water-colors on the walls. Mr. Jerome could not get any one to look at his books at first, and nothing but the most indomitable perseverance and faith in his own powers could have carried him into the happy haven of successful authorship. 'I remember taking the *Idle Thoughts* to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. I think I saw Mr. Marston, senior. He looked at it, said he didn't want to discourage me, but that it was simply rubbish. Field & Tuer took it at length. One hundred thousand copies have been sold up to date. *Three Men in a Boat* has now reached the same number.'

Marion Crawford's new story *The Romance of a Cigarette-Maker* is now in the hands of his admirers, and an extract from it is given in this number. The *New York Tribune* says of it: "The whole of the action takes place within the space of thirty-six hours, yet there is no redundancy of matter, and while the plot is strikingly simple and the characters introduced are few in number, the interest is unflagging throughout, and every sentence tells." The *Book Buyer* gives this sketch of the author: "Although Mr. Crawford published his first novel only eight years ago, the list of his books now numbers no fewer than fourteen—extraordinary evidence of the intellectual activity of the author. His position now is in the first rank, if not at the head of the first rank, of living American writers of fiction. Mr. Crawford was the editor of a newspaper in India before he engaged in literature proper. He was led to go to India by his desire to study Sanskrit, to investigate personally some of the Oriental mysteries of philosophy and religion, and to recover his health. He took with him a letter from a Florentine friend, an eminent Sanskrit scholar, to a Portuguese physician in Bombay, who was able to help him very materially by securing for him the editorship of a new daily newspaper just started in Allahabad, the capital of the provinces of Northwestern India. Here Mr. Crawford remained a year or two pursuing, in what leisure fell to his lot, his studies in Oriental languages and mysticism. Returning to America, he got the idea of writing a novel from his uncle, the late Sam Ward, to whom he narrated some of his adventures in India, and who perceived the romantic and imaginative power which such a tale would possess. The notion struck Mr. Crawford favorably. He fell to work, and devoted himself to this story during the months of

May and June, 1882. The book, *Mr. Isaacs*, was published in the same year, and attracted immediate attention. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy on August 2d, 1854, his father being Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and his mother being the sister of Julia Ward Howe and of the late Sam Ward, the noted wit. When a lad, young Crawford was sent to St. Paul's School, in Concord, N. H. Later he returned to his parents in Italy, and from 1870 to 1874 he was at Trinity College, Cambridge. The next three or four years he passed in Karlsruhe and Heidelberg and in Rome, continuing his studies in the languages and in philosophy, of which he was very fond. He speaks German, French, and Italian fluently, reads Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian, and has some knowledge also of Russian and Turkish. He is described as over six feet in height, with broad shoulders, small feet, and a large head, the latter being well covered with a profusion of brown hair; a beard conceals the lower part of his face; a fine but rather large mouth is partially hidden by a mustache; his teeth are handsome and his smile sweet. He talks well, in a carefully modulated voice, enjoys a good joke, and is easily moved to laughter."

The retirement of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer from the management of the *New York World*, says *Harper's Weekly*, "on account of his health, is a sad result of a great success. Mr. Pulitzer is still a young man—about forty-four years old—and until recently has enjoyed great bodily vigor. His untiring energy and his devotion to the great property which he has built up are the causes of an illness which makes it absolutely necessary that he should retire for a time from participation in the business cares of his newspaper. There have been few more romantic careers than that of the man who thirty years ago landed in this country without a friend or a dollar, or the ability to speak the language of the people among whom he found himself. In that time he has made for himself a reputation as a writer and speaker of English, he has been elected to Congress, and he is the proprietor of a newspaper from whose sales he has erected a building on the site of the hotel which refused him hospitality in the days of his poverty. This property, valued at more than \$2,000,000, has been paid for from the profits of the *World* newspaper as the building has progressed. Mr. Pulitzer is not blind. He has lost one eye and the other is impaired. He expects to spend the winter in New York in absolute rest, knowing nothing of the cares of business, enjoying the pleasures and comforts of his beautiful home on Fifty-seventh Street. If he follows the programme laid out for him, his physicians promise him ultimate recovery."

Prof. James Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*, is now travelling in this country, giving an occasional lecture and continuing his study of our institutions. An article of his, on *The Powers of the Speaker of the House of Representatives*, appeared in the October *North American Review*. A writer in the *Scottish Leader* gives this sketch of his life: "Mr. Bryce, who was born in Belfast in 1838, is a quiet, unassuming little man, with a large beard that has begun to grizzle; a man who is neither a young man nor an old man, a man whose most remarkable characteristic is that he carries his head at a curious elevation, with the chin tilted slightly upward. He entered Parliament for the first time as member for the Tower Hamlets in

1880. He had sought Parliamentary honors before, and unsuccessfully. The hunger and thirst after political life which has swayed so many of our ablest men of letters—from Sir George Trevelyan to Mr. John Morley—took hold of Mr. Bryce so early as 1874, when but thirty-six, and when he contested unsuccessfully the suffrages of Wick. He was forty-two when he first enjoyed the privilege of shaking hands with Mr. Speaker and taking his seat among the faithful in the Liberal camp. A great many eyes were fixed upon the historian of the Holy Roman Empire with curiosity, a great many ears were eager to hear how the successful writer should bear himself as a speaker. There is no harm in admitting now that at first Mr. Bryce's political career threatened to be disappointing to his admirers. He did not make much mark upon the House during his first few years. He did not speak well, he did not captivate, he did not impress. With enthusiasm the opposition pronounced him a failure. But the climber of Mount Ararat, the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, had resolved he would make his mark on the House of Commons in spite of all the opposition in the universe, and he stuck to his purpose with a fine stubbornness. Now no man in the House of Commons is listened to more respectfully, no man's opinions are more carefully weighed by opponents, more heartily welcomed by allies. He is so conspicuously in earnest, he is always so thoroughly 'informed' with the subject in hand, he is so straightforward, so sincere, that he would be listened to if he were still as unattractive a speaker as he was when he began his political career. But patience, and perseverance, and determination have made him a good speaker, weighty, impressive, strong in argument, uncompromisingly determined."

The Twenty Immortelles, the twenty women deemed, by the readers of *The Critic*, "the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood," are here given, with the number of votes each received: Harriet Beecher Stowe, 268; Frances Hodgson Burnett, 241; Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), 215; Julia Ward Howe, 204; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, 203; Sarah Orne Jewett, 193; Mary Mapes Dodge, 182; Constance Fenimore Woolson, 149; Edith M. Thomas, 146; Margaret Deland, 142; Adeline D. T. Whitney, 125; Celia Thaxter, 123; Amelia E. Barr, 123; Lucy Larcom, 118; Rose Terry Cooke, 104; Mary Abigail Dodge 102; Harriet Prescott Spofford, 97; Louise Chandler Moulton, 97; Mary E. Wilkins, 96; Blanche Willis Howard Teufel, 84.

D. B. Waggener, editor of *Our Boys and Girls* page of the Philadelphia Times, is said to receive more visits from young people and their parents, and to have more correspondents among them, than any other editor in the country. This is due perhaps to the original way in which he has conducted his department from the start, January 1st, 1888. The direct, personal element is most noticeable in Mr. Waggener's Chat column. His familiar talks with his young readers are not only entertaining, but instructive, and have attracted widespread attention. But perhaps his unique and most praiseworthy achievement is the organization of the famous Eight O'Clock Club, of which he is the controlling spirit. It has more than 50,000 enrolled members, all boys and girls that read his page, and they live in every part of this country and in Europe. The object of the club is to stimulate healthful mental effort,

to arouse the ambition of its members, and to reward their good work. The prize-puzzle contests of the club are unlike anything else of the kind; its silver medal and its gold and its silver buttons are decorations the members prize as highly as do Frenchmen the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The club has all the accessories that make such things attractive—its button; its colors, crimson and gold; its motto, *Semper ad profectum*; its flower, the crimson carnation; its song, and finally its pets, Dan and Beauty, the young lions at the Philadelphia Zoölogical Garden, whose names were given to them by a vote of the club, Dan being named after the editor. In January of every year *The Times* provides a grand entertainment for the club at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. Mr. Waggener has no assistance of any kind in his department. He is a Kentuckian, but has lived in the East since 1871. His wife is E. C. Waggener, the well-known and successful translator of French work, particularly of the contes and nouvelles for which the French writers are famous. Mrs. Waggener's work is noticeable for the rare fidelity with which she adheres to the text, clothes it in clear, crisp English, while retaining the grace, force, spirit, and sparkle of the original French. She is a Southern woman by birth.

W. E. Lecky, the eminent English historian who has just completed his great work in eight volumes, *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, speaks in *The Forum* of the "formative influences" of his career. When Mr. Lecky entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a student he had a strong leaning toward theological studies; and in addition to the ordinary university course he went through that appointed for divinity students. "The first great intellectual influence which I experienced," says Mr. Lecky, "was, I believe, that of Bishop Butler, who was at that time, probably, studied more assiduously at Dublin than in any other university in the kingdom. There were few sermons in the college chapel in which some allusion to his writings might not be found, and few serious students whose modes of thought were not at least colored by his influence. That influence now appears to me to have been not only various, but even in some measure contradictory. The Analogy is perhaps the most original, if not the most powerful, book ever written in defence of the Christian creed; but it has, probably, been the parent of much modern agnosticism, for its method is to parallel every difficulty in revealed religion by a corresponding difficulty in natural religion, and to argue that the two must stand or fall together. I owed much to Whately, but I was studying concurrently with him teachers of very opposite schools, among others Coleridge, Newman, and Emerson in English; Pascal, Bossuet, Rousseau, and Voltaire in French. Locke's writings formed part of the college course, and I became very familiar with them, and fully shared Hallam's special admiration for the little treatise *On the Conduct of the Understanding*, while Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, and Mill opened out wide and various vistas in moral philosophy. The London Saturday Review says of Mr. Lecky's work: "All the parts are treated with an amplitude of knowledge, a penetration into general causes, and a discernment of the influence of individual characters, which make Mr. Lecky's volumes the best presentation that we know, not only of the phenomena, but of the noumena, of English life



in the eighteenth century. It is, if we may say so, a translation of the material facts of history into the intelligible world. Mr. Lecky is what is called a philosophic historian. He does not plead the cause of party with Macaulay, or picturesquely 'stage' history with Carlyle, or make it a propaganda of empire with Mr. Seeley, or deal in large abstractions with Guizot, or in sagacious constitutionalism with Hallam, or in brilliant story-telling with Mr. Froude, or in pleasantly ambling narrative like Lord Stanhope's. He is a sort of media scientia, intermediate between bare abstractions and minute detail, grouping and arranging events and tendencies, and tracing them to their effects."

George Horton, exchange editor of the Chicago Herald, is making a name as a poet. He is of old Puritan stock, and comes naturally by a love of labor. For some years after graduating at the University of Michigan he was principal of the high school at Grass Valley, Cal. Then he located in Chicago and worked on the Herald as a night police reporter. One of his special articles attracted the attention of the managing editor, who promoted him to the editorial staff. He is by instinct a student, and education and hard work have made him a scholar. For several years he has studied the ars poetica. His technique is thorough. During this winter he will publish a volume of poems. Mr. Horton never writes for the sake of making rhymes, but to interpret some phase of life.

Alexandre Piedagnel, in his preface to *The Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun*, a reading from which is given in this number, says: "In 1663 it became the policy of Louis XIV. to help Portugal against Spain; this was done indirectly, however; subsidies were secretly furnished, troops levied, and a crowd of volunteers pressed to the front. Between this little army, commanded by Schomberg, and the poor Spanish army which disputed the field, each summer, much marching and counter-marching took place with very small results. There were many skirmishes and encounters, and among them, perhaps, one victory. Who cares about it to-day? But the curious reader, in search of what may charm him, cannot help saying, as Saint Beuve said: 'This was all well enough, since the letters of the Portuguese nun came of it.' This war, which lasted until 1668, and in which Portugal triumphed, is indeed quite forgotten! The Portuguese Letters, on the contrary, have passed through twenty editions, and their great success is still undiminished. This is due above all to the accent of sincerity in the writer. The poor nun of Beja, Marianna Alcaforado, has painted with such fire, with so contagious an emotion, the state of her wounded heart, her helplessness, her fleeting hopes and persisting passion, her endless and cruel disappointments, and her legitimate anger, that we eagerly read and read again these ardent and touching pages, ever fresh, because absolutely true. In 1661 Noel Bouton de Chamilly (afterward Marquis of Chamilly), took service in Portugal. He was then twenty-five years of age. At the same time a convent of the city of Beja sheltered the Franciscan nun, who belonged to one of the best families of the country. She relates how she saw M. de Chamilly for the first time from a balcony of her convent. He on his part, having been attracted by the charming nun, visited the convent several times and gained the heart of the unfortunate Marianna, who until her last hour

tried vainly to curse the brilliant officer whose desertion, so sudden and complete, broke her too confiding heart. We must read these letters carefully on account of their very simplicity and naïve eloquence. What exquisite tenderness, what profound grief! Love, regret: This is the whole book—which will not die, because it is pervaded with the suave perfume of youth, of passion, and sincere tears."

One of the foremost scientists and writers in Canada to-day is Sir J. Wm. Dawson, whose special field of research is paleontology and geology. "Sir William was born," says the Canadian Bibliographer, "at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in October, 1820. After receiving his early training at the College of Pictou he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied under some of the most renowned professors of that day, in natural science. As showing the advantages of the privileges thus enjoyed, he tells us, when speaking of these college days: 'The foundation of my geological education was laid by the late Professor Jameson and other able educators in natural science, his contemporaries in Edinburgh.' Returning home after a winter's study, he applied himself with great ardor to an investigation of the natural history and geology of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1885 his great work, *Acadian Geology*, was issued, and at once took leading rank among scientific books. His other works followed at intervals, interspersed with numerous contributions to scientific periodicals. At the meeting of the Geological Society of London in 1881, Sir W. W. Smyth remarked that when he referred to Sir J. W. Dawson's published papers he found that they numbered nearly one hundred and twenty, and they give the results of most extensive and valuable researches in various departments of geology. In 1850 Mr. Dawson was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and five years later became Principal of the great McGill University at Montreal, of which seat of learning he is still principal and also vice-chancellor. In 1854 he was elected a fellow of the Geological Society of London, and of the Royal Society in 1862. He is a master of arts of Edinburgh, and in 1884 he was granted the degree of LL.D. by McGill. In 1881 he was the honored recipient of the Lyell medal for his eminent work and discoveries in geology, and was created a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; was selected by the then governor-general of the Dominion, the Marquis of Lorne, to be the first president of the newly-organized Royal Society of Canada, and was also elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1884 he was knighted by her Majesty. He is a fellow of the Royal and Geological society of London, of Edinburgh, and of Liverpool, and honorary member of many philosophical societies."

Stella Louise Hook, the author of that charming work for children, *Little People and Their Homes in Meadows, Woods, and Waters*, published by the Scribners, and of many short articles in *The Christian Union* and other periodicals, is a granddaughter of the late astronomer, Gen. O. M. Mitchel. She comes naturally by her talent, for Professor Mitchel was one of the world's great popularizers of science. Miss Hook is still quite young. She wrote *Little People* but a few years ago, when she was hardly twenty years of age, from her own observations rather than from reading.



## RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

Forms of Agnosticism—J. F. Dutton—Unitarian Review

There are schools of agnostics as there are sects of Christians. These often have little in common and little sympathy with each other. We err greatly if we class them all altogether. "I don't know" is sometimes accepted lightly, sometimes deeply, sometimes it takes the form of feeling, and sometimes of intellectual conviction; and if it often is made an excuse for impiety or indifference, it is also often accepted as a supplement to piety and an aid to faith. There is, first, the common irreligious agnosticism; not non-religious, but irreligious, opposed to religion, coarse, crude, cruel, boastful, almost brutal. This is not the result of thought or of anything like conviction, but more truly of want of thought, and as opposite to the higher agnosticism as it is to faith. The common irreligious agnostic says, with no effort to tell why, for he could not: "The infant knows as much about God and the future life as the wisest philosopher, the idiot as much as the minister; for no one knows anything about it, anyway. My guess is as good as any." He often makes this assumption of universal ignorance a rough excuse for ridiculing all religion. He delights in the dissensions of the sects. He is glad to believe that no one knows more of God than himself. He is as bigoted as an ignorant peasant at high mass, and as unreasonable as a negro in a revival. Such agnosticism we have all met. It is one of the asylums of worldly or wicked and lazy souls. It is very common, and is increasing every day. It is especially to be found in new civilizations, where freedom has run wild and liberty been degraded into license. Very different from this is the second type, the common religious agnosticism. This is sweeter, tenderer, and certainly productive of nobler spirits: it is not boastful, but humble, and always wears the garb of piety. There are many fine souls with whom religion takes, almost exclusively, the form of feeling. They do not like to think. They fear thinking. To reason about God is to them almost a sin—an over-exaltation of our finite minds, a degradation of the idea of the Almighty. Tacitly assuming that they have in thought what they dare not think, an idea they dare not define, they dismiss all argument with the wise saw, that the finite cannot know the Infinite, that to pretend to know him is blasphemy, and that in true humility we should be content with simple adoration. Such people generally accept as unquestionable some current conceptions, make faith a virtue and reason a vice, cleave often to the good, and read into their dogmas better things than they could ever find there. Their instincts are generally right. Their characters we often admire. But their attempts at reasoning and their prejudices are of little account. A wise man will seldom allow himself to be drawn into debate with them. This is a form of agnosticism with which the philosophical agnostics know not how to deal. Yet it is very old and very common. Every cultivated nation has had its altar "To the Unknown God." Some of our most popular religious books are but hymns of praise to this Great Unknown, panegyrics upon the light which no man can approach unto, upon the infinite majesty which the finite cannot grasp, upon the inscrutable essence. Here, too, are to be found not only pious spirits, but

many fine minds. Religious agnosticism is the genius of modern poetry, of Shakespeare and Tennyson, Schiller and Goethe. These great writers were religious; but they left the idea of God to the heart, the affections and imaginations, as something to be felt, but not too closely examined. This form of thinking, or rather feeling, leads, however, to questions difficult to answer. If God in his essence must be to me forever unknown, what have I to do with him? If I cannot know him as he is, then to have him in thought, even in feeling, is to mis-know him. How can I worship what I cannot think? I cannot ascribe to him moral qualities. How, then, can he command my conscience? How can I seek to be transformed into his spiritual image? I cannot say that he is conscious: then, surely, I cannot say that he is love. How, then, can he touch my heart? I do not know that he is good. May he not, then, be evil or morally indifferent? Surely, then, though all-powerful, he is not my Father. To a vigorously consistent mind absolute agnosticism is the death of religion. I see no escape from this conclusion. A vigorous logic and a desire for self-consistency lead to the third special form, which, for want of a better word, I shall call painful agnosticism. Many there are trained to worship, and by nature religious, who have tried to make their religion rational and have failed. They have succumbed to the very arguments they set out to answer. With open minds they have found themselves bewildered by conflicting testimony, and have come to feel that, where there is such diversity of opinion, there can be no safe standing ground. These men admit, at last, the supposed limitation of our faculties and carry this up to its legitimate conclusion—a kind of forced religious indifference, a suspension of the religious life. But to the question: Is that "presence" there, is this "sense sublime" anything more than a disturbing fancy? they receive no answer. And so they come at last to say of religion as Jean Paul said of music, "Away, away! for thou remindest me of something I shall never meet in all my life." I have known people who could hardly look at the stars or the ocean without a sigh of pain. There is here a silent suggestion of something too deep to be comprehended, too good to be true. But what if it were only fire and water, after all? Few thoughtful people are to-day wholly happy in their faith. A perpetual oscillation between belief and doubt destroys inward peace. The fires of the soul still smoulder at the bottom of their being. They suppress them as best they can, and seek to lose themselves in the life of the world. They say nothing about religion, for the simple reason that they know not what to say. We come now to the agnosticism of science. This form is perhaps most potent among thinking men. Scientific agnosticism is generally not demonstrated, but accepted; it is not so much a conviction as a convenience. Scientists have almost universally agreed to keep clear of metaphysics, as Newton long ago charged them to do. They look upon this as a resultless science—i.e., no science at all; having nothing corresponding to it in nature, and so incapable of exact proof; befogging to the mind; and because it is liable to awaken *a priori* theories of the universe in the mind, which weaken the

power of exact observation, prejudicial to science. Facts, cries the scientist, and facts only! Professor Huxley likens himself to a sailor walking the deck of a vessel, who, if he step one inch too far, falls overboard to flounder or drown in the deep—the boundless, fathomless tossing sea of metaphysics.

Wonders of Star Distance—The St. Louis Republic

The wonders of photography, great as they are, are not confined to the world we live in. They do not consist only in furnishing faithful pictures of human faces, forms, trees, houses, leaping horses, and projectiles fired from the mouth of cannon. They extend beyond the planet, and include the moon and the sun. Nay, photography reaches beyond the sun to the stars—and even beyond the visible stars into what may be called the invisible universe. The photographer may set up his camera, under the moonless sky, in a dark night, and produce spectres of stars lying so far out in the confines of the stellar universe that even the giant eye of the telescope fails to reveal them. The early astronomers, gazing at the sapphire skies of Chaldea and Arabia, counted 3,000 stars in each hemisphere, 6,000 in all, and down to the time of Galileo this was supposed to be the whole number. There are few eyes at the present day keen enough to detect more than 4,000. But Galileo's little eye-glass showed that the 6,000 were only the beginning, and hardly that, for behind them were other thousands that had been shining unseen from the dawn of creation without their existence having been suspected. And this was not all. Galileo's glass revealed four stars where one had been counted before; but a somewhat larger and better instrument doubled the number again, and as the improvement of telescopes went on it was found that every foot added to the length of the instrument and every inch to the diameter of its lens reached a still more distant concave on which a still larger number of stars was set, until astronomers ceased to count, and contented themselves with estimates. Twenty years ago the number was placed at twenty millions; ten years later the estimate had to be doubled; and the multiplication process did not stop even here, for photography has recently come to the aid of astronomy, the camera has reinforced the telescope, and we now have reproduced on the sensitive gelatin dry-plate swarms of points of light so faint and minute as to have hitherto escaped the keen vision of the most assiduous and patient searchers. Indeed, in the last seven years photography has pushed back the confines of the stellar universe so as to multiply the number of stars five hundred-fold, and substitute millions for millions in the astronomical computation. The distances of these photographic stars, whose existence is known of only by the spectres they leave, after half an hour's exposure, on the exquisite gelatin film of the artist, are inconceivable, of course, and the attempt to grasp the numerical expression of them only staggers the mind. But the human mind is very ingenious. It may do in one day what it cannot do in another. And a cannon-ball illustration which combines motion and time in the same phenomenon, enables us to form some idea of these tremendous stellar distances. A modern bolt starts from the muzzle of a rifled gun with a movement of about 1,000 miles an hour, which is the rate of the earth's axial rotation at the equator. Suppose one of these bolts were endowed with the power of

maintaining its initial velocity, and of moving perpetually forward in a straight line, without being arrested by the attraction of any one of the heavenly bodies near which it should pass; and suppose, further, that it were fired straight at Alpha Centauri, the chief brilliant in the southern constellation of the Centaur, and believed to be the nearest fixed star to the earth; and imagine that some daring and adventurous explorer should manage to mount it at the moment it emerged from the muzzle. In ten days he passes close to and abreast of the moon, and is appalled at the solitude and desolation of that crater-pitted cinder. But the satellite is soon left behind, and in six and a half years the explorer reaches and crosses the orbit of Mars and enters a region infested with planetoids, air stones, and other cannon balls. If fortunate enough to pass through these swarms without being beaten to pieces, in forty-eight years more he crosses the track of the giant planet of our system. Sixty years more bring him to the orbit of Saturn, and still another period of a hundred and thirty years bring him to the orbit of Uranus. It is growing dark and cold and the adventurer experiences a feeling of horror on looking back at finding that the earth has disappeared, and the sun itself has shrunk to the size of his fist. Nevertheless he continues on his course, and, after another long and weary period of a hundred and forty-five years, reaches the orbit of Neptune, the first-born and most distant of the solar family. He is now on the frontier of the solar system; but he is four hundred and ten years old, allowing him to have been twenty-one when he started, and, although he has travelled twenty-eight hundred million miles, or thirty times the distance of the earth from the sun, he is amazed and discouraged at finding that he has taken only a step in the prodigious journey. The Centaur's chief brilliant is no larger and brighter, and, apparently, no nearer than when he started. And no wonder—for, before him stretches an abyss eight thousand times as wide as the distance he has traversed. It would take that cannon bolt, plunging into the cold, dark depths, three million years to cross it and reach the point of destination. And yet, Alpha Centauri is our nearest neighbor of the fixed stars. What astronomers call its parallactic angle is nine-tenths of a second, a very large angle when compared with the inappreciable ones of more remote stars. Many of the brilliant points of light that attract the eye on a clear moonless night are five, ten, fifteen and twenty times farther off than it. A ray of light moves with such inconceivable velocity that it might wrap itself eight times round the earth between two ticks of a clock; and yet it would take that ray of light fifty years to come from the North Star to the earth. When we look at that steadfast, unchanging sentinel of the pole at night, we see it in the light that left it half a century ago, and if the Omnipotent hand that formed it, set it in its place, and called it by name, should suddenly destroy it, we would continue to behold it in its own light fifty years after it has ceased to exist. The very foundations of knowledge dissipate before these vast inter-stellar spaces, for we have no assurance, even while gazing at the lilac scintillations of the great Dog Star, that "King of Suns," as astronomers call it, that it did not pass out of existence before we were born. The telescope has rendered the valuable service of reducing the planets to discs. When viewed with the naked eye they are scintillating points, some of them



brighter than the fixed stars, but not otherwise different in appearance; through a telescope, their scintillations disappear, and they become flat surfaces like the moon. But the fixed stars refuse to be reduced. Sirius, the Dog Star, has always been an object of interest to astronomers on account of its great size, its beauty and brilliancy, and the changes in the color of its light that have taken place since ancient times. It is estimated to be seventeen hundred times as large as the central luminary of our system. It might be supposed that so vast a body, when drawn near to us by a good telescope, would reveal an observable surface. But it does not. It is fourteen hundred million times as distant from us as the sun. The earth's orbit is 190,000,000 miles across, which means that on the 1st of July our planet is that far from the point it was at on the 1st of January; and yet two lines drawn from the Dog Star to the ends of this great base line, collapse into one, and fail to give a parallax; and when the most powerful telescopes are brought to bear upon it, the great star shows no appreciable disc, and remains only a blur of light. The term "fixed," applied to the stars, is a mistake, for it is now known that there is not a fixed star in the heavens, and, probably, no such condition as absolute rest in the universe. All the stars are in motion, and some of them, known as "run-away stars," are moving at the rate of 250,000 miles an hour, or more than thrice the velocity of our earth in its orbit. It might be thought that this constant motion would produce continual changes in the stellar relations and alter the face of the heavens every few years. But the vast distances at which the stars are set from us destroy the visual effect of their motion, and preserve the unchanging aspect of the heavens. None of the constellations have suffered a dislocation in three thousand years. Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades are still in their places. Although the eighty-one stars in Orion have ever been in motion, each without relation to any other, the mighty figure is as it appeared to the man of Uz forty centuries ago.

Sex in Mind—Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol—The Arena

George Eliot wrote that "No woman forgives coldness, even when it is the mask of love," and a critic said only a woman could write that line. Was he a detective of authorship? "A Woman's Reason" is a literary title and a current phrase. Reason is not masculine. It is more than reasoning. Immanuel Kant could not maintain his theory without the moral sense to back or shore it up. So Emerson indorsed his philosophy with the feelings. He refused to submit ideas to any logical bar, and from Bacon's "dry light" and his own cool head he appealed to "the sentiment," to womanly intuition, as a superior court. The truth is that our abilities for every intelligent perception act together like our vital organs which can by no analysis or dissection before death be quite set apart. We resolve matter into scores of elements which may be of one substance but divers forms. Note the part played by our feelings in our arguments, and the heart's contribution to the brain. Emerson said that Tennyson would have been a poet wondrously great had he been either purely masculine or purely feminine in his verse. But by this congenital mixture of traits from both sexes in his soul, Tennyson becomes the individual writer he is, secures his especial influence, charms alike man and woman, and holds the world in his magic spell. Emer-

son noted, too, a lack of virility in Hawthorne's style which is winsome through this apparent want. Dr. Hedge characterized Dr. Channing's as a feminine mind, but for his, as for other mens' genius, Dr. Hedge found in this trait a particular worth. In a critic who was so manly with his pen, what a generous discrimination was thus shown! Only an inadequate delineation could imply in Channing, the great liberal champion, aught neutral, and none more or sooner than Dr. Hedge felt the force of the resounding trumpet he blew. One blast on his bugle was "worth a thousand men." But the instrument can be modulated only by lips like his, no less gentle than firm. There is no breath potent to call, or pleasant to play with, in an obstinate will. How right feeling serves and quickens clear thinking every case of humane and social efficiency will prove. Male and female are a single creative image and one is impotent without the other term. "There is much of the woman in me," said Dr. Belows, the chief organizer of the liberal band. By the womanly element his executive energy was inspired, and not checked. But this quality is often least effusive when most strong, so that men whom it radically possesses and moves are commonly accounted cold. Webster would pass as being of a conspicuously masculine mind, even a logic-machine, so cogent was he in the Senate or at the bar. But the Rocky Mountain he appeared to be, had a base of flame. An engine that waits, to a careless observer may seem cold when it is ready to transform into motion its gathering and unsuspected heat. So the quietness of the so-called God-like man who brought, as Emerson wrote, "his great forehead to the chair of state," was but compressed and concentrated strength. After Frederick Douglass had denounced him as cruel, a lady said to him, "I know Mr. Webster well. You have made a mistake. He has a tender heart." Mr. Douglass so little resented the correction or doubted the witness that he told me the conversation, with hearty admission that his charge might have been without ground. But no such denial of aught ill in Webster's temper can explain the wonder of his speech, which has no equal in eloquence on the same themes, because not only of the lucid argument, but the unrivalled fervor that went with simplicity and grandeur in his words, which Edward Everett said were always of fire. He had a conception kindled by love of native land through his youth and manhood, and rising into an unmatched expression in his Plymouth discourse also, of the philanthropy from which fear and a shudder at the Red Sea of Civil War foreseen for the nation to cross, made him falter in his old age. But his earlier service can in no generous or just estimate be left out. How like the wind his oration swept, how like the ocean it rolled, and with what eagle flight it flew, all who heard him may still bear in mind. Many examples might hint how bereft we should be of truth, if confined to propositions which we can mathematically or dialectically prove. So to limit ourselves, were suicide alike of sensibility and sense. Lincoln, who in short passages was as grand as Webster in long ones, drew from a sympathetic bosom his best strains. Mrs. Frances Kemble had a masculine mind. Portia in the Merchant of Venice, with male attire, was her favorite character. But from what a store of womanly passion her recitations rolled out! The spheres of thought and feeling are concentric and cannot be quite distinguished, however practically rec-



onciled. \* They are not like independent departments of state, or water-tight compartments of a ship. Our abilities run all together and heighten each other. More of one does not imply less of others. Their several provinces, like the cerebral lobes, or sutures in the skull, cannot be precisely marked out. The outside of nature alone is delineated by the rows of facts which the scientist calls laws. Only fellowship can acquaint us with the persons that make the live world. Only in action can the purposes and motives of conduct be revealed. He who is an agnostic in regard to God and heaven would be ashamed not to know his duty to his invaded country, or in his vocation of peaceful work, although how he knows it would puzzle him to tell, the impulse or inspiration is so direct. "In morals," said Dr. Wayland, "there are few links." The Ten Commandments, that in their consequences the world could not contain, do not in the Bible fill the space of a page. We are so much wiser in our conscience than in our understanding that, on the path of enterprise in the field of behavior, philosophy is baffled as but a partial expounder, halts behind, and fails to be a pioneer. Human nature is not a fixed quantity or quality to be measured or put under arrest, but continually evolved, and in no terms or formulas contained. It is leviathan and cannot be bound. It is an ocean in which far more swims than we see. We but dimly realize much that it holds. With no sinker have we sounded it. Our chart is but of its surface, or tells its depths only in spots. Our classification is not complete.

The Culture of Character—From the Providence Journal

It is natural that men should admire genius. It is so mysterious in its essence, so inexplicable in its methods, and occasionally so magical in its results, that it captivates the imagination and so bewilders judgment that we are inclined to overestimate its value. Young men especially are apt to fall into the error of supposing that the world is governed by intellect. In reality, the masters and leaders of men have usually been superior to their fellows in the sturdier traits of manhood rather than in pure intellect. If two men live and work together, it is almost certain that one of them will sooner or later come to exercise a dominant influence over the other; but in such a case it very often happens that the subjugated mind is brighter and better stored with learning than the conquering mind. The explanation is that the world leans on character. Steadfastness, calm, self-control, courage, are qualities which, though they may not dazzle the eyes of men, will always attract confidence and secure a following. They are qualities that enable their possessor to make a fortune or achieve a great career. Business men, for instance, understand very well that it is what one saves rather than what one makes that assures wealth. But who is it that saves money? It is he who is strong enough to sacrifice the present to the future, who has the fortitude to endure a self-imposed privation and the manhood to resist temptation. Character does not work. It is so in every field. Everywhere victory begins at home, and self-denial and self-conquest precede and prepare the way for triumph over the world. If one loves to read, if his quick and sympathetic mind is interested in many things, the danger is that he will fall into a habit of miscellaneous and indiscriminate reading, fatal to thoroughness in any one department. He who would

master a profession or a science must begin by giving up a great deal that he would like to know. He must say, "This thing I will know, and, therefore, that thing I cannot know." Self-denial and persistence are here again the secrets of success; but those traits are of the very fibre of education. The sober faculty of judgment is certainly of the utmost value in the practical affairs of life; but it is a faculty which is made up as much of character as of intellect. Men, as a rule, are too much inclined to overlook the reaction of character upon intellect. The safe man is he who walks in the path of duty, the strong man is he who clothes himself with the strength of principle. The grandest characters have an affinity for right and truth. They succeed because they depend upon something stronger than any mere device of the intellect or any expedient suggested by the exigencies of a moment. They may suffer temporary defeat; but they follow the guiding light of principle with a faith which is wisdom. There is always more or less sophistry in temptations to self-indulgence; and the brighter the intellect the more ingeniously will it plead the cause of error. What we call the faculty of judgment is at its best simply a clear vision of the eternal veracities which persist through all history and finally crush all opposition because they are fundamental and fixed necessities. Character is a source of inspiration. When John Stuart Mill was some 14 years of age he visited France for the first time and spent a year in that country. He was already a scholar of considerable learning, and his experience in a foreign land was probably more valuable to him than it would have been to a less precocious youth. He says in his autobiography: "But the greatest, perhaps, of the many advantages which I owed to this episode in my education was that of having breathed for a whole year the free and genial atmosphere of continental life. This advantage was not the less real, though I could not estimate, nor even consciously feel it. Having so little experience of English life, and the few people I knew being mostly such as had public objects, of a large and personally disinterested kind, at heart, I was ignorant of the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society; the habit of, not indeed professing, but taking for granted in every mode of implication, that conduct, is, of course, always directed toward low and petty objects; the absence of high feeling which manifests itself by sneering depreciation of all demonstrations of them, and by general abstinence (except among a few of the stricter religionists) from professing high principles of action at all, except in those preordained cases in which such profession is put on as part of the costume and the formalities of the occasion. . . . Neither could I then appreciate the general culture of the understanding, which results from the habitual exercise of the feelings, and is thus carried down into the most uneducated classes of several countries on the Continent, in a degree not equalled in England among the so-called educated, except where an unusual tenderness of conscience leads to a habitual exercise of the intellect on questions of right and wrong." We quote this passage not to indorse an Englishman's stricture upon English society, but to show how, in the opinion of a great student, character and intellectual culture are reciprocally related. The love of beauty, of honor and duty, and the sentiment of philanthropy, stimulate the intellect and supply it with noble ends.

## VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

## Fashionable Society a Fraud—From Vanity Fair

The falling away from the ancient and honored traditions of hospitality is one of the most portentous signs of the hollowness and insincerity of our modern life. It would seem as though in our social relations to one another we are daily sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of selfishness and hypocrisy. Woefully have we fallen away from grace since Brillat-Savarin told us that when we received a friend under our roof-tree we made ourselves, for the time he was our guest, responsible not only for his physical well-being, but also for his happiness. Who cares nowadays whether a guest is enjoying himself or not? Where is the hostess who will take the trouble to insure him a pleasant evening? To-day, when we invite any one to our house, it is with the distinct idea of getting something out of him; a case simply of "What will you give me for what I am giving you?" He may be the most wearisome of bores, and we may detest the sight of him; but we ask him to dinner, and give him our best because he is a friend of young Lord Noddlekins—who would just suit poor Alice—and whom we intend our bore shall introduce to us in due course. Miss de Smythe's airs and pretensions are intolerable, and her manners are dreadful; still we invite her, because she is one of the best-dressed women in London. Mrs. Dasher, that rather rapid little widow, is not exactly a desirable guest; but, then, she knows the nicest men in town, and is so good-natured about introducing. And so on down the list. The sale and barter of what small remnant of social virtue is left to us is an ignoble traffic; but, alas! it is fast becoming a favorite one. We are familiar with the advertisements which read somewhat as follows: "A lady of rank and high social position will arrange with ladies wishing for introductions to good society." And guests are just as bad as their hosts. They consider an invitation, and devote as much thought to it, as though it were some important commercial enterprise; and if at last they accept it, ten to one it is because they hope to entrap some fellow-guest, who would prove a desirable addition to their non-visiting list. The fact is, the whole ideal of hospitality has been cheapened and lowered and its conduct reduced to a mean system of warfare, in which strategy and effrontery are the most efficacious weapons. Women are, I am bound to acknowledge, chiefly to blame for this, as they are more or less indirectly for all the social sins of the world; and to them must be attributed the blight of selfishness and calculation that has fallen upon us. But men are not quite blameless; for, not to speak of their pleasing little habit of making love to their hosts' wives, they will not go anywhere unless they are sure beforehand that they will be well fed.

## Color in Beauty—A Society Woman—N. Y. Mercury

Color is paramount in beauty. Generally this maxim would be understood but in one way. By "color" the average woman understands a high pink flush in the cheeks. If she have not this sort of color she takes it for granted that she has none. According to the popular idea a pale woman, or a "washed-out" one, has no tints or semi-tints in her face at all. This is the gravest of mistakes. An artist finds a hundred gradations

of color in a complexion that to the uninitiated eye seems merely white or sallow or uniform olive. And that artist, were he given free scope to garb the woman in question as he chose, would so manage every detail that indefinite harmonies of hues would become salient, would produce the best possible effect. Color should be studied, by every woman who chooses to make the best of herself, immediately after contours. And often the study pays better for the trouble and forethought it entails. The outlines of face and figure, though they may be very advantageously modified, can never be made over. Whereas, although no woman can change herself from fair to dark or the reverse at will, it is quite within her power to manage the matter of color generally in her toilet so that the best possibilities she possesses in that line may be made becomingly conspicuous, where before they were simply swamped and passed for nothing. Color, in a word, is much more malleable than contour. It is more fluctuating and can more easily be controlled by a master-hand. The popular fallacy that the best hues of the complexion, of the eyes, of the hair are brought out alone by the color of the gown chosen, is indicative of very superficial observation. This is much, certainly; but it is not all. One item—the arrangement of the hair itself—has the greatest possible influence in emphasizing or toning hues in the skin or eyes. A blonde of the pink-and-white variety might, if she were so minded, wear her hair very plainly in lines very simple and distinct and guiltless of frivolously-escaping wind-blown curls and stray locks. The extreme purity of the milk-and-rose skin of a flaxen-haired blonde is brought out in its perfection by these straight, yellow lines. On the other hand, should a sallow blonde do her hair in this way, the yellowish tints of the skin, unsoftened by that vaporous surrounding of gold which makes the complexion whiter by contrast, would stand out in uncompromising distinctness. Such a blonde should endeavor by frequent shampoos to keep her hair as fluffy and golden as possible. (A moderate dash of washing soda in the water tends to this end; and tar soap used regularly at short intervals will impart, after a certain length of time, an added bronzing to red-gold locks.) She should then arrange her hair with as close a reference to cloud-like effects as other considerations admit of. On the other hand, she should keep the markings of eyelashes and eyebrows as definite as possible, weeding out and pinching and brushing the latter into a clear arch. If this arch and the fringe of the lashes be by nature too hopelessly pale and indefinite, to darken them very slightly is not only permissible but advisable. This lightens by contrast the tones of a sallow-blond complexion. But it must not be exaggerated. Should the touch of artifice be inartistically carried to the pitch of making the brows and lashes very black, the whole face would grow heavier in coloring and expression. A sallow blonde should seek to have her entire color-effect as soft as possible and as light as airy. A fresh-looking mouth is a great advantage to her—a mouth with very white teeth and very healthy pink lips and gums. She needs, and should by assiduous care cultivate, these attractions, as they counteract the muddiness that her complexion

may suggest if not relieve by just such side touches. A sallow, dark woman, on the contrary, should proceed, as to the arrangement of her hair, on principles directly different. Fluffy hair only increases the look of thickness, of yellowness in the skin. In any case, where the hair is black, a frowsy coiffure can never be wholly recommended. When the skin is exceedingly white, with a brilliant color in the cheeks and lips, it is sometimes becoming, but the instances are too rare to form a rule. With the olive complexion and all its derivatives, the whitest, the finest, and also the richest and softest hues of the skin are brought out by a mode of coiffure which allows the raven glossiness of the hair to show in its full measure and relief. This is possible only where the lines of the coiffure are either rather straight or waved in perfectly distinct curves. The markings of the hair about the face must be definite; not sharp, but clear. Slightly heavy eyebrows, provided they be quite smooth and not disfigured by stray hairs straggling out of line, are not a drawback. Very white teeth are an immense relief from the prevailing sallowness. Distinctness, then, and that peculiar cleanliness of outline and expression which this distinctness brings, are the elements a sallow-dark woman most should seek to bring out in her features by the management of her coiffure, etc. The item of showing much or little of the neck habitually is another very determining factor in bringing out the most or least becoming tints in the skin. Where the features are rather massive and the general look of the complexion dull the white reflection thrown by the greater fairness of the exposed throat is usually an improvement to both—usually, but not invariably. There are women of a softly, duskily Oriental coloring, around whose eyes are rich bistrous tints—Rembrandt-like shadows in brown—who never look more lovely than with a high-throated collar or band of dark velvet choked about their necks. These lines must be studied individually. As to the colors to be worn in costume, one large law holds good throughout. Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in some degree of approximation in the hair, the eyes, or the complexion. This is an artist's law and it is infallibly safe to follow. Whenever you get away from it you are in dire peril of shipwreck somewhere. Simple as it is, though, and easily ascertained and acted upon, how few are its votaries is glaringly apparent in every assemblage of women the world over. It is easy enough to match the eyes and hair, certainly, even if a woman have not a sufficiently delicate eye for color to enable her to decompose into its component semi-tones the general tinting of her skin. A woman with blue-gray eyes is always becomingly dressed in any of those indefinite blue shades in which much gray is mixed. Almost always, as it happens, eyes of that color are found in conjunction with a thin, neutrally tinted complexion, of the sort sensitive to atmospheric changes. Now, complexions of this order have a tendency to a certain delicate blueness about the eyes and occasionally about the mouth. Blue is then very visibly present in the skin as well and forms another indication of the colors most likely to be becoming above all others. To a rather sallow woman with bronze-brown hair and brown eyes all shades of brown and of yellow are becoming, beyond any other colors. There is yellow in her skin and a strong dash of yellow also in her hazel eyes, although she is probably quite unaware of the

fact. Take a dazzlingly fair blonde, put her in pale green, and she is delicious. And why? Because, as any artist would tell you, there is in the mother-of-pearl whiteness of that porcelain-like skin, a, to him, perfectly distinct admixture of the lightest, faintest, most ethereal green. But the green will be more becoming if she have blue eyes than if she have brown; and the reason is simple, since blue and green blend one into the other in the spectroscope—are sister colors. A brunette with the ivory-white skin that the French call "mat" is never so exquisite as in cream color, and obviously because, as nearly as can be achieved, she has reproduced the tinting of her skin in her gown. Put a colorless blonde in the same cream color, and she will look very far from charming, but exchange it for pale gray, and lo! the difference. And again the reason is obvious. In the blonde's sallowness there are tints of gray, capable, in unhealthy skins, of becoming earthy. In the dark woman's pallor there are yellowish tones always, and these are prominent likewise in her cream-tinted gown. In choosing colors which have no match in eyes, hair, or complexion, the guide is, once more, to select those tints one of whose components is present, at least, in some shape in the coloring given you by nature. Take red. A dark woman with a yellowish-pale complexion chooses a red inclining either to purplish-magenta or to rose—a red in which there is very little admixture of yellow—and her face looms up above it yellow itself as a saffron bag. Had she chosen one of the bright reds of the shade known as Turkey red, more or less, the yellow in that would have assimilated and sucked up, as it were, the sallowness of her skin, and made it look white by contrast. In certain delicate shades of dove-gray a trained eye detects a flush of pink, and the reason why such gray worn by a woman, blonde or dark, but with a transparently rosy skirt, should be so entrancingly becoming is not hard to find. To iron-gray hairs, and the more leaden hues of complexion which come with the passing of youth and maturity, what are more invariably becoming than white and black and their composite gray? It is not alone the soberness of these hues that then recommend them. The principal cause lies further back, in an unconscious perception of the fundamental harmony between the tints of nature in this case and the tints suggested by custom and common sense. Rosy blondes and women who have rather florid complexions look well in various shades of purple and lavender, because the red in both absorbs the flush in the skin and whitens its effect. A sallow skin in juxtaposition to these colors looks simply muddy, on the other hand, as there is nothing in its blended tints to correspond with the components of the hues themselves. In short, no garment of any sort, not even an accessory to the toilet, should be chosen without reference to this underlying principle of harmony in color if a woman wish to make the best of herself. Attentive observance of the idea soon develops a subtle power of distinguishing the various components of a color in the best trained eye. The marvel is only, in view of the enormous advantage thus gained for controlling results, that the faculty should have been suffered, in the large majority of instances, to remain so dormant, so undeveloped. In all artificial make-up again the same law is found operative. Don't use pink, white, or yellow powder indiscriminately. You may like to look rosy, and the pink powder may achieve what you desire. But if you have, naturally,



not one pink tinge in your skin there will be something wrong with your make-up. It will not, to a thoroughly artistic eye, harmonize with your hair, your eyebrows, your teeth, the hue of your throat and hands. Likewise, if you bleach your hair, do it with some reference to what the tinting of your complexion and eyes calls for. Striking contrasts have their charms at times; nothing is more true. But whenever they please, you will, by looking closely enough, find a principle of harmony underneath. Where no such harmony exists at all there is crudeness, roughness, the unmistakable, often undefinable, air of imperfect culture, physically, socially, æsthetically, and mentally.

Our Social Leaders—Ward McAllister—Society \*

At this time, 1862, there were not more than one or two men in New York who spent, in living and entertaining, over sixty thousand dollars a year. There were not half a dozen chefs in private families in this city. Compare those days to these, and see how easily one or two men of fortune could then control, lead, and carry on society, receive or shut out people at their pleasure. If distinguished strangers failed to bring letters to them, they were shut out from everything. Again, if, though charming people, others were not in accord with those powers, they could be passed over and left out of society. All this many of us saw, and saw how it worked, and we resolved to band together the respectable element of the city, and by this union make such strength that no individual could withstand us. The motto, we felt, must be "nous nous soutenons." This motto we then assumed, and we hold it to this day, and have found that the good and wise men of this community could always control society. This they have done and are still doing. Our first step then in carrying out these views was to arrange for a series of "cotillon dinners." I must here explain, that behind what I call the "smart set" in society, there always stood the old, solid, substantial, and respected people. Families who held great social power as far back as the birth of this country, who were looked up to by society, and who always could, when they so wished, come forward and exercise their power, when, for one reason or another, they would take no active part, joining in it quietly, but not conspicuously. Ordinarily, they preferred, like the gods, to sit upon Olympus. I remember a lady, the head of one of these families, stating to me that she had lived longer in New York society than any other person. This point, however, was not yielded or allowed to go undisputed, for the daughter of a rival house contended that *her* family had been longer in New York society than any other family, and though she had heard the assertion, as I gave it, she would not admit its correctness. What I intend to convey is that the heads of these families, feeling secure in their position, knowing that they had great power when they chose to exercise it, took no leading part in society's daily routine. They gave handsome dinners, and perhaps, once a year, a fine ball. I know of one or two families who have scrupulously, all their lives, avoided display, anything that could make fashionable people of them, holding their own, esteemed and respected, and when they threw open their doors to society, all made a rush to enter. To this day, if one of these old families, even one of its remotest branches, gives a day reception, you will

find the street in which they live blockaded with equipages. For years we have literally had but one salon in this city—a gathering in the evening of all the brilliant and cultivated people both young and old, embracing the distinguished strangers. A most polished and cultivated Bostonian, a brilliant woman, was the first, in my day, to receive in this way weekly. During her life she held this salon, both here, and all through the summer in Newport. "The robe of Elijah fell upon Elisha" in an extremely talented woman of the world, who has most successfully held, and now holds, this salon, on the first day of every week during the winter, and at Newport in summer. The mistake made by the world at large is that fashionable people are selfish, frivolous, and indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. The elegancies of fashion nourish and benefit art and artists; they cause the expenditure of money and its distribution; and they really prevent our people and country from settling down into a humdrum rut and becoming merely a money-making and money-saving people, with nothing to brighten up and enliven life; they foster all the fine arts; but for fashion what would become of them? They bring to the front merit of every kind; seek it in the remotest corners, where it modestly shrinks from observation, and force it into notice; adorn their houses with works of art, and themselves with all the taste and novelty they can find in any quarter of the globe, calling forth talent and ingenuity. Fashionable people cultivate and refine themselves, for fashion demands this of them. Progress is fashion's watchword; it never stands still; it always advances, it values and appreciates beauty in woman and talent and genius in man. It is certainly always charitable; it surrounds itself with the elegancies of life; it soars, it never crawls. I know the general belief is that all fashionable people are hollow and heartless. I find as warm, sympathetic, loving hearts in the garb of fashion as out of it. A thorough acquaintance with the world enables them to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, so that all the good work they do is done with knowledge and effect. The world could not dispense with it. Fashion selects its own votaries. You will see certain members of a family born to it, as it were, others of the same family with none of its attributes. You can give no explanation of this; "One is taken, the other left." Such and such a man or woman is cited as having been always fashionable. The talent of and for society develops itself in the same manner as does the talent for art.

The Gospel of Grace—Mabel Jenness—Frank Leslie's

There is a wonderful power in graceful motion. Bacon declares that "in beauty, that of decent and gracious motion is more than that of favor," and a graceful mien, which means simply physical refinement, puts one instantly en rapport with any company or individual. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson who wrote:

"What boots it thy virtue,  
What profits thy parts,  
While one thing thou lackest,—  
The art of all arts?"

"The only credentials,  
Passport to success;  
Opens castle and parlor—  
Address, man, address."

And what the Concord sage called address is but the development and refinement of the entire physical person. As the laws of being are more carefully studied,

\* Society as I Have Found It. Ward McAllister. Cassell.

and the relation of the physical to mental and moral is better understood, the education of the individual will not stop with the training of mental powers only, but seek the culture of every part of the being. The Greeks alone of the people of history have recognized the divinity of the human form. To them the body was something sacred, and it is said that the only time they ever ridiculed it was when, during the Persian war, they saw one day the nude figure of a soldier in the army of Xerxes. Its lack of physical beauty and proportions was to them such a strange, unusual sight that they burst into shouts of derisive laughter. Perfection of the physical was sought by the inhabitants of Hellas by every means that art could suggest. Dancing was cultivated by all classes. Men prominent in matters of state were chosen as leaders in the national dances on conspicuous occasions, and grace in bearing, ease in motion, were marks of beauty. The women of Sparta shared in the athletic sports, and attained a physical development which has remained the envy of the ages. No garments were worn which could fetter the body or rob it in motion of free, sinuous grace. It is after two centuries of bondage to ignorance, asceticism, and superstition that a disease-ridden race inquires why all the statues in the art galleries and the models of grace for the modern Phidias are taken from representations of beauty given to the world hundreds of years ago; and it is because men and women are, through the answer to this query, beginning to understand why, that physical culture is attracting attention it has not received before since the time of Lycurgus, 776 years B.C. That the world is still very far from possession of the models which made the men and women of Laconia the admiration of their time, and of all times, needs not to be argued to any one who will stand upon the fashionable boulevard of any modern city and note for a half-hour the physical characteristics of its promenaders. Men and women with narrowed chests, huddled shoulders, stooping forms, pass by in unvarying procession. If a man with kingly bearing or a woman with graceful carriage and buoyant step is by chance seen, it is an anomaly to be noted by all. In truth, it is not uncommon to see people stop upon the public thoroughfare and gaze half-admiringly, half-critically after one who walks with firm step and erect, well-poised body. With such total disregard of the laws of hygiene as the ordinary walk reveals, it is not surprising that men and women are victims of dyspepsia, kidney disease, and numberless other ailments directly traceable to incorrect position of the bodily organs. The cramped position of the lungs, the disarrangement of organs at the waist and abdomen, and the false position of the hip are the cause of most disease incident to women, while throwing the weight on the heels at every step brings the vertebrae of the spine into such constant and violent concussion that backaches and headaches are superinduced. Even the leisurely woman of wealth, with ambition and opportunity to be attractive, walks with the same absence of ease and freedom noticeable in the gait of the hard-working woman. The very effort the former makes to walk erect gives a rigidity to muscle and movement caused in the latter case by severe toil. Another woman seeks to acquire freedom by a general movement of the entire body, with the result of presenting a jerkiness in motion distracting to a nervous looker-on. Yet another, who has somewhere heard that all movement in walking

should be from the hips, moves along with a rolling gait suggestive of a sailor recently on shore. An awkward position of the head characterizes the walk of others, and the others are not always the dudes. But is it not strange that this class should hold the head in the same strained, abnormal position in which the tired, nervous brain-worker holds his? The faults of bearing are not peculiar to one class or section, but they all argue want of muscular power, nerve control, and symmetrical development. People grow old and haggard, while they are yet young, through ignorance of physical law. To have good bodies, to possess health, which is the parent of beauty, nature must not be ignored. Most people walk with depressed chest, depressing, in consequence, all the organs of the body. The average woman, weighted down by heavy skirts, fettered by numberless bands, is more faulty in carriage than the average man. Men walk up-stairs more gracefully than women do, as a rule; they haven't any skirts to hold up with one hand while they manage half a dozen bundles with the other. Watch half a score of men ascending steps, then watch the same number of women. The men will invariably spring from stair to stair with chest held active, while the women will contort their bodies into the most grotesquely-deformed shapes, and finally reach the upper landing with flushed faces and quick, panting breath. The breathlessness is partly fatigue, but more because of the cramped position of the lungs, perhaps increased by tight clothing. If women would dress properly and ascend stairs with the chest held erect and the weight of the body thrown upon the ball of the foot, this exercise would prove most beneficial instead of injurious, as it does as at present practised. In descending, as in ascending stairs, the weight should always be on the ball of the foot, and the step should be as light as a mother's by the cradle of her sleeping babe. Correct position of the chest in walking, sitting, and standing is the secret of grace. How awkward is the sitting attitude of the ordinary woman! The one rule to be always observed by the woman who seeks to be graceful is to keep the chest active. It should never be relaxed; the body should bend from the hips, whether one leans forward, backward, or sideways. Holding this part of the body constantly erect gives regal poise to carriage and strength to muscles. To walk correctly, to sit gracefully, to ascend stairs easily, argues good bodily conditions. If, however, lifting the chest is a painful effort, exercises should be taken to strengthen enfeebled powers. Standing, poising, and bending movements are of first importance. The correct standing position is one which most women find it very difficult at first to assume. The chest should be raised, the head held erect, the abdomen drawn in; at first a toppling sensation will be produced, and the back will feel uncomfortable, but continued practice of the movement will cause this first unpleasant consciousness to disappear. Poising movements consist in holding the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, and rising and descending for several times in succession, holding the hands, with arms extended, upon an active chest. Other movements throw the weight of the body upon one foot only, while the other, after describing a circle, is held suspended behind the active foot. Excellent practice for acquiring a graceful carriage consists in poising as far forward as possible with the right and left foot alternately, moving across a large room in this

manner. Correct walking results from stepping so that the heel shall fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, and always in a line with it, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball, and the chest leaning so prominently that a line dropped thence to the toe would fall to the toe, while a line dropped from the chest of the person who walks incorrectly would strike the instep. Correct positions in standing and walking are unfailing cures for weak and lame backs. Let any one who doubts this note the pull upon the muscles of the back when correct attitudes are at first assumed. Other excellent exercises for strengthening the muscles of the back are the bending movements. Lifting the arms as high as possible above the head, bend the body at the waist immediately below the floating ribs, and bring the hands gradually to the floor. The knees should be kept firm and the exercise taken directly in front, and also at the right and left sides. Other bending movements are of the waist, and yet others of the head. Nothing gives dignity and grace to bearing more effectively than a regal poise of the head, and the muscles of the neck can be made flexible by practising movements which consist first in dropping the head upon the chest, then backward, then in a series of rolling movements which call into action all the muscles of the neck. The secret of being graceful and the art of being beautiful are easily gained when one begins to study and to obey Nature's laws. The bondage of the body is the bondage of the spirit. Virtue, grace, and beauty are the handmaidens of health, and as "there is nothing beautiful but that is also good," according to wise writers, the millennium of happiness for which the world waits will be ushered in when human beings live in harmony with divine law. On this subject a writer in the *Chicago Herald* says: "The girls are apparently trying to rival Carmencita, the famous Spanish dancer who has excited all New York. If you enter their private rooms unawares ten chances to one you will find them in very loose attire, trying to kick a door at a spot a little higher than their heads. Don't let this apparent insanity alarm you—they are only practising the most recommended of all movements for acquiring a long, sliding step and a supple carriage of the figure in walking; besides, the exercise is so violent, having a wonderful effect on the circulation. Rule: Stand on the left foot and kick with the right ten times; then stand on the right and kick with the left. In a week you will be able to kick at least a foot higher than when you began. Don't consider it a semi-vulgar proceeding; it is recommended by lecturers and teachers."

The Manners of This Day—From the *New York Sun*

It is often said and very generally believed that there has been a great deterioration in manners in our day. This is called a mannerless generation. Courtesy, we are told, has gone out of fashion, and the roughness and rudeness of a democratic period have been substituted; distinction of bearing is unknown, except we find it in the relics of the older society, and social intercourse has become free-and-easy, off-hand, inconsiderate, and inelegant. This is an old, old complaint. It was one of the commonplaces of the social essayists of a century and of two centuries ago. The former times were always better than these in the estimation of those who had reached an age when they had begun to live in memories rather than the actual present.

The same lament is uttered over every successive generation. But Sir Herbert Maxwell shows very clearly in *Blackwood's Magazine* that all the time manners have really been improving. It must have been so, for civilization has been advancing steadily, and increasing civilization means increasing refinement, and the only true basis of good manners is good breeding and cultivated feeling. Sweetness of manner must be the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. It must come from an instinctive consideration for the feelings of others, a forgetfulness of self in the regard for others; and that may be called a distinctive feature of the cultivation of this period. The sentiment of humanity distinguishes this age as it distinguished no other. As Sir Herbert says, the courtliness of the old days, exhibited by the few, was rather an acquired and artificial grace than the real thing, which we exact to-day as the final test of good breeding. People are compelled to be more considerate than formerly. They cannot trample on the rights and feelings of others as they did when the few were masters and the many slaves. As civilization has spread and education extended, the self-respect of the mass of people has increased, and it demands consideration, and reciprocally must extend the same. Sir Herbert speaks of the unselfishness of what he calls the humble orders of people, as exhibited in English public conveyances. It is even more marked here. The greedy, inconsiderate, pushing, jostling, elbowing man is the exception; and therefore, when we distinguished him as the human hog, the variety was at once and universally recognized. The mass of people under such circumstances are more forgetful of themselves than of others. They show the very essence of good breeding in self-effacement. Society also will no longer tolerate the man who poses after the fashion of many of those who prided themselves on their courtliness in the older days. He becomes a laughing-stock. The well-bred man of this period is the man who does not seek to provoke attention in any way, but who forgets himself in the desire to please others or to fulfil properly his social part. Hence we have no great gentlemen, pointed out as such and conspicuous and distinguishable as in the past. They would not be the real thing in the estimation of this day if they so asserted themselves as to excite the awe of the vulgar. Men are gentlemen because they are not obtrusive. As Sir Herbert further says, though there is less formality of dress and address than of old, the gulf between the well-bred and the ill-bred is as wide and deep as ever. Nay, it is wider and deeper than ever, for the quality of good breeding is higher and more genuine. Sincerity in place of formality marks the manners of this day. Affectation, insincerity, of itself is bad breeding. Hamerton correctly describes the English ideal of good manners when he calls it a studied simplicity; but therein English manners are still within criticism. They ought to show the simplicity, but not the study. To be thoroughly genuine, the simplicity ought to come spontaneously; but even the affectation of it is better than the pompous artificiality of the past. Of course, there are now greater numbers of bad-mannered well-dressed people than ever before, for the distribution of wealth is far wider. They belong more especially to those who, having acquired money, think that good breeding is also and equally acquirable. They have not the inward and spiritual grace which comes from God alone.



## IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*Beneath the Calm—Millie Clifton—N. Y. Mercury*

Dear, it is bitter hard  
 To meet you coldly as each day goes by,  
 Know what the truth may be, yet act a lie;  
 To silence tender words that might be said;  
 To ever mask the face lest it be read,  
 Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,  
 More hard than you or others e'er may know,  
 To let the surface of a life still flow  
 Unstirred above wild depths, when one could break  
 Its maddening calm; yea, e'en for your sake,  
 Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,  
 Those golden moments when we stand, alone,  
 To see your kind face, grave and weary grown,  
 Yet stifle every gentle word nor dare  
 To lay caressing hands on brow or hair,  
 Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,  
 Harder than life and bitterer than death,  
 To feel that some time, when day's dying breath  
 Flutters the shadows, I shall sit alone  
 And know you, with the past forever gone,  
 Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,  
 This endless doubting. I who love you so,  
 Knowing the folly of it, fain would throw  
 Your good God's gifts before his feet and cry,  
 "Life is so hard, have pity, let me die,"—  
 Yea, it is bitter hard.

*A Last Prayer—Helen Hunt Jackson—Verses*

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,  
 So clear I see, now it is done,  
 That I have wasted half my day,  
 And left my work but just begun;  
 So clear I see that things I thought  
 Were right or harmless, were a sin;  
 So clear I see that I have sought,  
 Unconscious, selfish aims to win;  
 So clear I see that I have hurt  
 The souls I might have helped to save,  
 That I have slothful been, inert,  
 Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.  
 In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,  
 Father, the humblest spot give me;  
 Set me the lowliest task thou hast,  
 Let me repentant work for thee!

*The Midnight Visitor—Walt Whitman—Transcript*

From the French of Henri Murger.  
 "Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?"  
 "Let me come in, the door unlock."  
 "'Tis midnight now; my lonely gate  
 I open to no stranger's knock.  
 "Who art thou? Speak!"—"Men call me Fame;  
 To immortality I lead."  
 "Pass, idle phantom of a name."  
 "Listen again, and now take heed.  
 "'Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art.  
 My poet, now unbar the door."  
 "Art's dead, Song cannot touch my heart,  
 My once love's name I chant no more."  
 "Open then now, for see, I stand,  
 Riches my name, with endless gold,  
 Gold, and your wish in either hand."  
 "Too late—my youth you still withhold."

"Then if it must be, since the door  
 Stands shut, my last true name to know,  
 Men call me Death. Delay no more;  
 I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "Ah, guest so wan,  
 Forgive the poor place where I dwell;  
 An ice-cold hearth, a heart-sick man,  
 Stand here to welcome thee full well."

*Bereaved—James Whitcomb Riley—Century*

Let me come in where you sit weeping—ay,  
 Let me, who have not any child to die,  
 Weep with you for the little one whose love  
 I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
 Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used  
 To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew.  
 May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something  
 Between the tears that would be comforting,  
 But ah! so sadder than yourself am I,  
 Who have no child to die.

*Reiteration—Charles W. Coleman—Cosmopolitan*

To speak my heart to thee there is no word  
 That I can think of but "I love thee, dear!"  
 And that thou knowest, like a song oft heard,  
 Being so well known, there's no need to hear,  
 And yet I can but say, "I love thee."

Ah, 'tis the heart's own music, songs that oft  
 On lips we love have trembled low and clear;  
 So unto thee I will but whisper soft  
 What thou dost know so well, "I love thee, dear!"  
 And o'er and o'er again, "I love thee!"

*The Shortest Day—Louisville Courier-Journal*

'Twas the shortest day, they say, of the year,  
 And you and I were together, dear,  
 And our hearts were beating gayly.  
 The time we had longed for had come at last,  
 And weary weeks and months had passed,  
 While we counted the hours daily.  
 Without, it was cold, and dark, and drear,  
 But within, it was bright, and you were near,  
 And our happiness knew no measure,  
 Till all of a sudden a cloud arose—  
 It may have been my fault—or yours—who knows?—  
 That darkened our one day's pleasure.

It may have been my fault—or yours—who knows?—  
 I only know that the question rose  
 Whether your will or mine was strongest.  
 'Twas the shortest day, they say, of the year;  
 But the way we settled that question, dear,  
 Made it seem by far the longest.

*Dahlias—From All the Year Round*

It seemed to me when autumn came,  
 And lit, with tints of red and flame,  
 The landscape far and near,  
 And touched with russet, wood and glade,  
 And brought the heather back, she made  
 The glory of the year!

Sweet summer lay so close behind,  
 Her fragrance lingered on the wind  
 That played among the sheaves;  
 The acorns dropped, the nuts were brown,  
 And purple blackberries fell down  
 Among the yellowing leaves.

It seemed so fair, so full a time,  
 For hearts in tune with Nature's chime,

Love-rested hearts like ours ;  
We sat together in the sun,  
Our autumn play-time nearly done,  
Among the old-world flowers.

And soft you said, your hand in mine,  
"See now this dahlia, red as wine,  
And shapely as the rose ;  
It minds us that the rose is gone,  
It minds us winter comes anon.  
Dear, dost thou dread its snows ?

"Dear, dost thou fear to walk with me  
A slippery pathway, that must be  
Set far from restful bowers ?  
I have no roses, love, they died  
Before I saw my bonny bride ;  
I have but autumn flowers :

"But flowers that tell of shortening days,  
Of dropping leaves and twilight ways,  
Of wintry nights and chill ;  
But lo ! they whisper, too, of love,  
Of home, where like a brooding dove,  
Peace blesseth from all ill.

"Dost fear to take my dahlia, dear,  
With all its meanings ? Answer clear  
With those brave eyes of thine !"  
And then you stroked my drooping head,  
And I looked up at you, and said,  
"Be mine the dahlia, mine !

"How should I fear the winter storm,  
With love like thine to wrap me warm ?  
My heart, thou dost but jest !  
Dearer the dahlia than the ro-e,  
Dearer than spring is summer's close,  
For we have found our nest !"

*Good-Night—Mary Higman—Detroit Free Press*

God keep you safe, my love,  
All through the night ;  
Rest close in his encircled arms  
Until the light.  
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray !  
Good-night ! God keep you in his care alway.  
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts  
About my head ;  
I lose myself in tender dreams,  
While overhead  
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,  
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.  
For I, though I am far away,  
Feel safe and strong  
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—  
The night is long.  
I say with sobbing breath the fond, old prayer :  
Good-night, sweet dreams, God keep you everywhere.

*Recompense—The New York Dispatch*

There is no joy but has its drop of sorrow,  
No song but has an undertone of pain.  
One yesterday, to-day, and yet to-morrow  
Has e'er its sunshine interspersed with rain.  
We chase the brightest sunbeams and they lead us  
Full often where the deepest shadow lies !  
We fret at fate, but never will it heed us,  
Or turn the course of fortune otherwise.  
We sigh because too heavy seems life's burden,  
The path too rugged for our weary feet.  
We weep because too meagre seems our guerdon,  
And long for wayside cool and meadows sweet.  
And yet we rise by obstacles surmounted,  
By burdens bravely borne and foes o'erthrown.  
Each seeming hindrance ever may be counted  
Unto the higher realm a stepping-stone.

Worthless the gold while yet untried by fire ;  
The finest statue grows by many a blow.  
He who has much to meet may much aspire.  
He of the even way must stay below.

*The End—Anna Reeves Aldrich—Rose of Flame*

Do you recall that little room  
Close-blinded from the searching sun,  
So dim, my blossoms dreamed of dusk ?  
And shut their petals one by one.—  
And then a certain crimson eve,  
The death of day upon the tide ;  
How all its blood spread on the waves  
And stained the waters far and wide.  
Ah, you forget ;  
But I remember yet.

When I awake in middle night,  
And stretch warm hands to touch your face,  
There is no chance that I shall find  
Aught but your chill and empty place.  
I have no bitter word to say,  
The Past is worth this anguish sore,—  
But mouth to mouth, and heart to heart,  
No more on earth, O God, no more !  
For love is dead ;  
Would it were I, instead.

*All Things New—The Washington Post*

Old sorrows that sit at the heart's sealed gate,  
Like sentinels grim and sad,  
While out in the night damp, weary and late  
The King with a gift divinely great,  
Is waiting to make us glad.  
Old fears that hang like a changing cloud  
Over a sunless day ;  
Old burdens that keep the spirit bowed,  
Old wrongs that rankle and clamor loud,  
Shall pass like a dream away.  
In the world without and the world within  
He maketh the old things new.  
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin  
Shall flee from the gate when the King comes in,  
From the chill night's damp and dew.  
Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,  
On earth new blossoms spring ;  
The old life lost in the life divine,  
"Thy will be mine, my will be thine,"  
Is the song which the new hearts sing.

*Across the Years—Boston True Flag*

A hand of love at length appears,  
A hand reached out across the years,  
To bring me youthful treasure green  
Unmindful of the graves between.  
Alas ! it cannot be. The past  
Its wrecks around our feet has cast.  
Of those whose paths together led,  
Ere youthful hopes and dreams were dead,  
Some wander far in lands unknown,  
Where they have learned to live alone ;  
Some lie at rest, with cold hands pressed  
Above the quiet of their breast.  
Is life the same ? Can we forget ?  
Will youth's sun rise when it has set ?  
Life's lesson then can we unlearn,  
And to the eastern glory turn ?  
Will buried love arise at length,  
Again rejoicing in his strength ?  
Ah, no, my friend. Yet thee I greet,  
With pleasant memories and sweet ;  
We clasp our hands in peace at last  
Across the gulf of sorrows past,  
And, looking upward through our tears,  
We gain a glimpse of heavenly years.

## A DEBT OF HONOR—AWAITING THE INHERITANCE\*

The count had dressed himself with even greater care than usual in anticipation of the official visit, and was calmly seated upon a chair by the open window in his little room, one leg crossed over the other, one hand thrust into the bosom of his coat, and the other extended idly upon the table by his side. His features expressed the perfect calm and satisfaction of a man who knows that something very pleasant is about to happen, who has prepared himself for it, and who sits in the midst of his swept and garnished dwelling in an attitude of pleased expectancy.

The count's face was tired, indeed, and there were dark circles under his sunken gray eyes, brought there by loss of sleep as much as by an habitual facility for forgetting to eat and drink. But in the eyes themselves there was a bright, unusual light, as though some brilliant spectacle were reflected in them out of the immediate future. There was color, too, in his lean cheeks, a slight flush like that which comes into certain dark faces with the anticipation of any keen pleasure. As he sat in his chair, he looked constantly at the door of the room, as though expecting it to open.

From time to time, voices and footsteps were heard on the stairs, far below. When any of these sounds reached him, the count rose gravely from his seat, and stood in the middle of the room, slowly rubbing his hands together, listening again, moving a step to the one side or the other and back again, in the mechanical manner of a person to whom a visitor has been announced and who expects to see him appear almost immediately. But the footsteps echoed and died away and the voices were still again.

The count stood still a few moments when this happened, satisfying himself that he had been mistaken, and then, shaking his head and once more passing his hands round each other, he resumed his seat and his former attitude. He listened also for the chiming of the hours, and when he was sure that an hour had passed since the arrival of his imaginary express train, he rose again, looked out of the window, watched the wheeling of the house swallows, and assumed an air of momentary indifference. The next ringing of the clock-bells revived the illusion. Another train was doubtless just running into the station, and in a quarter of an hour his friends might be with him. There was no time to be lost.

The flush returned to his cheeks as he hastily combed his smooth hair for the twentieth time, examining his appearance minutely in the dingy, spotted mirror, brushing his clothes—far too well brushed these many years—and lastly making sure that there was no weak point in the adjustment of his false collar. He made another turn of inspection round his little room, feeling

sure that there was just time to see that all was right and in order, but already beginning to listen for a noise of approaching people on the stairs.

Once more he straightened and arranged the patched coverlet of Turkey red cotton upon the bed, so that it should hide the pillows and the sheets; once more he adjusted the clean towel neatly upon the wooden peg over the washing-stand, discreetly concealing the one he had used in the drawer of the table; for the last time he made sure that the chair which had the broken leg was in such close and perfect contact with the wall as to make it safely serviceable if not rashly removed into a wider sphere of action. Then, as he passed the chest of drawers, he gave a final touch to the half-dozen ragged-edged books which composed his library—three volumes of Puschkin, of three different editions, Ivan Kryloff's Poems and Fables, Gogol's Terrible Revenge, Tolstoi's How People Live, and two or three more, including Koltsoff, the shepherd poet, and an ancient guide to the city of Kiew—as heterogeneous a collection of works as could be imagined, yet all notable in their way, except, indeed, the guide-book, for beauty, power, or touching truth.

And when he had touched and straightened everything in the room, he returned to his seat, calmly expectant as ever, to wait for the footsteps on the stairs, to rise and rub his hands, if the sound reached him, to shake his head gravely if he were again disappointed, in short to go through the same little round of performance as before until some chiming clock suggested to his imagination that the train had brought no one, and that he might enjoy an interval of distraction in looking out of the window until the next one arrived.

The count must have had a very exaggerated idea of the facility of communication between Munich and Russia, for he assuredly stood waiting for his friends, combed, brushed, and altogether at his best, more than twenty times between the morning and the evening. As the day declined, indeed, his imaginary railway station must have presented a scene of dangerous confusion, for his international express trains seemed to come in quicker and quicker succession, until he barely had time to look out of the window before it became necessary to comb his hair again in order to be ready for the next possible arrival. At last he walked perpetually on a monotonous beat from the window to the mirror, from the mirror to the door, and from the door back to the mirror again.

Suddenly he stopped and tapped his forehead with his hand. The sun was setting, and the last of his level rays shot over the sea of roofs and the forest of chimneys, and entered the little room in a broad red stream, illuminating the lean, nervous figure as it stood still in the ruddy light.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the count, in great anxiety, "I have forgotten Fischelowitz and his money."

There was a considerable break in the continuity of the imaginary time-table, for he stood still a long time, in deep thought. He was arguing the case in his mind. What he had promised was, to consider the fifty marks as a debt of honor. Now, a debt of honor must be paid within twenty-four hours.

He saw that the sun was going down, and that there

\* From "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. The Count for years worked as a cigarette-maker in the employ of Fischelowitz, of Munich. Every Tuesday night he left his work, saying he would be absent on the morrow, as his friends from Russia would come to reinstate him in his property and titles. He always returned on Thursday, with no recollection of being absent. All suspected him of insanity, and kindly humored the vagary of the refined and generous gentleman. On this Wednesday, he had promised, through a quixotic sense of honor, to pay fifty marks to Fischelowitz. Vjera, a poor cigarette-maker, loves him and believes in him.



was no time to be lost. It occurred to him at the same instant that if he was to pay the debt at all, he must find money for that purpose, and although, in his own belief, he was to be master of a large fortune in the course of the evening, no scheme for raising so considerable a sum as fifty marks presented itself to his imagination. He regretted, now, that he had bound himself to pay the debt to-day. It would have been so easy to name the next day but one. But who could have foreseen that his friends would miss that particular train and only arrive late in the evening?

He paced his room in anxiety, his trouble increasing in exact proportion with the decrease of the daylight.

"Fifty marks!" he exclaimed, in dismay, as he realized more completely the dilemma in which he was placed. "Fifty marks! It is an enormous sum to find at a moment's notice. If they had only telegraphed me a credit at once, I could have got it from a bank—a bank—yes—but they do not know me. That is it. They do not know me. And then, it is late."

The drops of perspiration stood on his pale forehead as he began to walk again. He glanced at his possessions and turned from the contemplation of them in renewed despair. Many a time, before, he had sought among his very few belongings for some object upon which a pawnbroker might advance five marks, and he had sought in vain. The furniture of the room was not his, and beyond the furniture the room contained little enough. He had parted long ago with an old silver watch, of which the chain had even sooner found its way to the lender's. A long cherished ring had disappeared last winter, by an odd coincidence, at the very time when Johann Schmidt's oldest child was lying ill with diphtheria. As for clothing he had nothing to offer. He looked about, and he saw that there was nothing, and he turned very pale.

"And yet, before midnight, it must be paid," he said. Then his face brightened again. "Before midnight—but they will be here before then, of course. Perhaps I may borrow the money for a few hours."

But in order to do this, or to attempt it, he must go out. What if his friends arrived at the moment when he was out of the house?

"No," he said, consulting his imaginary time-table, "there is no train now, for a couple of hours, at least."

He took up his hat and turned to go. It struck him, however, that to provide against all possible accidents it would be as well to leave some written word upon his table, and he took up a sheet of writing-paper and a pen. He wrote rapidly, in Russian.

"This line is to inform you that Count Skariatine is momentarily absent from his lodging on a matter of urgent importance, connected with a personal engagement. He will return as soon as possible and requests that you will have the goodness to wait, if you should happen to arrive while he is out."

He set the piece of note-paper upright, in a prominent position upon the table, and exactly opposite the door. He did not indeed recollect that in the course of half an hour the room would be dark, and he was quite satisfied that he had taken every reasonable precaution against missing his visitors. Once more he seized his hat, and a-moment later was descending the long flights of stairs toward the street. As he went, the magnitude of the sum of money he needed, appalled him, and by the time he stepped out upon the pavement, into the fresh evening air, he was in a state of excite-

ment and anxiety bordering on distraction. His brain refused to act any longer, and he was utterly incapable of thinking consecutively of anything, still less of solving a problem so apparently incapable of solution as was involved in the question of finding fifty marks at an hour's notice. As he hurried along the street, the poor count had not the least idea where he was going. The one thing which remained clearly defined in his shaken intelligence was that he must pay to Fischelowitz the money promised within the limit of time agreed upon, or be disgraced forever in his own eyes, as well as in the estimation of the world at large.

\* \* \* \* \*

After parting from Vjera, the count stood still for several minutes, unconsciously holding his hat in his hand. At last he covered his head and walked slowly away in the direction of his home. By degrees his mind fell into its old groove and he hastened his steps. From time to time, he fancied that some one was following him at no great distance, but though he glanced quickly over his shoulder he saw no one in the dimly-lighted street. The door of the house in which he lived was open, and he ran up the stairs at a great pace, sure that by this time his friends must be waiting for him in his room. When he reached it, all was dark and quiet. The echo of his own footsteps seemed still to resound in the staircase as he closed his door and struck a match. He found his small lamp in a corner, lighted it with difficulty, set it on the table, and sat down. There, beside him, propped up against two books, was the piece of paper on which he had written the few words for his friends in case they came while he was out. He took it up, looked over it absently, and began to fold it upon itself again and again.

"Dear Vjera!" he exclaimed, in a low caressing tone, as he smoothed the strip between his fingers.

He was thinking, and thinking connectedly, of all that had just taken place, and wondering how it was that he had been able to accept such a sacrifice from one so little able to sacrifice anything. It seemed as if it should have been impossible for him to let the poor little shell-maker take upon herself his burden, and free him of it, and set him right again in his own eyes, she who had sold her beautiful hair, pawned all her little possessions, begged and borrowed, to obtain the money to pay his debt of honor.

"I know I love her now," he said to himself.

So deeply absorbed was he in his thoughts that the clocks struck many successive quarters without rousing him from his reverie, or suggesting again to him the fixed idea by which his life was governed on that day of the week. But as midnight drew near, the prolonged striking of the bells at every quarter at last attracted his attention. He started suddenly and rose from his seat, trying to count the strokes, but he had not heard the first ones and was astray in his reckoning. It was very late, that was certain, and not many minutes could elapse before the door would open and his friends would enter. He hastily smoothed his hair, looked to the flame of his bright little lamp, and made a trip of inspection round the room. Everything was in order. He was almost glad that they were to come at night, for the lamplight seemed to lend a more cheerful look to the room. The Turkey-red cotton counterpane looked particularly well, the count thought. During the next fifteen minutes he walked about, rubbing his hands softly together, and occasionally walking

half-expectantly toward the door. At the first stroke of the following quarter he stood still and listened inrently.

Four quarters struck, and then the big bell began to toll the hour. It must be eleven, he thought, as he counted the strokes. Eleven—twelve—he started, and turned very white, but listened still, for he knew that he should hear another clock striking in a few seconds. As the strokes followed each other, his heart beat like a fulling-hammer, giving a succession of quick blows, and pausing to repeat the rhythmic tattoo more loudly and painfully than before. Ten—eleven—twelve—there was no mistake. The day was over. It was midnight, no one had come. The room swam with him.

Then, as in a vision of horror, he saw himself standing there, as he had stood many times before, listening for the last stroke, and suddenly awaking from the dream to the crushing disappointment of the reality. For one brief and terrible moment his whole memory was restored to him and he knew that his madness was only madness, and nothing more, and that it seized him in this same way, week after week, through the months and the years, leaving him thus on the stroke of twelve each Wednesday night, a broken, miserable, self-deceived man. As in certain dreams, we dream that we have dreamed the same things before, so with him an endless calendar of Wednesdays was unrolled before his inner sight, all alike, all ending in the same terror of conscious madness.

He had dreamed it all, there was no one to come to him in his distress, no one would ever enter that lonely room to bring back to him the treasures of a glorious past, for there was no one to come. It had all been a dream from beginning to end, with no reality in it.

He staggered to his chair and sat down, pressing his lean hands to his aching temples, and rocking himself to and fro, his breath hissing through his convulsively closed teeth. Still the fearful memory remained, and it grew into a prophetic vision of the future. With that one deadly stroke of the great church bell, all was gone—fortune, friends, wealth, dignity. The majestic front of the palace of his hopes was but a flimsy, painted tissue. The fire that ran through his tortured brain consumed the gaudy, artificial thing in the flash and rush of a single flame, and left behind only the charred skeleton-framework, which had supported the vast canvas. And then, he saw it again and again looming suddenly out of the darkness, brightening into beauty and the semblance of strength, to be as suddenly destroyed once more. With each frantic beat of his heart the awful transformation was renewed. For dreams need not time to spin out their intolerable length. With each burning throb of his raging blood, every nerve in his body, every aching recess of his brain, was pierced and twisted, and pierced again with agony.

Then a new horror was added to the rest. He saw before him the poor Polish girl, her only beauty shorn away for his sake, he saw all that he had promised in return, and he knew that he had nothing to give her, nothing, absolutely, save the crazy love of a wretched madman. He could not even repay her the miserable money which had cost her so dear. Out of his dreams of fortune there was not so much as a handful of coin left to give the girl who had given all she had, who had sold her hair to save his honor. With frightful vividness the truth came over him. That honor of his, he had pledged it in the recklessness of his madness. She had saved it out of love, and he had not even—

but no—there was a new memory there—love he had for her, passionate, tender, true, a love that had not its place among the terrors of the past. But—was not this a new dream, a new delusion of his shaken brain? And if he loved her, was it not yet more terrible to have deceived the loved one, more monstrous, more infamous, more utterly damnable? The figure of her rose before him, pitiful, thin, weak, with outstretched hands and trusting eyes—and he had taken of her all that she had. Then, neither heart nor body, nor brain could bear more.

"Vjera! God! Forgive me!" With the cry of a breaking heart the poor count fell forward from his seat and lay in a heap, motionless upon the floor.

Only his stiffening fingers, crooked and contorted, worked nervously for a few minutes, scratching at the rough boards. Then all was still in the little room.

There was a noise outside, and some one opened the door. The Cossack who all these years had worked by the count's side in the little tobacconist shop, stood upon the threshold, holding his hand up against the lamp, for he was dazzled as he entered from the outer darkness of the stairs. He looked about, and at first saw nothing, for the count had fallen in the shadow of the table. Then, seeing where he lay, Johann Schmidt came forward and knelt down, and with some difficulty turned his friend upon his back.

"Dead—poor count!" he exclaimed in a low voice, bending down over the ghastly face.

The pale eyes were turned upward and inward, and the forehead was damp. Schmidt unbuttoned the threadbare coat from the breast. There was no waistcoat under it—nothing but a patched flannel shirt. A quantity of papers were folded neatly in a flat package in the inner pocket. Schmidt put down his head and listened for the beatings of the heart.

"So it is over!" he said mournfully, as he straightened himself upon his knees. Then he took one of the extended hands; pressed it, and looked into the poor man's face, and felt the tears coming into his eyes.

"You were a good man," he said in sorrowful tones, "and a brave man in your way, and a true gentleman—and—I suppose it was not your fault if you were mad. Heaven give you peace and rest!"

He rose to his feet, debating what he should do.

"Poor Vjera!" he sighed. "She will go next!"

Once more, he looked down, and his eye caught sight of the papers projecting from the inner pocket of the coat. Johann Schmidt was a man subject to attacks of quite irresistible curiosity. He hesitated a moment, then came to the conclusion that he was as much entitled as any one to be the count's executor.

"It cannot harm him now," he said, as he extracted the bundle from its place.

One of the letters was quite fresh. The rest were evidently very old, being yellow with age and ragged at the edges. He turned over the former. It was addressed to Count Skariatine, at his lodging, and it bore the postmark of a town in Great Russia, between Petersburg and Moscow.

Suddenly, as he stood with the open letter in his hand, there was a noise in the room, a distinct, loud noise, as of shuffling with hands and feet. The Cossack's nerves were proof against ghostly terrors, but as he turned round he felt that his hair was standing erect upon his head.

The count was on his feet and was looking at him.

## THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

"The Hand of God"—The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

A man was found dead recently, in the gutter, in Birmingham, Ala. Even in death there was a mute look of terror in the bloodshot eyes, and the bloated face had grown pale and haggard at the coming of the grim destroyer. "Drink!" said the coroner's jury, but an old man who came and looked for a long time on the pale, dead face, said, with a shudder, as he turned away, "It was the hand of God." This man who died in the gutter was the last of a fated thirteen, and in the death of each and all of them the Christian will read the vengeance of an insulted deity. At the leading hotel in a Southern city, in the summer of 1865, thirteen men, wearing the uniform of Confederate officers, sat down to a dinner. Every man in the party belonged to a grand old Southern family, and many of the names are illustrious in the history of the country. Every man was a cavalier. They were flowers of the old South, representatives of the chivalry of the sunny land, then enveloped in the gloom of defeat and despair. Every man there had been a gallant soldier in the Confederate army. They had returned from the field of defeat to find their homes destroyed, their slaves free, their wealth gone, and many of their nearest and dearest relatives and friends dead. The meeting at this hotel was a chance one, but talking over the situation in which they found themselves, they resolved to forget the horror of it for a while to drown their sorrows in drink. They sat down to dinner, and round after round of drinks were ordered. Soon the bloody scenes of war, the visions of ruined homes, were all forgotten. First they became merry, then reckless. "Let us call this the last supper," suddenly exclaimed one of the party, and the suggestion met with instant approval. They might never meet again, so "the last supper" would be a fitting name for the feast where reason had fled. More drinks were ordered, every man filled his glass, the lights were turned low, and the thirteen men declared themselves Christ and his twelve apostles. A young man who had commanded a regiment acted the rôle of Christ and, for the occasion, each man assumed the name of one of the apostles. There was a wrangle as to who should impersonate Judas, but more drinks were ordered, and then a young lieutenant agreed to act the character of the betrayer of his Saviour. It was midnight, but peals of drunken laughter awoke the echoes in every nook and corner of the old house. Again and again the decanters were passed around, and the blasphemous mockery of the last supper went on. A Bible was called for, and the young officer who was impersonating the Saviour turned to the New Testament and read aloud the solemn words of Christ. The reading was interrupted now and then by some coarse jest or ribald laughter, while expressions like "Judas, pass the bottle," would excite the mirth of the drunken men to a point that completely drowned the voice of the reader. At the proper point in the reading, bread was passed around, and the wine was represented by glasses filled to the brim with brandy. "He that drinketh from the bottle with me shall betray me!" exclaimed the mock Christ in a tragic manner, and placing a decanter to his lips he swallowed a quantity of brandy, then passed it to Judas

across the table. This was greeted with peals of laughter, and again the other mock apostles yelled, "Judas, pass the bottle!" All night long this mockery went on, and when morning came the thirteen men were in a drunken stupor. It was several days before they all recovered from the effects of that night's debauchery. Then they separated. That supper had indeed been their last; they never met again. From that night the vengeance of God followed those thirteen men. Everything they undertook failed. Apples of gold turned to Dead-Sea fruit in their hands. One by one they went to the dogs, and every man of them met a horrible and disgraceful death. Repeated failure in business drove some of them to desperation and crime. One of them was lynched in Texas for murder. The young man who had impersonated Christ was drowned in the Brazos River while fleeing from a vigilance committee on a stolen horse, and his body was never recovered. Another, while in a drunken stupor, was caught in a burning building and perished in the flames. One was stabbed to the heart by a woman he had betrayed, and still another was murdered in a low brothel in a Western city. So far as can be learned, not one of them ever received Christian burial, and their graves are unmarked and unknown. The man who died in the gutter and was buried in the potter's field was the last of that mocking company of thirteen.

Curiosities of Poisoning—From Cassell's Saturday Journal

Until the past few years poisoning has been a study pretty much confined to savages—not, of course, exclusively the savages in paint and feathers, but to the naturally ferocious and criminal in all communities. Among savages, in the ordinary sense of the word, there has often been found a wonderful knowledge on this subject, and some very curious results have frequently been obtained by them. An intelligent and trustworthy resident on the borders of a North American Indian tribe, for instance, tells a very singular story. He had a young Indian girl in his kitchen for some years. When she first entered his service, so many of her relatives and friends came to see her that he had to give her peremptory orders to admit nobody. Unfortunately, one of her first visitors after this decree had gone forth was an old medicine man of her tribe, whom she steadfastly refused to admit to her kitchen, and who, consequently, went away furiously angry and vowing all sorts of vengeance. Some months afterward the old doctor met the girl. He had, apparently, quite forgotten the insult he had received, and very heartily shook hands with her. She happened to have a slight wound in her hand, and after the old man had grasped it she saw, to her dismay, that this wound was covered by a black patch, and she instantly suspected that it was a patch of poison, and she told him so. The old man frankly admitted that her suspicion was correct. She had insulted him when they last met, and now he had paid her for it. For one month in every year, as long as she lived, he told her that her skin would break out in black blotches. Twelve months afterward, the affliction predicted actually befell the girl, and every year thereafter her skin became blotched and patched all over with black marks, which continued



to disfigure her for a month and then disappeared. A government officer at Winnipeg mentions in one of his official reports a very remarkable poison which had the effect of paralyzing the muscles of the face. Speaking of a woman to whom it had been administered without her own consent or knowledge, this official says: "Only the eyes moved, and, as they were intensely black and rather sparkling, the ghastly deformity was rendered the more glaring. The most singular effect, however, was produced by her laugh. She was a jolly, good-natured squaw, and laughed upon the slightest provocation. Her eyes sparkled, and her 'ha! ha!' was musical to a degree; but not a muscle moved to denote the merriment on that expressionless face. One felt that some one else laughed behind that rigid integument. No idea could be formed of what she thought at any time." There is nothing incredible in this. Medical science has of late years been turning attention to poisons, and many effects quite as pronounced, if not, perhaps, quite so striking, have been observed. "Experiments," says one authority, "have shown that certain poisons are so potent, and subtle in their action as to almost equal the wonders in tales told of charms condensed into necromancers' phials. The animal body can be played upon as if it were a machine. The strokes of the central pump, the heart, can be slowed or quickened; the vital heat lowered or increased; the pupil of the eye expanded or narrowed; the limbs paralyzed or convulsed; the blood sent to the surface or withdrawn to the interior; even the natural hue and color of the body can be changed." One very interesting result of modern study of poisons is the discovery of some ground for believing that certain diseases, both of body and mind, may be attributable to poison in the system. Dr. B. W. Richardson, for instance, says that somnambulism, he has not the slightest doubt, "is produced by the formation in the body of a peculiar substance, which may be derived from the starchy parts of the body, and has the effect of the chemical substance known as amylen. I believe that," says Dr. Richardson, "because you produce artificial somnambulism by the use of that substance. Under its influence persons can be made to walk about unconsciously in the same way as the somnambulist does." The same respected authority affirms that there are substances known capable of producing extreme melancholy. "There is a peculiar offensive sulphur-compound called mercaptan. A little of that administered to any one produces the intensest melancholy, tending almost to suicide. We can sometimes detect a similar offensive substance in the breath of patients who are suffering from melancholia." Similarly, there is a well-known poison which produces all the effects of scarlet fever. There is another, a large dose of which brings about all the symptoms of cholera; and there appear to be several poisons which produce idiocy or actual madness. The Hindoos are said to know a drug which often played the part of a state agent, and has been used to produce imbecility in persons of high rank whose mental integrity was considered dangerous to the despot in power. This same writer gives a droll account of the effect produced by a certain root which, in an ancient cloister, the monks once ate by mistake. "In the night all were taken with hallucinations, so that the pious convent was like a mad-house. One monk sounded at midnight the matins; some who, thereupon, thinking it was morn, came into chapel, opened their

books, but could not read; others declaimed; some sang drunken songs of a character not befitting the place, and the greatest disorder prevailed." Among the most curious poisons of which there is any record in the past, or of which we have any knowledge at the present time, is that which Shakespeare makes Friar Laurence give to Juliet as a means of enabling her to escape the marriage with Paris. It would, he assured her, produce temporarily all the symptoms of death—

"Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep."

Juliet takes the draught, and the effect is precisely as the friar has predicted, and it might be supposed that so convenient a poison was purely the invention of a dramatist, and had no sort of equivalent in the drugs of the toxicologist. Modern science, however, has recognized in the contents of Juliet's phial a well-known medicine of ancient Greece (*Atropa mandragora*) which really possesses the remarkable power attributed to it in Shakespeare's tragedy. Dr. Richardson tells us that it was actually used by Greek physicians very much as we use chloroform, and that under its influence operations were performed. It was known as "death wine," and was in common use till about the fifteenth century, but old medical works are still extant containing descriptions of it, and a few years ago this gentleman tells us that a friend of his brought him some of the root from Greece, and, by the help of these old prescriptions, he was able to concoct some of this death wine, and to make such experiments with it as to entirely confirm Friar Laurence's account of its action. We are further told that when the Jews were under the Romans, and a good many of them were crucified, the Jewish women were in the habit of giving them this same mandragora in order to alleviate their sufferings, and it is suggested that as some of the victims were known to have recovered from their apparent death, the practice of breaking the legs was adopted. When the world was quite young and the desire to poison was unassisted by scientific research, simple but fatal weapons, such as hemlock, deadly nightshade, the berries of the yew tree or the seeds of the common laburnum, were adopted. The natives of the East and West Indies resort to opium, tobacco, and principally to cocculus (a berry a little larger than a pea, with a dark brown exterior, inclosing a wrinkled shell and a yellowish, oily seed) to pay off old grudges. In Bengal the thugs are supposed to employ a decoction of the datura, or ordinary thorn-apple, to stupefy before killing or robbing their victims; and another decoction of this plant is frequently used by Mussulmans, producing short and pleasurable trances, but speedily bringing about death. Daturine, which is probably one of the strongest narcotic poisons known, is freely employed in Africa; and from it comes the fatal "dri" of the gypsies, according to poison lore. Among the East Indians the poison skilfully extracted from the fangs of the cobra-de-capello is said to be the means of sending an enemy to the "happy hunting grounds." Poisoning on the European Continent was brought to the highest perfection about the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and at one time became a veritable epidemic in England—so much so that dabbling in this devilish art was ordered to be punished by the horrible death

of being boiled. Awful as the assertion seems, it is a positive fact that poisoning has a far stronger fascination for women than for men. Stories wonderful and problematical are told us as to the real mode employed by Spara, the old Roman fortune-teller, of preparing his celebrated poison; for instance, the saliva of a human being driven almost crazy by continuous tickling of the soles of the feet was one of the principal ingredients of the composition; also that the foam on a rabid dog's tongue was an essential adjunct. It is anyway an undisputed fact that the same aqua di Perugia, no matter of what it was composed, killed over 600 or 700 persons in an incredibly short space of time. Poisoning came to a climax in France under the fourteenth Louis, when the women La Volsin and La Vigoureux plied the trade quite undisturbed, and it was many years before they met their just due by being burned alive. And just about the same period the well-known Cardinal de Bongy rid himself of his numerous creditors by poison, escaping, through church influence, all punishment for his crime. To show the taste for poisoning that existed at this time, one can quote the soldier who, on being told off to rid the Duke of Guise of an enemy by assassination, demurred to this method of killing, saying that he was quite willing to poison the individual in question. About 1670, too, the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers came prominently to the fore. History gives her as an anomalous being enough—a rare compound of cruelty, passion, and piety—a cool and smiling murderess, bearing a brave front and a placid brow to hide a black heart—and yet almost a bigot in her creed. Under a guise of charity she moved among the sick and poverty-stricken, an apparent angel of goodness, uttering divine precepts and words of comfort to the actual victims of her fiendish art—for to test the diabolical concoction called "succession powder" she carried on wholesale slaughter among the unfortunate inmates of the Hotel Dieu, and, having thoroughly convinced herself of its efficacy in the destruction of human life, she at once commenced to experiment on her own father, out of vengeance for his supposed share in the incarceration of St. Croix, her lover, in the Bastille. Though this tragedy occurred centuries ago, it does not require a very vivid imagination to picture the last hours of the unfortunate Dreux d'Aubray, blessing with his dying breath the devoted attendant in his mysterious illness, the daughter whose fair face had bent so tenderly over his own and whose soft white hand had so carefully smoothed his pillow. Once he was buried, la belle marquise, shielded by her rank, but principally by her world-wide reputation for goodness and piety, from suspicion even, went on her way rejoicing. She had avenged the wrongs of her lover by killing her father.

#### Deaths from Strange Causes—From Pearson's Weekly

Homer actually died of a broken heart from disappointment through not guessing a riddle, and Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone. Sophocles, according to one tradition, died of joy at being victor in his last tragic contest, and Alexis, writes Plutarch, fell dead on the stage while they were crowning him with laurel. Coming down to later times, the fate of the unfortunate Abbé Prévost, author of *Manon Lescaut* and other novels, was peculiarly sad. In passing through the Forest of Chantilly he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and carried by some woodcutters to the village surgeon

as dead. He proceeded to open the body, when the wretched man was aroused to a consciousness of his agonies and the horror of his situation, from which he shortly afterward expired. Both in past and modern times a not uncommon cause of death has been excessive laughter. Margutte succumbed to uncontrollable laughter provoked by the comical efforts of a monkey to accoutre itself in a pair of boots. Pietro Aretina, a well-known Italian littérateur of the Renaissance, was so tickled at a certain story, that leaning his chair back to laugh with greater freedom, he slipped and dashed out his brains on the marble floor. Numerous striking instances of death from fright and fear have occurred at various times. Montaigne tells of a man who was pardoned upon the scaffold, and was found to have expired while waiting the stroke. Frederic I. of Prussia was sleeping one day in his arm-chair when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, hopelessly mad, having escaped from her keepers made her way to his private apartments, and after wounding herself by breaking through a glass door, appeared before her husband. The king, from whom her malady had been kept secret, was so horrified at her aspect that he imagined he saw before him the "White Lady," whose apparition has invariably been supposed to announce the death of a prince of the house of Brandenburg. At that moment he was seized with a violent fever, of which he died. The poet Shenstone died as eccentrically as he lived. It appears that "he had quarrelled with his housekeeper, and, relapsing into a fit of sulks, he insisted on sleeping in a cart in the back yard. The result was a fever which carried him off." Persons in the most robust state of health have died from the expectation of dying. The abbess of a French convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves, and Guise, the contemporary Archbishop of Rheims, hoaxed one of the nuns by night, and exhorted her as a person who was about to die. While in the act of their cruel and heartless scheme they whispered to each other, "She is just departing." But to their astonishment she actually died. A case is related of a condemned man who was handed over to some French physicians, who, to try the effects of the imagination, told him that it was intended to dispatch him by bleeding. Without the loss of a drop of blood his spirit died within him from the mental impression, and when the veil was raised he had ceased to live. Goldsmith fell a victim to the foolish practice of prescribing for himself. Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever attained the eminence of the Papal throne, was choked by a fly. Many strange instances are recorded of death having been accelerated by a strong presentiment. A number of famous men have died from excessive grief. To quote one pathetic instance, we are told how Guidi, surnamed the Italian Pindar, while on his journey to present Pope Clement XI. with the beautifully illuminated copies of the six Homilies of the Pontiff, which he had turned into verse, discovered a typographical error, which caused him such grief that he was seized with apoplexy and expired some hours afterward. The death of Sir John Suckling was almost unparalleled, having been produced by a penknife in his boots. He had been robbed by his valet, who fled, and knowing that his master would pursue him as soon as the theft was discovered, he stuck the blade of a penknife in his boot. Suckling, perceiving that he had been robbed, acted as the villain anticipated, and plunging his foot into the boot, ran the knife into the

flesh, and died of the consequences. With some persons the first symptom of approaching death is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils, from the feeling that he was at the eve of death. Soon after he expired of an apoplexy. Flechier, the divine, had a dream which foreshadowed his impending dissolution, and believing it to be a warning from heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered his tomb at once, with the remark that there was no time to lose. His speedy decease proved that his premonition was not unfounded. Mozart wrote his immortal Requiem under the conviction that it would be for himself. When life was flitting fast he called for the score, and musing over it said, "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?" Another great artist in another department—Hogarth the painter—having a premonition of impending death, chose for his subject "The end of all things" as emblematic of the coming event. He began the next day, labored at the picture with assiduity, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, "I have finished." The print was published in March, under the title of "Finis," and Hogarth died in October. In explanation of these and similar premonitions John Hunter said: "We sometimes feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." Hunter's own death seemed to be a confirmation of this dictum. He intimated, on leaving home for the hospital, that if a discussion which waited him there took an angry turn it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie. The coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in the next room.

Three Phantom Riders—From the Philadelphia Item

In Harnett County, twenty-five miles north of Fayetteville, North Carolina, stands the ruins of a once fine residence in the midst of a plantation overgrown by briars and old field pines. The fences have all rotted away, and the old house has for years been the abode for bats and owls. It is known as the "haunted Morrison place," and there is not a negro in all that section, and but few white people, who could be induced to go near the old house after sundown. A long, shaded lane divides the old plantation, passing near the house. For a mile the lane runs in a straight line, with mulberry, mock orange, and magnolia trees growing thick on each side, then it reaches the forest. Every night the measured hoof-beats of horses are heard coming down the gravelled driveway which leads up to the door of the old mansion from the lane. Coming out from under the shadows of the cedar and magnolia trees in the lawn a milk-white steed, bearing two ghostly riders, a man and a woman, turns to the left into the long, dark lane. For a little distance the hoof-beats are heard slow and regular, then another ghostly steed—a black one—with a single rider comes down the same gravelled walk and turns into the lane in the same direction. Then a faint weird scream of terror is heard, a shout from the rider of the black steed, and then the phantom horses and riders begin a race to death. Faster and faster fall the hoof-beats down the long, dark lane, the black steed with its single rider all the time gaining on the white one with its double burden. Never was there steeple-chase over

brook and hurdles as exciting as the road race of the phantom horses with ghostly riders down the dark lane through the "haunted Morrison place." Where the lane narrows into the wagon road at the edge of the forest, stands a giant oak tree. There the white steed falls to the ground. There is a moan of agony. The black steed and rider reach the same spot in a moment, then they, too, disappear, and all is still. The race is ended. There is no applause for the winner, no shouts of victory—it was a race to death. Ask a native of that locality to tell you the story of the "haunted Morrison place," and with a shudder he may answer, "It is too horrible." Years ago, Carroll Morrison, the richest man in all that section, lived in the mansion, and his hundreds of slaves cultivated the rich plantations which yielded him a princely income. Morrison was a cold, cruel man, hated by all who knew him. He tortured his slaves for amusement, when under the influence of liquor, and many are the tales told of his fiendish cruelty. He kept a stable of fast race-horses and a pack of hounds, and often amused himself hunting down the poor slaves who sometimes sought to escape his cruelty by running away. When near fifty years old, Morrison married Rebecca Thomas, the pretty daughter of a well-to-do planter. It was not a love-match. True, Morrison was pleased by the girl's beauty, but she hated him. Her parents forced her to marry him because of his great wealth. Their married life was torture to the beautiful young girl. Morrison soon became madly jealous of her, and his cruelty culminated in his chaining her in a vacant room in the house. Before her marriage Mrs. Morrison loved a young man in the neighborhood, and had promised to marry him. One day, while in chains, she managed, at great risk to herself and the messenger, to send him a note telling him her condition, and begging him to rescue her. The note was delivered by a faithful slave, who brought back an answer from the faithful lover that he would attempt to rescue her that night. He came, entered the house by stealth, broke the chains, and carried his loved one out of the house in his arms. His horse was concealed on the lawn, and placing Mrs. Morrison in front of him, he mounted and rode toward the long lane as quietly as possible. The jealous husband, however, had been aroused, and their flight was discovered. Quickly mounting his favorite race-horse, Morrison started in pursuit. He caught sight of the lovers as they turned into the long lane, and then began a mad race for life and liberty. Where the road made a bend at the end of the lane, stood a large oak. As the horse the lovers rode attempted to make the turn there his feet gave way and the two riders were thrown with terrible force against the oak and instantly killed. The horse fell, and before he could rise the horse ridden by Morrison was upon him. Horse and rider went down. Morrison was thrown twenty feet by the fall of his horse, and his neck was broken. Only the horses escaped instant death, and they were crippled. Morrison had no near relatives, and his heirs were soon fighting in the courts for possession of the rich estate. The war freed the slaves, and as quickly as possible they moved away from the old plantation, declaring it haunted. No one would live in the old house, and as the litigation continued from year to year, the place soon went to ruin. Many have seen the phantom race to death down the long, dark lane, and the place is shunned as though a curse were on it.



## THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

*Loop Head—E. G. A. Holmes—Poems*

A sheer surf-beaten island fronts the shore  
 Close to the headland cliffs, whence stormy waves  
 Have rent it; there the sea, imp.ioned, raves  
 Between dark dungeon walls, and evermore  
 Deep in that chasm, with sullen booming roar,  
 Comes surging in a rushing, raging tide,  
 That pants and boils, and climbs each dripping side,  
 Then sinks as madly as it rose before.  
 Beyond, bright crests of ocean waves are tost  
 Into the far, faint haze that ends the view:  
 Northward, the headlands of a rocky coast  
 Are white with surf—while southward, broad and blue,  
 The Shannon rolls, in tranquil majesty,  
 Into the billows of the boundless sea.

*The Famous Sonnet of Arvers—Lippincott's*

My soul has its own secret; life its care:  
 A hopeless love, that in one moment drew  
 The breath of life. Silent its pain I bear,  
 Which she who caused it knows not,—never knew.  
 Alas! by her unmarked, my passion grew  
 As by her side I walked,—most lonely there.  
 And long as life may last I am aware  
 I shall win nothing, for I dare not sue;  
 Whilst she whom God has made so kind and sweet  
 Goes heedless on her way with steadfast feet,  
 Unconscious of Love's whispers murmured low.  
 To duty faithful as a saint, some day  
 Reading these lines, all filled with her, she'll say,  
 "Who was this woman?" and will never know.

*The Sublime—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt—Poems*

To stand upon a windy pinnacle,  
 Beneath the infinite blue of the blue noon,  
 And underfoot a valley terrible  
 As that dim gulf, where sense and being swoon  
 When the soul parts; a giant valley strewn  
 With giant rocks; asleep, and vast, and still,  
 And far away. The torrent, which has hewn  
 His pathway through the entrails of the hill,  
 Now crawls along the bottom and anon  
 Lifts up his voice—tremendous, muffled roar,  
 Borne on the wind an instant, and then gone  
 Back to the caverns of the middle air;  
 A voice as of a nation overthrown  
 With beat of drums, when hosts have marched to war.

*The Unknown Sculptor of the Apollo—Alex. Anderson*

Wert thou a mortal in whose mortal mind  
 The lightnings of conceptions flash'd and wrought,  
 Till by the genius of creative thought  
 A god sprang forth, the mightiest of his kind?  
 What visions were within thee, when the stone  
 Took that most splendid shape—when all the gods  
 Saw thee, thou heaven-scaler of abodes,  
 Till then held sacred unto them alone,  
 Climb, and with sudden grasp drag down and bind.  
 Their mightiest in marble? Was it shame,  
 Burning like fire upon their brows, to see  
 Their grand Immortal chain'd among our kind,  
 That in their wrath they hurl'd this curse on thee—  
 The splendid glory of a nameless name?

*The Parting—Christina G. Rossetti—Magazine of Art*

Two gazed into a pool, he gazed and she,  
 Not hand in hand, yet heart in heart, I think,  
 Pale and reluctant on the water's brink,  
 As on the brink of parting which must be.  
 Each eyed the other's aspect, she and he,  
 Each felt one hungering heart leap up and sink,  
 Each tasted bitterness which both must drink,  
 There on the brink of life's dividing sea.  
 Lilies upon the surface, deep below  
 Two wistful faces craving each for each,  
 Resolute and reluctant without speech:  
 A sudden ripple made the faces flow  
 One moment joined, to vanish out of reach:  
 So those hearts joined, and ah! were parted so.

*Death's Sting—Sir Noel Paton—Poems*

Could I have sung one Song that should survive  
 The singer's voice, and in my country's heart  
 Find loving echo—evermore a part  
 Of all her sweetest memories; could I give  
 One great Thought to the People, that should prove  
 The spring of noble action in their hour  
 Of darkness, or control their headlong power  
 With the firm reins of Justice and of Love;  
 Could I have traced one Form that should express  
 The sacred mystery that underlies  
 All Beauty, and through man's enraptured eyes  
 Teach him how beautiful is Holiness,—  
 I had not feared thee. But to yield my breath,  
 Life's Purpose unfulfilled!—This is thy sting, O Death!

*Fiat Nox—Edgar Saltus—Love and Lore*

My heart a cemetery is, wherein  
 Three furtive phantoms ceaselessly unite  
 And toss the gauntlet, and prepare each night  
 To battle each with each till one shall win.  
 Beautiful as an uncommitted sin  
 Is one, with but an arrowed bow bedight;  
 And one is armed in flame and mailed in light;  
 The third bears the swift scythe, curved keen and thin.  
 The restless combat for my heart, their prey,  
 Began long years ago, yet still they brawl,  
 Though Love—the first phantom—faints for breath,  
 And soon will falter, weary of the fray;  
 Then Fame will drop the sword, and both will fail,  
 And leave the triple victory to Death.

*Calm—R. K. Munkittrick—Harper's Bazar*

Now morning on the pulseless ocean throws  
 Its white-winged kiss, and in the smile of day  
 Dissolves the sea's pale drapery of spray,  
 While the new moon beneath its bosom goes;  
 It shimmers faintly in the kindling rose  
 Of dawn that flecks the weary wastes of gray.  
 A soothing quiet stretches far away  
 That seems the incarnation of repose;  
 The music of the sea—that's never still—  
 Breathes its celestial spirit on the calm,  
 Like a soft prelude from the tide of sleep;  
 While the first sunbeams tremulously fill  
 Yon idle sail that, spread for isles of palm,  
 Rests like a day-dream on the shining deep.

## THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Rabbit's-Foot Luck—From Yenowine's News

"Do I believe dat dis yere rabbit's fut brings me luck?" repeated the old darky in shrill tones as he softly brushed his chin with it. "Why, sah, if it hadn't a bin fur dis fut dar's no tellin' what might a happened to me. Look at dat Julius Tompkins. He 'lowed dat a rabbit's fut was no good, an' whar is he now? Went up to Louisville to work in a pork-house an' in bout er week he died wid small-pox."

"Yes."

"An' look at de time I was on dat coal-barge at Mobile. Had dis yere fut hangin' to my neck by a blue string, an' some of dem niggers called me 'Hoodoo,' an' was gwine to take it away from me an' feed it to a dog. When dat barge struck a snag an' went to de bottom, who got saved? Dis yere pusson an' nobody else. Four of 'em went right down like rocks, jist like dey might hev expected."

"Lucky for you."

"Yes, sah, an' how was it de time de ghost of Peter Robbins cum scroonin' frew our nayborhood? Pete he was hung up at Greenville, you know. I was right dar' an' seed it all, an' when he swung off I kissed dis rabbit's fut fo' times. Some of de folks laughed at me, an' called me a fool nigger. But how did it cum out? Peter's ghost cum up to Langville an' scart everybody outer his shoes—everybody but me. Nebber knocked on my doah, an' nebber left no smell of brimstone 'round my cabin. Couldn't do it, you know. Dis yere fut was pawin' him away all de time."

"Will any rabbit's foot bring a person luck?"

"No, sah! No, sah! Dat's de reason I wouldn't sell dis one fur a millyun dollars in go! De sarcumstances has got to be right. You has got to find your rabbit in de full of de moon. De wind has got to be from de east. Dat rabbit has got to be huntin' fur jimweed to cure a cataract in his left eye. You has got to creep up an' kill him wid a stick dat a dead man has carried, an' when you ar' takin' off de fut you has got to h'ar a ghost cry out down in de cotton. Oh, no, sah. Doan you let none of dese yere common niggers sell you no common rabbits' futs. Dey wouldn't keep de kyars on de track till you got over to Decatur."

Old Jack Watts' Christmas—From the Chicago Times

It was during holiday week, twenty-four years ago, that the ill-fated steamship Atlantic was wrecked upon the reefs on "Devil's Cradle," within forty feet of the lofty rock-bound west coast of Nova Scotia. It was one of the most disastrous of ocean horrors on record. The oldest resident of that vicinity is venerable, silver-haired Jack Watts, who has just turned his eighty-second year. He is a stalwart, hardy, rough, weather-beaten fisherman with a brilliant record for bravery.

"Do I remember that night? Do I? You wouldn't ask that question, my boy, if you had been here, for if you lived ever so many lives you would not forget that awful night through all eternity," said he, and the sturdy old man's voice quivered as he paused to clear his throat, and his eyes glistened.

"Well, sir," he continued, "you remarked that this was a stormy night when you came in. Pshaw! this is nothing. Sure there is a bit of a storm brewing and a

rather stiff breeze, but nothing worth noticing. Look out a bit." And as he opened the door a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, leaving the room in darkness.

We walked out toward the bluff. The air was murky, raw, and growing bitter cold. Eighty feet below, the waves dashed against the rocks, pounding like some enormous sledge-hammer, with a noise like distant thunder, and causing the ledge under our feet to vibrate with each blow.

The phosphorescent foam on the crests of the breakers enabled me to dimly see the huge, angry billows tumultuously chasing each other shoreward, and breaking upon the projecting edges of the rocky reef.

Far away in the distance there was now and then visible a tiny point of light—of some vessel; so far that it would wholly disappear for awhile, and then again come into view.

"That light is about sixty miles away, and a steamer, likely one of the English or French liners," he said. We had reached near the very edge of the bluff—as far as it was safe to go—when my companion pressed my arm and paused. Stretching out his arm and pointing with his long, bony fingers, he exclaimed: "Down there, just beyond us—it is only eighty feet from dry land—you see that dark streak in the sea? That is the 'Devil's Cradle,' and is under water at very high tide. It is called that name because the reef is like a set of big saws; the sharp rocks hold a vessel that runs on them, and sometimes the sea has beaten and pounded and shook the wrecks, very much as a cradle is rocked, until they are torn to pieces. Nine have been lost there during my time. But that was not the luck of the Atlantic, which was too firmly set in the rocks to be moved, and the waves pounded and broke her in two, and after awhile tore her to pieces. But that night set in hard. It was cold—bitter cold—and the sun went down in a blinding snow-storm, and the wind blew every way with a force that was awful; then came sleet and hail that cut your very clothes, and drew blood wherever it struck your flesh. All the time the wind was raising and the air was getting more bitterly cold. It was so cold that the air seemed to sting you, and the wind would whirl you around almost off your feet; it whistled and howled and screeched with a frightful noise. I says to my pious old woman: 'Mary Ann, it does seem as though hell itself had been let loose to-night,' and says she to me, 'Jimmy, I believe it is—but—Jimmy—hark!' and she and I ran to the window and looked out and listened. . . .

"Well, with all that unearthly uproar of the tempest, you could not hear much else, yet we did hear a faint 'boom,' like the sound of a cannon; in a minute or two we saw a streak of fire shooting up through the snow and hail, and then we knew that the Devil's Cradle had, or would have, another wreck. 'God help the poor souls,' I cried, and Mary Ann went down on her knees and prayed for them and the poor lad of ours—our boy Jamie—whom we thought was on an East India merchantman. But—he—wasn't, though—and the old man's voice was choked into silence.

"Well, sir," he resumed, "the wife put on a boiler of water, and I put wood to the fire. We always do when we think we may have good use for it, if some

are rescued. Then I ran out in the storm. I was a good bit of a strong man then, sir, but I could hardly stand up in that gale; it blew with awful force, and one could not see ten feet away, yet I pushed on to just about where we are standing. Another rocket shot up, and its track of fire disclosed an awful sight. It was all in a minute, and I had to strain my eyes and look under the peak of my hat through the blinding storm. There was a great, big, splendid ocean steamship driven over the outer edge of the reef; the waves looked as though the whole bottom of the ocean had violently heaved them up; they were actually like mountains, and they lifted that huge steamer up and let it down, bumping over those jagged points of flinty rock.

"Then all was pitchy darkness again, and although I could not see anything I kept my eyes in the same direction. In a few minutes another rocket shot up, and again I saw that noble vessel lifted up almost out of the water by a mighty wave; astern it seemed caught and pivoted on one great point of rock; then it was wheeled around, and as the waters receded the bare, rough rocks seemed like a huge jaw, down into which the steamer dropped with a crashing noise of broken iron, glass, tackling, and machinery. Loud above all, I could hear the smothered but unmistakable sound of women's shrieks and the shouts of men.

"Then all was inky-black darkness, and the waves and winds vied with each other in transcending their fiendish part. I had hard work to hold my balance—keep my feet—and get to our little home.

"We were up at daybreak, and as the storm abated I joined some neighbors and went down to the cliffs. There we saw the noble steamship hard fast on the rocks, split in the centre and strained all over. The waves were yet furiously breaking over her; ice had formed on various parts of the deck, bulwarks, and rigging; bodies were frozen stark and stiff. All was as silent as the grave—not a living soul in sight on board. But few bodies were washed ashore until the next day, and one had been thrown up near where I stood. I leaned and reached forward and drew it in. It was the body of a man; his overcoat had been twisted over the face, and was stiff with a casing of ice. We turned the corpse over, loosened the garment, and drew it down, showing the face. Merciful God! it was our Jamie! As we were afterward informed by a shipmate of his, he had planned it to come home and surprise us Christmas Day."

The old man sobbed a moment or two, and then exclaimed: "Yes, our Jamie did come home, and he did surprise us, but what a sad surprise it was. You will not wonder now I remember so well the night of the wreck of the Atlantic, when our Jamie came home."

Farmer Boffin's Equivalent—From the Pittsburgh Dispatch

It was a clean case of negligence on the part of the engineer. He should have whistled at the crossing and slowed up. He did neither. Farmer Boffin, driving in to market on a load of hay, was half-way across the tracks when the express struck the wagon. Farmer Boffin and the two horses never knew what struck them.

These facts were laid before Julius Burnett, Esq., solicitor to the railroad, and he said in his pleasant way: "Farmer Boffin will cost about \$5,000, more than he was worth, if the case goes to court. We must settle this with the widow at once."

So Mr. Burnett adjusted his clerical white tie—and took the first train for Moon's Rest. It was a hot and

dusty walk to the Boffin farm, but when he clasped Mrs. Boffin's hand and murmured a few words of apologetic sympathy the attorney was the cooler of the two. Then he began: "The Atlantic and Northeastern Railroad Company have sent me, madam, to offer their deepest sympathy. No accident that has ever happened on our line has been so deeply regretted, I assure you, madam, and——"

"Them horses was wuth a plum two hundred dollars," broke in the widow, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron, "Joshua wouldn't take less, he tol' Zeph Hanks las' Aprile."

"As I was saying, madam," continued Mr. Burnett, "our company is deeply grieved—Mr. Boffin was a——"

"An' the wagon's all knocked to kindlin' wood," interrupted Mr. Boffin's relict.

"That's precisely what I came to see you about," said the attorney, changing his course to catch the wind, "in an hour like this, when the heart is bowed down, a little ready money is often very desirable, and I see you are a woman who believes in doing business in a business-like manner. Now, those horses, Mrs. Boffin, I feel sure our company would replace them. It can be done for \$150, can't it? Say, one fifty?"

"Two hundred dollars won't buy them horses' equals," said Mrs. Boffin decidedly.

"Then we will pay \$200 for the horses," cheerfully assented the lawyer; "now, for the wagon—we are prepared to be liberal, Mrs. Boffin; we know what it is to lose a wagon in this heart-rending way—shall we say \$25 for the wagon?"

Mrs. Boffin nodded her head and murmured: "It's nothin' but kindlin' wood," adding sharply: "You've forgotten the hay and the harness—they ain't no good to me now—an' that harness wur nearly new."

"Certainly, Mrs. Boffin," the lawyer said, "I was coming to that—\$15 ought to cover that—you regard that as satisfactory, of course. Let's see—\$225 and \$15 is \$240. And now, madam, as to that excellent husband of yours, it is my melancholy duty," here he paused, and Mrs. Boffin took up the parable with: "Joshua was a powerful worker—nigh on 20 year he run this farm—and hired men's so wuthless."

"Precisely, Mrs. Boffin; let's say \$10 for Mr. Boffin, and I'll draw you a check right now for \$250."

And a check of that size went to the credit of Mrs. Boffin's bank account that very day.

A Ladies' Cricket Match—From the St. James Budget

It was played on the private ground at Chatfield Park and all the county went there. Punctually at 2 P.M., after early luncheon, the home team went out to field, Lady Chatfield having unfortunately lost the toss. This threatened to cause a momentary unpleasantness, it being suggested that the coin should have been produced by one of the umpires and not by the captain of the opposite side. It is also said that Lady Chatfield had tried to catch the shilling while spinning in mid-air, and so diverted it. Both objections were overruled by Major Battersby, who had consented, at the particular request of Lady Chatfield, to umpire till tea-time. The sporting reporter of the County Chronicle began his account by dilating on the beauty of the weather, the ground, and the costumes of the players; and then went on to say:

"Miss Helen Poundall and the Hon. Grace Chillon led the defence, the former batswoman receiving the



first ball at the Model Dairy end from Mrs. Marden Parke (under-hand medium), while from the pavilion end the leather was trundled by Miss Julia Chatfield (fast round). Both ladies set to work rapidly, Miss Poundall cutting the first delivery through the slips for three, while her fair colleague, after missing the first stroke, placed a long hop to the off neatly between long and mid on, and obtained four, etc."

Major Battersby made a very good umpire; and though he says he would rather be referee at an international prize fight or a Black Country football match, he does not really mean it. Of course it was alarming at first to be expected always to decide in favor of a particular side; but he got used to it, and when Miss Pillingham appealed to him from the other end, after trying to stump Mrs. Bowlby, the captain of the visitors' team, he answered quite firmly:

"Ask the other umpire."

"But you are our umpire," cried Miss Pillingham.

"The other umpire can see and I can't. I'm looking after the bowler."

"But, Major Battersby, can't I ask you if I prefer it? Must I ask the umpire?"

"Certainly."

And the Rev. Morgan Thwaites justified her scruples by saying "Not out," and Miss Pillingham said "Of course!" and somebody else said "Hush!" But though Mr. Thwaites got a little red, he gave Mrs. Bowlby out a few minutes later, when a brilliant shot by Long-legs knocked the stumps down while she was at the other end trying to induce Miss Bracegirdle to leave her ground. It really showed a forgiving spirit on his part, and Miss Pillingham was touched. Long-leg—who, by-the-by, was a very long-legged slip of a girl in her teens, name unknown, but said to be on a visit to the Chatfields—got huge credit for her throw. "Really extraordinary! She must have had brothers to teach her," said every one; and no one was surprised when Lady Chatfield put her on to bowl instead of her sister-in-law, Miss Julia Chatfield.

Long-leg, or Long-legs, as some one called her, came to the wicket with a bashful smile and a slight blush; she was freckled, and had short fair hair combed into a rather untidy straight fringe in front. She seemed, however, to have very decided views as to placing her field, and nearly frightened Point to death—she made her stand so close to the bat. And she did bowl. The balls broke six inches every one of them with a "buzz" as they came off the ground; which, aided by the imagination of the batwomen, created quite a panic, and would have led to a regular "riot" if another girl about the same age as the bowler had not come in when the sixth wicket fell, and made a stand. She seemed as expert with the bat as her contemporary in years was with the ball, for she cut and drove again and again to the furthest boundary, never giving a chance of a catch, and never flinching, though Long-legs pitched them straight at her toes and tried her with everything from yorkers and full pitches to those slowish long hops to the off which had produced so many catches in the neighborhood of the bowler and long-on. This Miss Spoof, as the new girl appeared to be called, was decidedly pretty, with lovely dark eyes, and though perhaps a little angular in figure, as you would expect a girl of her years to be, had a neater waist than Long-legs.

The corset-maker and the lady's maid can do much even with the bread-and-butter miss, thought Major

Battersby, and he found an opportunity to ask Miss Spoof if she would be at the Chatfields' ball on the following evening. She reddened becomingly and murmured that she was too young and that no one would dance with her. Major Battersby had just time to say that he for one certainly would, when he saw that the bowler was waiting. How that girl hit, and how she made her partners run!

At last, just as every one was getting very cross, "Long-legs" sent down a half volley, and had it returned within her reach by Miss Spoof. It was a breathlessly exciting moment, for she stopped it with the tips of her fingers only, without holding it, but ran under it, reached it, succeeded in knocking it up and on, then got up to it again and held it like a vise, just keeping it off the grass, though she tripped over her dress, and, still holding up the ball, fell on the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Major Battersby was pondering upon it deeply as they all walked to the pavilion, when he heard Lady Chatfield say to him in a low voice: "Don't tell any one, please." He looked down at her; there was a twinkle in her eye which soon found a reflection in his. "I saw what you saw," she said; "it was an omission. I gave him all the rest. I never thought of his turning head-over-heels like that."

"Who is he?" said Major Battersby, trying to be stern. "A nephew of our clergyman, come from Eton to spend his holidays here." There was a moment's silence. "Well," said Major Battersby at last, as he helped her to sugar, "it's not quite fair, is it?"

"I don't know; they have won all their matches; that Spoof girl always gets a lot of runs for them, and I did so want to beat them."

"And for ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain," Major Battersby began; but desisted and got himself a gin and ginger beer. He was just lighting a cigar in the pavilion, when, through the thin boarding, he heard voices outside, one of which he recognized as that of Long-legs, the Eton boy.

"Young knave," murmured the major, "he's taking advantage of his disguise to flirt with that pretty little Miss Spoof; I ought at least to tell her mother; how they are laughing!" Presently they came nearer, and he could not help hearing what they said.

"Fancy your spotting me," said Miss Spoof.

"Fancy your knowing me in this rig-out after three years. I knew you had gone to Harrow, and I thought you batted in the Harrow style. Then I recognized your eyes, and remembered how you acted the girl the Christmas before we left Rottingdean!"

"I'm better got up than you now," said Miss Spoof. "You've got such legs and arms. I knew you by your action. You bowl much as you did at old Rodwell's, except that you have learned to break a bit from the on sometimes; you'd have bowled me round my legs once but for my dress-improver. By-the-by, did you hear my staylaces go when I hit that six?"

"You make a deuced pretty sort of girl. Bowlby minor, you know," said Long-legs admiringly.

"Don't I, by Jove? That umpire with a mustache is quite mashed on me; he asked me if I'd dance with him at the ball to-morrow."

"What a juggins! I'll try and make him mash me, too."

Major Battersby did not listen any more.

"Do you think me more unfair than other women?" said Lady Chatfield after dinner. "We only just won."

Major Battersby is a quiet man and keeps his own counsel. So he said, rather emphatically:

"No, Lady Chatfield, I do not." And the subject dropped; but at the beginning of the term he wrote to a nephew of his, who is a big boy at Harrow, and asked him to look out for a dark-eyed boy called Bowlby, and lick him. There was a sovereign in the letter, and no doubt his nephew earned it.

The Devils of War—M. Quad—New York Sunday Sun

There is something terribly menacing in the "ping" of a musket-ball as it cuts the air above the heads of men in line—something to try the nerves of the bravest, in the rush of a solid shot, but of all the devils in war the scream of a shell is the wickedest. A bomb-shell flies with a long "w-o-u-s-h!" something like the rush of a big skyrocket, and there are shells used by the light artillery which fly with a sort of long-drawn sigh, not at all terrifying. But the man who hears the scream of a Whitworth shell, will never forget the sound to the day of his death. It is a concentration of the war-whoop of an Indian, the snarl of a tiger, the scream of a woman in mortal terror. It begins afar off with a muttered threat of vengeance; it grows upon the ear with a howl as of wolves in pursuit of the lone traveller; it comes nearer with shrieks of baffled rage; it is at hand with a scream which can be likened to nothing but the cries of a mob, mad for death and destruction.

I have seen a dozen men killed by these Whitworth shells, and I verily believe that most of them were so terrified by the sounds, that they suffered nothing in the moment of death. One could tell, after a few experiences, whether the shell was in the direct line or to the right or left, but the coming ever brought a feeling of helplessness—a sort of dumb terror which held the limbs captive. One could not have run away had he so desired; but where could one run to? Who could say just where these terrors would fall—the instant they were to explode and send their fragments hither and thither to search out and claim their victims?

While the blockaders lay off the mouth of the Cape Fear River, two or three of the Whitworth guns were in constant use by the Confederates. They had a range of six miles and were almost as accurate as rifles. Whenever a blockader ventured in within range by daylight, she became a target for a Whitworth. If the wind was off shore we could hear one of the "devils" almost as soon as it left the muzzle of the gun. Its flight began with a shriek of fiendish glee, changed to a moan of agony, rose to a scream for vengeance, and the last quarter of a mile was a combination of scream and shriek which brought the hair on end and the cold chills to the spine. The man who pretended not to fear them was a base hypocrite. Our vessel was struck two or three times, and on five or six occasions had close calls, but the shells which struck were no more terrifying than those which dropped into the water with the hiss of a monster serpent a hundred feet away.

To be killed by a shell bursting at the instant of contact means more than death. It means such complete annihilation as can be effected in no other manner on earth, except by the explosion of gunpowder or nitro-glycerin. The victim may see a flash, hear a roar, but it must come in the fiftieth part of a second. The vengeance of man grants him the merest iota of time. Those to the right and left see a flash of flame and hear an explosion and the "w-h-i-n-g!" of frag-

ments, but the victim—perhaps the man on his immediate right or left—has been blotted off the face of the earth, as if he had never existed. When the roar of battle has died away to a low growl; when the growl has become an occasional mutter; when the mutter has lapsed to a gasp, in which a man in blue or gray yields up his life to a stray bullet, we will make a search. There is blood on the parched grass, bits of burned clothing on limb and bush, a lock of hair here and there with a bit of scalp attached. We may find a button or two, a broken and twisted gun-barrel or bayonet, the visor of a soldier's cap. That is all. These are the relics—the fragments—of a soldier struck by a shell. That is, they may be. Sometimes not even a button is found—nothing but a splash on the earth to show that blood and fragments fell there.

Into the New Life—Hollis W. Field—Detroit Free Press

He was dying. He had risen in the morning a hale old man, upright under his burden of threescore and ten, but his limbs had been stricken powerless, his mind wandered, and he lay mumbling in his speech.

His children were around him—children and children's children—but the old man was a boy again. He babbled of the green fields and the rivers—of friends; and one golden arm of sunlight, shimmering upon the wall, seemed beckoning—beckoning him backward.

"Father!" and the voice was very low and gentle; "you are better now, father?"

"Ay—quite well, quite well," and the feeble, reassuring voice sank into a quiet sigh.

"Father," and there was infinite tenderness and pity in the trembling tones, "here is little Elsie, father—you remember little Elsie?"

His palsied fingers moved as if to touch the little one upon his pillow, and they took the powerless hand and rested it upon the child's sunny head. And thus the two lay quite content as the hours crept by.

The gray winter twilight settled down over the barren meadows, and the leafless branches of the trees lay darkly against the western sky. Shadows stole into the quiet chamber of the dying, and a silence lay like a mantle over all, broken only by some noise of lusty life outside. The breathings of the sleepers came and went fitfully, and the little clock on the mantel clicked as if sparing the seconds grudgingly.

Once the child stirred uneasily, and the swift, noiseless attempt of the mother to remove the little one roused the old man.

"Don't take—her away," and the hand of the dying man made a convulsive movement as if to hold her back. And so they watched and waited.

The tickings of the clock had become less audible as the night wore on, and some one, noting that it was fast running down, moved toward it.

"Don't," whispered the daughter.

It was nearing midnight, and the breathing of the dying man was fitful and uncertain. Still the clock toiled on. Tick—tick—would it never cease?

Calmly, painlessly, the last moments of recorded time were fast slipping out from an active life well spent.

Suddenly the eyes of the old man opened and a new, strange light burned in them.

"Yes, dearie," he cried aloud, as if in answer to some celestial call, the eyes closed, and life had slipped out from his keeping. And on the mantel the beating of the weary heart of the little clock was stilled.

## THE INNER MAN—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

Some Tables of the Olden Time—Fashion and Fancy

A pathetic historical picture is Richard II., the brave boy who defied Wat Tyler, the son of the heroic Black Prince, a prisoner at Pomfret, dying of cruel hunger! Every day the royal table was set with goodly meats as became a king. Every day he was led with ceremony to the board, the covers were lifted, the food carved, and then all the dishes were removed untouched! And this king was described by his chief cook as the best and royalest *vyand* (gourmand) that ever lived. Under his household roof ten thousand men were daily fed, and in his kitchen were three hundred cooks and scullions! Three hundred cooks! That kitchen, with its blackened rafters and huge yawning fireplaces, where whole trees were carelessly flung in, must have rivalled in dimensions those famous kitchens of old Italian monasteries, through which ran a "fair stream of running water well stocked with fish!" Surely nowhere else were finny dainties ever eaten in such perfection. They leaped and gambolled in their native element; and but one little quarter of an hour later, and—*hé presto!*—they were served smoking hot on my Lord Abbot's table. King Richard's "Maister Cook" aforesaid must have been a learned man and a goodly scholar. We have evidence to prove it, for he wrote in the year of grace 1390, a vellum roll, still extant, The forme of Cury, which is undoubtedly the first English cookery book on record. This venerable parchment tells us what English people fed on full six centuries ago; what fare mine host of the "tabard" was likely to set before his motley crowd of guests; it enables us to guess the dishes that were served at that famous supper, on rush-strewn floor and tented field, given by the Black Prince to his royal captive, King John of France. Here and there, through the vellum roll, are suggestions for the right serving of such lordly dishes as peacocks cooked and replaced in their gorgeous plumage, standing with outspread tail, gilded beak and claws, at the head of the festal board; of monumental pasties, in which a boy could stand upright—their progeny still survives in Devon and Cornwall, where, so runs the homely country saying, "The devil never dared cross the Tamar, fearing he would be cut into pieces and eaten in a pie"—of castles of jelly; of mighty cakes, with castellated towers, and knights perched on the battlements thereof, and of many other strange devices as intermeats that recall to us the picturesque pages of De Joinville and Froissart. We can see the stately procession, preceded by trumpeters and hautbois ushering in the châtelain and châtelaine to dinner. Gigantic dishes looked not amiss on this long, massive oaken board where nobles and servants sat down together, the only dividing line being the great silver salt cellar. Some few "advanced people" at this time had already begun to dine with their families and friends in "privy parlors," but that was regarded as an arrogant innovation. Behind the chairs of knights and ladies, attentive to their slightest behest, stood many a varlet and tire-maid, of noble birth, too, for the servant's condition was not an ignoble one, and it was the custom for young men and maidens to be sent to other castles to be instructed in the duties of knighthood and housewifery. Forks

there were none; nay, a whole century later the following table directions were written by a most noble knight: "Embew not the tablecloth, but wipe upon your napkin; look that your table knives be fairly polished and your spoons be cleane." And so from the great cupboards (sideboards), groaning under the weight of gold and silver plate, the varlets and tire-maids, at the end of each course, took basin and ewer of precious metal filled with fair water, and stood with napkin flung over one arm, obediently waiting till their lords and ladies had laved their hands. The plates were of pewter, and here comes a detail that seems somewhat repugnant to our modern manner: "He that drank of my cup and eat of my plate, was then no figurative speech; it was esteemed the height of gallantry and bienséance for the knight and the lady to eat off one plate." We read of a dinner where four hundred knights sat down to table, and each had beside him a lady, dame or pucelle, who ate off his plate, while the wife of Sir Lancelot du Lac complained bitterly of her husband's jealousy, saying that "it was many a long day since she had shared her plate with a knight." The vast hall was of noble proportions, with raftered ceiling that reached to the top of the "keep," or inside tower, and great fireplaces that reached half-way to the ceiling. It was not easy to catch a glimpse of my lady's plaisance, the fair orchard and meadow that was inclosed within the moat itself, for the windows, mostly of stained glass, were but small, and set in deep embrasures. Yet the rays of dancing sunlight, piercing through the vivid-hued casements, threw rich flashes of color on the sombre richness of an endless series of swaying pictures—hunting scenes, dalliance in the "plaisance," gentle passages at arms, with queens of love and beauty smiling on approvingly. The unplastered walls were hidden with hangings of tapestry, the skilled work of generations of high-born needlewomen. Necessary as these rich hangings were to keep out the countless draughts, within their recesses there lurked a certain amount of danger; even so late as Elizabeth's time, it was deemed well before speaking of any secret matter to thrust a sword through the arras, to make sure that no traitor was concealed therein. Another, and perhaps a greater danger in the eyes of the long-suffering duennas, was the facility with which these heavy portières hid a youth and damsel snugly ensconced in the cushioned seat of a deep window recess, engaged in the frivolous amusement of gazing out at the court-yard, or passing merry jests from the "Court of Love." It has even been known, horror of horrors! that varlets and tire-maids enlivened the tedium of a state dinner by thus stealing off unperceived! The floor was fresh-strewn with green rushes, but carpets had been brought from the crusades, and there were rugs and dressed skins of beasts, and rich cushions carelessly flung hither and thither. Knight-errantry was drawing to a close. Intrenched within their strong castles, men no longer as in the tenth century eat in armor, nor slept in the very conjugal chambers, with their horses ready saddled by their bedside. They now wore long silken gowns like women, "broidered with flowers like a mead." One knight, Sir John Arundel, had no less than fifty suits of cloth of gold. Yet spite



of this affected nonchalance, they were simple soldiers and hunters still. Many came to table with hooded falcon on the wrist. They loved to listen to the warlike tales of jongleurs and to wander away with these skilled narrators into the golden mists of fairyland; that glorious, glowing country where there were always dragons to fight and princesses to deliver. By-and-by, before the mist becomes too uproarious, the ladies will be glad to retire to the "withdrawing-room," and there they will discuss these wondrous mediæval fêtes, where tables, groaning with goodly fare, were laid in every street; little children, dressed as angels, blowing trumpets to invite all who would, to partake; fountains spouting forth wine from one mouth, mead from another, milk from a third, strong water from a fourth! We are, however, too apt to suppose that days of chivalry were days of romance fighting and feasting only, unhampered by modern every-day cares, but on looking back we find that our ancestors had numberless commonplace duties. In the Paston letters we read of a noble knight writing and rewriting about an old cloth gown of his sister's. In the chapel itself there was a kind of spy-hole through which the châtelaine could cast a glance at the scullions without interrupting her devotions; indeed, the more we investigate the more we discover that the position of the châtelaine of one of those great castles closely resembled, with its honors and onerous duties, that of the mistress of a great Southern plantation in ante-bellum days. Read these directions for the right ordering of a household, written in 1690 by no less a personage than the most noble Lord Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland. He must have been a courtly and gallant gentleman, for twice he was chosen to escort a royal bride; first Catherine, the rich heiress from Castille; later on Margaret Tudor, the bride of King James of Scotland. And yet no modern hotel-keeper could be more precise in the minutiae of his directions. "Have sea-pies," my lord commanded his servants, "but have them at the principal feasts and at none other times. Let the loaves of trencher bread be larger than the loaves of household bread, and let the chippings of all bread serve for my hounds. Let there be no herbs bought, seeing that the cooks have enow of herbs growing in my own gardens. Suckory, sow-thistle, and dent-de-lyon, herb and root are to be boiled with fresh meat. With beans boil onions; it will make them less noyful. Bake my bread in mine own ovens, making it of meal as it cometh from the milne, and brew my beer in my own brew houses; and make my mustard within my walls, and see that one be provided to be groom of the scullery that can make it. Give twenty shillings, not more nor less, to the cooks on Easter Sunday. Bring all keys of all offices up to my counting house, every day when the latter dinner is done, let them be fetched again at three to serve out the drinkings (the beer and so on, answering to our tea and coffee), and let them be brought up again and remain up all night until the morning. Buy white herring, if they be at ten shillings the barrel. Open white herrings by the back; pick out the bones and the roe, and see that there be mustard. Give me for my breakfast," says the noble lord, "and give my lady at our own board in Lent, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets, a quart of beer and wine!! two pieces of salt fish, six baked herrings, four white ditto, or else a dish of sprats. Give us on flesh days in addition, a chine of mutton, or else a chine of

beef boiled; on Saturdays a dish of buttered eggs; on scrambling days, salt salmon and sliced turbot and a dish of flounders baked, or a dish of fried smelts. Give to my eldest sons only half a loaf, and only one manchet, and but a pottle of beer, and no wine; and give them a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, and three white herrings. Give to the poor on each Maunday Thursday, loaves of bread, and garments, and hose, and pieces of money, one for each year that I have lived, and one for each year that my lady hath lived, and one for each year that each of my little children hath lived."

Tea-Tasting as an Exact Science—The New York Herald

There are several hundred men in this city who earn their living by their fine senses of taste and smell. These men have devoted their lives to cultivation of the senses of taste and smell, and have developed these senses to such a high degree that they can detect the slightest difference in any substance which they put into their mouths. As a diamond broker is able to tell the instant he gazes upon a glittering gem its character and value, and as an artist, with his cultivated eye, is able to detect every difference of shade or color, so these men by their cultivated tastes can detect the slightest adulteration or difference in any of the materials which they have been trained to test. Liquors, whiskeys, and wines are largely tested and their price fixed by the sense of an expert liquor and wine taster. There are a large number of experts engaged in this business, but perhaps the experts whose taste is required to be more finely cultivated, more acute, and more accurate than that of any others of this class of men, are those whose business it is to sample and test every invoice of tea that is imported into the city of New York. During the year just past there were imported into this city 82,000,000 pounds of tea. These teas come from many sections of China and Japan. One-half of the annual importations is Japan tea; the remaining moiety is distributed among the green teas, Formosas, Amoy, Foo Chows, and Congous; 14,000,000 pounds is green teas, 14,000,000 Formosa, 2,000,000 Amoy, 3,000,000 Foo Chow, and the remaining 8,000,000 Congou. Each invoice of these teas contains a large number of different lines or grades. For instance, there are nine districts from which green teas are imported. Each invoice of green tea contains from ten to sixteen lines or grades, and each invoice of Japan, Foo Chow, or Formosa from eight to ten grades. Each one of these grades of tea when imported into the city of New York, and before being offered for sale by the wholesale merchant to the retailer, has to be tested and a price fixed upon it by an expert tea tester. The tea tester tests this tea and fixes the price upon it through his finely-cultivated sense of taste or smell. Every importer of teas in this country has an agent located in China and Japan, who purchases for him the tea he wishes as he may order it. The purchase is made at a limit price fixed upon by the importer. For instance, if an importer having recently purchased an invoice of Japan tea at forty-five cents a pound wishes to replenish his stock at the same figure, he orders his agent in Japan to buy so many pounds of Japan tea at a price not to exceed forty-five cents. The agent purchases as directed, and ships the tea to his employer at this point. When the tea arrives here it is necessary, before the importer can sell it to the retail trade, to have it tested and its price

fixed by a recognized expert tea tester. If the tea happens to be of a shade lower grade than that which the importer desired and the expert fixes a price lower than that at which the importer purchased, the latter must stand the loss, unless he can find a customer who is willing to purchase at a profit on the price paid, notwithstanding that fixed by the tester. The largest importing houses of the city employ tea testers of their own. The other houses have their tea tested by a tea broker, whose sole business is in testing and fixing a price upon the delicate and finely-flavored beverage of China and Japan. The American nation is not a tea-drinking nation. Although the population of the island of Great Britain is smaller than that of the United States, that nation imports 200,000,000 pounds of tea against our 82,000,000. The offices of these tea brokers, or tea tasters, in this city, are clustered together about lower Wall, Pearl, Front, and Water streets. It has been said that a tea tester really makes his living by committing slow suicide. It is a well-recognized fact that the excessive and constant drinking of tea is as dangerous to the physical system as the excessive use of alcohol, and those who ought to know assert that the majority of the men engaged in this method of earning a livelihood become so addicted to the stimulation produced by the drinking of tea that they are as much slaves to the habit as is the Frenchman to his absinthe or the Chinese to his opium. The office of a tea broker or tea tester is a very curious-looking place. If one should by mistake, not knowing anything about the manner in which teas are tested, drift into one of these places, he would hardly know what to think of the scene that presented itself to his eyes. To go into one of the large buildings in the lower part of Wall Street and there to find a man sitting, half-dreamily, at a revolving table, sipping alternately from forty or fifty different cups, as with monotonous and regular movement of the hand he revolves the table, would indeed be a surprise to an average and unsuspecting citizen. The offices of these tea testers are in the main located on the second or third stories of the buildings in the locality mentioned. A characteristic specimen is located at No. 142 Pearl Street. This one, however, happens to be in the basement of the building. Descending a flight of four steps, you open a glass door leading into the front or testing office. The office consists of a suite of two rooms. One is the testing-room, the other the storage-room. A small grate fire burns in a fireplace, and beside this is a small gas-stove which is used for the purpose of boiling the water with which the tea is drawn. The room in which the testing is done is kept at an average heat. If it gets too hot or too cold the atmosphere has its effect upon the delicate palate of the man who spends his mornings sipping, tasting, and determining the value of a grade of tea. A number of other rules are in force in these tea-testing rooms. They differ, however, according to the peculiar nervous temperament or habits of the man who does the tea-testing. One tea tester, with whom I came in contact, will not allow even an orange or a lemon to be cut in his testing-room during the hours in which he is to be engaged in his work. But few of them will allow any one to smoke a cigar in their room, and none will allow the smoking of cigarettes. If a person enters from the street who has been puffing vigorously at a cigar or cigarette, and the fumes of the tobacco still linger about his clothing, some of these

men become testy and irritable and indicate it by their manner. The tea tester lives a very exemplary and regular life. But few of them allow themselves to smoke, as that habit has a tendency to blunt their sense of taste. The same is true of wine and liquor drinking, and those who do permit themselves at times to indulge in a cigar or a glass of wine take only the very best to be obtained, and then limit themselves to very small quantities. They are also careful about the seasoning of their food; too much red pepper has a tendency to blunt the sense of taste, and the tea tester who wishes to make himself successful in his business has his food much less highly flavored with red pepper or spices than is exacted by the club man and the epicure. The testing of teas is usually done in the morning, the tester preferring the hours before noon for his work to those later in the day. He himself can give no logical reason for this except that he finds his sense of taste more acute during the hours before noon, and consequently prefers those hours for his work. Besides the fireplace and gas-stove mentioned above, are two revolving tables about three feet in diameter. These tables are made of hard wood, and a ledge about six inches in breadth is cut around the edge for the purpose of holding the teacups. In the centre of one of these tables is to be found a small pair of brass scales, such as you will see in an apothecary's shop. These scales are used for weighing out the tea, preparatory to its being drawn or steeped in the testing cups. Each of these tables has room for from forty to fifty testing cups, and these are ranged in regular order about the ledge cut at the edge of the table. The cup is a thin porcelain one, about the size of an average teacup. On the gas-stove are constantly kept two large copper kettles in which water is always kept boiling during the hours in which the tester is at work. These kettles are lined with tin, as the acids from the copper would have an injurious effect upon the tea and render it impossible for the tester to properly do his work. When the test is to be made a silver half-dime piece is placed in one side of the brass scales, and its weight in tea placed in the other. With teas of different grades thus measured out the tester will supply each of the forty or fifty cups ranged about the table, and when the tea has been placed in the cups he will fill each of them with hot water from the kettle. No sugar is allowed about the table. Sweetened tea it would be impossible for him to properly test. When the cups have been filled and the tea steeped for a few moments the tester begins his work. He passes from cup to cup, whirling the table around as he does so, and sips from each cup as it comes in front of him. So thoroughly has his sense of taste been cultivated that, if he be a thoroughly expert tea tester, he can at once tell the exact character, grade, and line of the tea he tastes. If the tea given him to test is a shade below that usually to be expected from the grade he can at once detect it, and is relied upon by the importer to estimate and fix upon the difference in value between such tea and the best tea of that grade. The second room of the tester's office has been spoken of as the storage-room. Whenever an importer gives one of these brokers an order to test an invoice of tea he sends one of his representatives to the warehouse in which the tea is stored, and this representative brings back a sample of every kind and grade of tea imported in the invoice. These samples are brought in small cans, containing



from one-quarter to a half pound of the tea to be tested. The selector of the samples bores a hole in the box of tea imported from China or Japan, takes therefrom a quantity sufficient to fill his can, and labels it according to the label of the box from which his sample is taken. In some invoices he will get as many as one hundred different samples, and in others all the way from forty to sixty. The prices of these different grades of teas as currently reported in the wholesale trade ranges from twelve to eighty-five cents, and the tester is expected to fix the exact value of the tea, even to the half and quarter cent. It can thus be seen how very finely his sense of taste must be cultivated. I was informed while engaged in investigating the methods of tea-testing that the most successful tea brokers are those whose sense of smell is so acute that it is not necessary for them to taste the tea. In a climate like that of New York, however, my informant stated, where almost every one is subject to catarrhal influences, there are but few who are able to test the tea by smelling, and even some of these, he said, become so addicted to the stimulation of the nervous system produced by the fumes of the tea that they get in the habit of sipping instead of smelling, and soon become habitual tea drinkers. Tea-testing is a remunerative business to those who get enough of it to do to keep them busy. The big importing houses who employ testers of their own pay them all the way from \$75 to \$150 per week, and the brokers with an established reputation in the trade earn a much larger rate of income from their work. There are but few men who devote their lives to tasting and testing teas who live to see the three-score years and ten allotted to be the age of man. Their business breaks up and shatters their nervous system, and sooner or later the majority of them are forced to stop and treat themselves for their nervous debility. By this time, however, the habit of tea-drinking and the desire for the specific stimulation of the system produced by tea-drinking renders it very difficult for them to recuperate through a cessation of their habit. I met yesterday a young man now between thirty-five and forty years of age, who for ten years, between his eighteenth and twenty-eighth birthdays, was engaged in the business of tea-testing, and who had been forced because of a break-up of his nerves to give it up and go into something else. In order that I might talk with him I asked him to accompany me to a neighboring saloon and take a drink. "In doing so," he said, "I will take only one drink; even now I do not dare take but very little alcohol during any one day, and I limit myself to one or two cigars. I do not believe I will ever thoroughly recover the normal strength of my nervous system. My ten years of tea-tasting so thoroughly demoralized it that I fear it will never be strong again. Drinking and smoking have a most peculiar effect on me. One drink or one cigar doesn't seem to interfere with me in any way, but let me take more, and I feel a sensation akin to that which one feels when his leg or foot is in the condition the children call going to sleep. There is a certain numbness and prickling sensation conveyed through my nerves which immediately warns me that I am going beyond the proper boundaries. I do not believe a tea taster could ever become a drunkard. If he had devoted many years to his business he would find himself in such a condition that excessive stimulation from alcohol would have such a ter-

rible effect upon his nerves that almost the first spree would make him a little cherub beyond the golden gates. A year or so after I quit the business I indulged myself once or twice in the usual amount of wine taken by a good diner, at a course dinner, and smoked perhaps from half a dozen to eight cigars during the course of the day. It so completely upset me that I was laid up with nervous prostration, the most disgusting of all diseases, because nobody but yourself believes you are really sick. While, as I said before, I do not believe tea-tasting makes drunkards, it does have a tendency to excite other morbid appetites in a person, and frequently is the cause of an early and disastrous collapse." In every broker's office in this city where tea-testing is carried on there are from one to half a dozen boys or youths who are being trained to the business. These are the tea tester's apprentices. In London they pay the broker a fee for the privilege of learning the business. In this country, however, they are utilized by their employers as clerks and office boys and are given a salary equivalent to that paid in other offices for like services. One of the first things that the apprentice is taught is absolute cleanliness. He must keep his person clean in order to develop thoroughly the sense of taste or smell necessary to success in the business he has chosen. This sense is developed much like touch is developed in the blind.

#### Time Required to Digest Food—The Harrisburg Call

Two hours and fifteen minutes are required for digesting roasted fresh eggs and raw milk. Two hours and thirty minutes are required for digesting boiled cabbage, roasted wild duck, and fried veal. Three hours and forty-five minutes are required for digesting boiled beans and green corn, also boiled beets. Two hours are required for digesting boiled barley, raw cabbage with vinegar, boiled codfish (cured dry), raw fresh eggs, and boiled milk. One hour is required for digesting boiled soused pig's feet, boiled rice, boiled soused tripe, and one hour and forty-five minutes are required for boiled sago. Four hours are required for digesting fried beef, roasted tame duck, roasted domestic fowls, boiled salted salmon, boiled beef soup with vegetables, and boiled veal. Two hours and forty-five minutes are required for digesting boiled salt beef, fricasseed chicken, baked custard, and two hours and fifty minutes for raw sour hard apples. One hour and thirty minutes are required for digesting raw, sweet, mellow apples, baked fresh wheat bread, scrambled fresh eggs, boiled barley soup, and boiled fresh trout or salmon. Three hours are required for digesting broiled striped bass, broiled beefsteak, roasted fresh, lean beef, soft-boiled fresh eggs, boiled mutton, stewed pork (recently salted), and boiled chicken soup. Three hours and fifteen minutes are required for digesting baked corn bread, boiled carrots, roasted mutton, roasted fresh oysters, roasted fat and lean pork, fried pork recently salted, and boiled fresh sausages. Two hours and thirty minutes are required for digesting sweet boiled apples, boiled lima beans, boiled pod beans, raw cabbage, warmed hash meat and vegetables, broiled fresh lamb, boiled lamb, baked Irish potatoes, and roasted turkey. Three hours and thirty minutes are required for digesting roasted fresh, lean, dry beef, fresh butter, fried catfish, raw old cheese, hard-boiled fresh eggs, fried fresh eggs, stewed fresh oysters, boiled Irish potatoes, boiled bean soup, and boiled mutton soup.



## NAPOLEON'S BODY-GUARD—MARCHING TO RUSSIA\*

On the 25th we reached Potsdam; we spent the 26th and 27th at Charlottenburg, the splendid palace of the King of Prussia, which is opposite Berlin. The country here is covered with woods up to the very entrance-gate to this beautiful city; nothing can be more beautiful than it is. The gateway is surmounted by a triumphal arch, and the streets are straight as a line. From the Charlottenburg gate to the palace, there is a broad walk, with benches on each side for those who wish to look on.

The emperor made his entrance on the 28th, at the head of twenty thousand grenadiers and cuirassiers, and all our splendid foot and horse-guards. The uniform was as magnificent as at the Tuileries; the emperor moved proudly along in his plain dress, with his small hat and his one-sou cockade. His staff was in full uniform, and it was a curious sight to see the worst-dressed man the master of such a splendid army.

The people were gazing out of the windows, as the Parisians did on the day we came back from Austerlitz. It was grand to see this great populace crowding the streets to see us, and following us wherever we went.

We drew up in line of battle in front of the palace, which is isolated by beautiful squares in front and at the back of it, and a handsome square filled with trees, where the great Frederick stands on a pedestal with his little gaiters on.

We were lodged in private houses, and fed at the expense of the inhabitants, with orders to give us a bottle of wine every day. This was hard upon the citizens, for the wine costs three francs a bottle. Not being able to procure wine, they begged us to take instead, beer, in little jugs. At roll-call, all the grenadiers spoke about it to their officers, who told us not to force them to give us wine, as the beer was excellent. This was a great comfort to all the people in the town, and the beer in jugs was unsparingly bestowed. It would be impossible to find better beer. Peace and good-will were universal; we could not have been more comfortable; all the citizens came with their servants to bring us our well-served meals. The discipline was strict; Count Hulin was governor of Berlin, and the service was severe.

The emperor reviewed his guard in front of the palace; he stood near some fine linden trees, near the statue of Frederick the Great. Behind the statue are three rows of stones, five feet high, joined together by bars of iron. We were in line of battle in front of the palace; the emperor came up, ordered us to carry arms, and cross bayonets; our colonel repeated the command. Then, "Forward, double-quick, march." We halted in front of the five-foot stones. The emperor seeing us stop, said, "Why do you not march on?" The colonel answered, "We cannot pass." "What is your name?" "Frédéric."

The emperor said, in a severe tone, "Poor Frédéric! Order them to 'Forward.'"

And then we went, leaping over the stones and the bars of iron. It was a sight to see us go over.

The corps of Marshal Davout was the first to enter Berlin; and then marched on to the frontier of Poland. We learned, before leaving, that Magdeburg had surrendered. The emperor settled matters with the authorities at Berlin, and we set out to rejoin the corps, which was marching on Poland. When we reached Posen, we rested there some time. Our corps marched without intermission to Warsaw. The Russians were good enough to give those two beautiful cities up to us; but they were not so generous about provisions; they ravaged the whole country, and carried off everything to the other side, leaving only what they could not take away. They even blew up all the bridges, and carried off all the boats. The emperor showed some ill-temper. Once before, at Posen, I saw him, when he was angry, jump on his horse so violently that he flew over to the other side, and gave his equerry a cut with his whip.

We were ordered into position before reaching Warsaw. We saw the Russians on the opposite side of the river, on a height overlooking the road. Five hundred swimmers were detailed, and made to swim across with their cartridge-boxes and guns on their heads; they fell upon the Russians at midnight, as they were sleeping beside their fires. We seized upon their position, and made ourselves master of the right shore of the river; but we were still without boats. Marshall Ney, who had accomplished wonderful things at Thorn, sent us some boats to make bridges. The emperor was in the highest spirits, and said: "That man is a lion."

The emperor entered Warsaw during the night. Oudinot's grenadiers and ourselves arrived next day. The kind people of this city came out to look at our splendid column of grenadiers. They made an effort to receive us kindly. The Russians had carried off everything. We had to buy grain and beeves to feed the army, and the Jews made good contracts with Napoleon. Provisions came in from all sides, and biscuits were made for us. It must be said that the Jews saved the army as well as made their own fortunes.

When the emperor was in condition to recommence the campaign, and his troops had been supplied with provisions, he had splendid reviews. The last of them took place in the midst of the most intense cold. During one of these reviews, a handsome carriage drove up, and a small man got out, and presented himself to the emperor, in front of the guard. He was a hundred and seventeen years old, and walked as if he were sixty. The emperor offered him his arm. "Thank you, sire," said he. He was said to be the oldest man in Poland.

The ice being considered in proper condition, a distribution of rations of biscuits for fourteen days was made to us. I bought a ham for twenty francs, and did not eat a pound of it: nothing could be had for love or money. It was December, the beginning of a most terrible winter, in a deserted country, covered with woods and with roads heavy with sand. We found no inhabitants in the wretched villages; the Russians fell back before us, and we found their camps deserted. We had to march all night, and at midnight we came to a castle. Not knowing where we were, we put down our knapsacks under some walnut trees, in a camping-ground deserted by the Russians. As

\* From "The Narrative of Captain Coignet" (Soldier of the Empire), 1776-1850. Edited from the original manuscript, by Lorcán Larchey. Translated from the French, by Mrs. M. Carey. Crowell & Co. The time of this reading is late December, 1806.

I put my knapsack on the ground, I felt a small pile of something. I felt about in the straw. My God, what joy! there were two loaves of bread of about three pounds each. I knelt down, and opened my knapsack, took one of my loaves and put it in. The other, I broke into pieces. It was so dark that no one saw me. "What are you doing?" said Captain Renard. Taking hold of his hand, I put into it a piece of bread, saying, "Keep silence, watch my knapsack and eat; I am going for some wood."

I started off with four of my messmates, and we found a piece of cannon mounted in front of the castle. We dismounted the piece, and carried off the wheels and the carriage. When we got back to our captain with these tremendous pieces of wood, we made a fire big enough to last all night. What a good night we had! My captain and I hid ourselves so we could eat our bread. I said to him, "I have another loaf in my knapsack; you shall have your share tomorrow evening."

The next day we started off again to the right, through the woods and the sands. The weather was terrible; snow, rain, and thaw. The sand gave way under our feet, and the water splashed up over the sinking sand. We sunk down up to our knees. We were obliged to take ropes and tie our shoes around our ankles, and when we pulled our legs out of this soft sand, the ropes would break, and our shoes would stick in the wet mud. Sometimes we would have to take hold of one leg, and pull it out as you would a carrot, carrying it forward, and then go back for the other, take hold of it with both hands, and make it take a step forward also; our guns, meantime, hanging in our shoulder-belts, so as to leave our hands free. And so we had to go on for two whole days.

Discontent began to spring up among the old soldiers; some of them committed suicide in their moments of great suffering. We lost about sixty of them in the two days previous to our arrival at Pultusk, a miserable thatched village. The hut in which the emperor had his quarters was not worth a thousand francs. Here we came to the end of our misery, for it was impossible to go any further.

We camped in front of this poor little village called Pultusk. In order to prepare for our bivouac, we went in search of straw to put under our feet. Not finding any, we took some sheaves of wheat, and used that to keep us off the ground; so the barns were pillaged. I made several trips. I brought back a trough which the horse-grenadiers had not been able to carry off; they put it on my back, and I reached the camp, thus shaming my comrades, who were colossal creatures compared to me. But God had given me legs as fine as those of an Arab horse. I returned again to the village and brought a small pot, two eggs, and some wood, but I was half dead with fatigue.

No man could give any idea of our wretched suffering. All our artillery was sunk in the mire; the pieces dragged along the ground. The emperor's carriage with him inside, could not be drawn out. We were obliged to lead a horse up to the door of the carriage, so he could get over this terrible place and go on to Pultusk. And here he saw the desolation among the ranks of his old soldiers, some of whom had blown their brains out. It was here that the emperor gave us the now historic name, "grumblers," a name that clung to us, and which honors us to this day.

But to return to my two eggs. I put them into my little pot in front of the fire. Colonel Frédéric, who commanded us, came toward the fire, for I, who have been bravest in the cold, had been the first to make a good fire. Seeing such a nice fire, he came to my bivouac, and looking at the little fire, he said: "Is this your little stew burning nicely?"

"Yes, colonel."

"All right, I will stay by your fire."

I went for some sheaves of wheat, and gave him two to sit on. Then I took my two eggs and gave him one. As he took it, he gave me a napoleon, saying: "If you do not take these twenty francs, I will not eat your egg; it is worth that to-day." I was obliged to take twenty francs for an egg.

The horse-grenadiers occupied the village of Pultusk; they found an enormous hog and chased it into our camp. As it was passing by our bivouac, I rushed upon this good game, sabre in hand. Colonel Frédéric, who had a loud voice, shouted to me, "Cut his hams." I rushed forward, caught up with him, and cut his hams, and then passed my sabre across his throat. The colonel and his grenadiers came up, and it was decided that as I had captured him, a quarter and the two kidneys belonged to me. I at once went up to the emperor's house to get some salt. I found my lieutenant on duty and asked him for some salt and a pot for my colonel, adding that I had captured a big hog which the horse-grenadiers were chasing. "It is the house hog," said he. "The emperor was furious; they have deprived him of his stew. Fortunately, however, his canteens have just arrived, so he is in a good humor again; but his stomach was empty as well as ours." "Lieutenant, I will bring you a boiled ham in an hour." "All right, my good fellow," said he pleasantly, "go cook it quickly."

The grenadiers and the chasseurs went off on a marauding party, to look for provisions the next day. They came back in the evening with some potatoes, which were distributed to us. When divided out to each mess, there were only twenty potatoes for every eighteen men. It was pitiful. Only one potato for each man. The colonel and Captain Renard were well warmed, and each ate a kidney. We divided everything with one another.

The emperor sent for Count Dorsenne, and said to him: "You are to set out with my foot-guard, and enter Warsaw. Here is the chart. Do not follow the same road; you will lose my old grumblers. Make me a full detailed report of the missing. Here is the route to Warsaw."

Next day we started, going through by-ways, from one forest to another. When we halted, about three miles from Warsaw, we were in a perfect state of starvation: hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, and unshaved. We looked like dead men raised from the tomb. General Dorsenne formed a circle round him, and reproached us severely, saying the emperor was displeased not to see more courage under hardships which he was sharing with us. "He will treat you, he says, as grumblers ought to be treated."

We shouted, "Hurrah for the general!"

The inhabitants of Warsaw received us with open arms, January 1st, 1807; the people could not do too much for us, and the emperor allowed us to rest for a time, in this beautiful city. But this short campaign of only fourteen days had really aged us ten years.

## APPLIED SCIENCE—INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

## Making Wax Figures—From the New York Herald

The wax works of to-day have reached probably the highest degree of excellence. The well-executed figure has all the grace that a living figure could show if posed in as immovable a style as the other. They all look stiff to the eye which lingers on them for any length of time, because they are absolutely motionless. A single glance at a good figure will find in it not only a good pose, but what the artist calls action, but when the eye gets more accustomed to the work its immovability soon suggests a stiffness that is really not evident. Some years ago several expert wax-figure makers, Frenchmen for the most part, were brought to this country. The leading man in an establishment of this kind is the sculptor. To secure good results it is necessary that the sculptor should be highly capable. At the present time Mr. Feinberg is at the head of a corps of assistants in a suite of rooms which are filled with lifelike figures in all degrees of preparation. When a single figure or a group is needed the sculptor gets together his pictorial matter, if the order is for something historical, and with the aid of this material he makes a careful drawing, showing the figures properly draped, and, in addition, all the accessories that would go into the completed work. This sketch being approved, a small model in bas-relief is made of the whole design, and this miniature design being approved, or altered until satisfactory to the committee, the actual work is begun. As the average wax figure is the reproduction of some man or woman of note in past or present, the greatest skill on the part of the sculptor is necessary to produce a striking likeness. Mr. Constant Thys, a skilful "cirier," as the French term it, a word which fully translated means "waxer," told the writer that the difficulties experienced in portraiture were the most exhausting part of the work. When the sculptor has secured all the material possible he begins to shape a head in clay. If the design calls for an exposure of the body below the neck, as in the case of a savage, or, perhaps, a woman in a décolleté dress, the shoulders are reproduced in clay as well as the head. If the face is a bearded one the beard is modelled in form, and naturally to secure a likeness the hair of the head is also formed. When the head is finished in clay it is approved either as regards its proportions or its likeness to the original, and when so approved it is ready for the moulder to handle. The next operation is an important one, as it means, to a certain extent, the destroyal of the likeness obtained by long and patient work. This operation is the cutting away of all the clay which represents the hair and beard of the original. This mutilation is necessary, because the hair and beard are to be made eventually of the real article. The head of clay, when stripped, is now oiled and then covered by Mr. Berti, the sculptor's assistant, with a coating of plaster-of-Paris about three or four inches thick. In ten minutes this coating is partially hardened and the work of cutting the mould into pieces is begun. A sharp knife will cut through this dough-like substance, now too soft to chip and too hard to run. When the mould is cut in five or six pieces the lowest end, at the base of the neck, is cut away in the centre, leaving an opening about five inches in diameter,

if the head is life-size. On one of the cut-sides of each piece the artist makes two or three holes at intervals of three inches. On the piece which fits against it he places little dabs of soft plaster. The holes are now oiled, and the whole mould is put together again. The soft plaster dabs are now allowed to harden in the oiled holes, and when the mould is taken apart again, it is provided with little "locks," which prevent the pieces from slipping apart at an inopportune moment. While these operations on the head are under way, the bodies, which are to complete the figures, are being made in a somewhat different manner. As already explained, only those portions of the upper part of the body as are to be exposed are made in clay. The hands, arms, and extremities are made in most cases from living models. When a group has been designed, the different positions of the hands and arms are made from male and female models, and a plaster cast is made from them in the same way as above described. In a great many cases where certain poses are needed, casts are made from the lower limbs of both sexes. Even the trunk is sometimes reproduced in this way. As none but the exposed portions of a figure are made of wax, on account of the great cost partly, the bodies are made of *papier-mâché*. The moulds for these portions of the figure are made in two pieces for each lower limb, upper limb, forearm, upper arm, or trunk. These moulds when perfectly hard are ready for the mannikin maker. A woman does this work. The first operation is the fitting of pieces of cardboard in each half-mould. To this is glued a layer of coarse bagging, and after that alternate layers of cardboard and bagging until the structure is nearly a quarter of an inch thick. It is then coated on the inside with a thin layer of plaster. When all these parts are taken from the moulds and put together the result is a very graceful reproduction of a nude human figure, minus the arms, head, and neck in most cases, though the arm is very often made in this way. Numbers of these figures stand about in the mannikin-room awaiting the time when the wax-portions are to be attached and the whole figure made ready for exhibition. To insure that the final clothing of the mannikins shall hang properly, the mannikins are invested with complete suits of knit underclothing. We will now follow the head and the other portions of the figure which are to be finished in wax. These particular moulds are now taken in charge by Mr. Thys, and are carried down to the wax-room. This room is a sort of hot-box, the temperature being at 120 degrees at all times. The most delicate operation of all is now made. In a long, wooden tank at one end of the room the mould is placed in water. Connected with this bath is a steam-pipe. When the mould is ready the steam is turned on, and, the water becoming heated, the mould is soon ready for the wax. The wax used for the figures is the best obtainable quality of American bleached beeswax, which comes in thin disks. It is perfectly white when bought, and in this state it is melted down until it has reached the consistency of oil. As it is not desirable to make the heads and hands of such pale material, the artist colors it to suit his needs. For a head and face he mixes in the wax, when melted, certain quantities of



dry colors. These colors are Prussian blue, crimson lake, and silver white. When the wax is meant for heads requiring a more sombre tint, or for the hands of males, some burnt umber is added. It is necessary, to insure a good wax mould, to have an almost exact temperature in the wax and the heated plaster-mould. Experience has taught the artist the proper time to take out his plaster, and when it is just hot enough, it is oiled to prevent the wax from sticking, and stood on its head on the stone floor. A large funnel is now placed in the opening at the neck, and the wax is poured into the funnel, the lower end of which is as far down in the mould as it will go. When the amount of wax needed to fill the whole space has been poured in, the funnel is pulled out slowly, and the wax is distributed gradually. If the wax is poured directly into the mould from the large tin vessel in which it is melted, bubbles are apt to form in places where they may mar the surface of the head. After fifteen minutes' time has partially hardened the wax nearest the mould, the soft wax in the centre is poured back into the tin. In the fifteen minutes allowed for cooling, the wax left in the mould, when the soft portion is poured out, is about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, although it may vary a sixteenth in some places. Such variation is not objected to, as it serves to give transparency to the head. Very often when the mould is unwrapped of the strong ropes which hold it together during the pouring, and taken apart, the wax is found to have stuck fast to some part of the plaster not fully oiled. This necessitates the operation being done all over again. The day following the melting, the head is ready for its final shaping. Though it is now perfect as regards the general features, there are many roughnesses apparent, especially along the lines where the plaster-mould had its joinings. These lines and any little lumps that may have been caused by small holes in the plaster are carefully shaved down. The eyes of the waxen head are simply rounded reproductions of the human eyeball, and the mouth is generally partially open, with no modellings of the teeth. When the wax is as hard as it can be made by the atmosphere, a crooked tool with a rounded end is heated and the eyes are burned out from the inside of the hollow head. The back wall of the open mouth is similarly treated, and the head is now ready for the accessories. The rims of the eye have to be painted and other parts of the face made deeper or lighter in color. One of the most artistic operations is the reproduction of the color of the human lip. The effect is not made with paints, but is obtained by the skilful laying on of colored wax. A spatula, a small modelling tool, is heated in an alcohol flame, and pressed into a cake of wax of the proper color. This, while hot, is distributed along the two lips thinly, and although it gets lighter in color when hot, it dries or hardens to just the desired tint. In heads where the design calls for uneven teeth the artist introduces small pieces of wax and shapes them to suit the subject. Ordinarily the teeth used are the usual variety of false teeth procured from the dentist supply-houses. Many of the male heads have to be represented as recently shaven, and the work necessary to give the life-size face this effect is something enormous. With a little sharp needle point the artist punctures the face in many thousand places. While the holes are not as close together as the hairs in a man's beard are, the head when finished has the proper appearance.

After the tedious operation of puncturing is done, black color is rubbed all over the cheeks and the chin, and then the surface of the face is wiped off with a dry cloth. The paint that has gone into the little holes in the face remains, and the effect, even when you stand close to the figure, is very fine. Putting in the eyelashes is a very difficult and slow piece of work. The wax at the eyelid is very thin, as the edge has been trimmed to sharpen the lid and do away with any appearance of clumsiness. Along both lids little holes very close to one another are punched, and every hair has to be carefully pushed in and poised so as to give the whole row a natural regularity. The eyes used in the figures are about the only things that have to be imported. It was found that the only eyes that could be got here were the substitutes for human ones that are occasionally used by oculists. As this sort proved too expensive, an inferior but fully as useful eye was brought from abroad. They are made to order and come in several sizes. Putting the hair in its place is one of the most interesting operations of the clever French artists. The hair is procured in this country, and is of all colors and degrees of fineness and coarseness imaginable. Tradition having credited some old-time ruler with a peculiar kind of hair, the right sort of thing, if not in stock, must be procured or imitated. The "ciriers'" method of applying the hair so that it will stay, is to clutch a bunch of it in one hand and a small stick, in the end of which are three and sometimes four needles, in the other. The needles are pushed down into the wax through the bunch of hair, and at each insertion are sure to take some of the hair ends down with them. Sometimes when the loose bunch is pulled away two hairs stay and sometimes all four needles are successful. With a large bunch of hair and incessant puncturing it is only a matter of a few hours' work to cover a head with a closely-fitted crop of hair. When this is done the wax head can be held up by its covering without any danger of the hair coming out. Putting a sparse growth of hair on a head that is supposed to be on the verge of perfect baldness is a more delicate work. The hairs have to be put farther apart and the artist cannot work so fast. The short stubby beard, supposed to be the growth of about two weeks, is very difficult to reproduce. These short hairs have to be put in one by one, as the eyelashes are, and there is very little to show for a day's work. The eyebrows of most figures are thick, and therefore easy to handle—comparatively. The hands attached to wax figures are in some respects the most perfect and realistic features. They are really made from life. Another evidence of the care that artistic feeling prompts the clever "cirier" to take is the making of the finger-nails of his figures. Thin sheets or strips of horn, very transparent and nail-like, are cut out to fit the large or small fingers. A small piece of the pink wax used to color the lips is put on each one before it is affixed to the finger end. When the nail is in place the hand looks as though it could move, so lifelike has it become. Most of the historical costumes which drape the groups are made by a little lady on the premises. They are beautiful in quality and workmanship, and are put together nearly as strongly as though they were to be worn about the streets or on the stage. All these artists are advocates of thoroughness, and they make their work fit for the closest inspection. It is the modern costume that generally

fails to adapt itself to the wax figure, in spite of the fact that the manikins are so carefully made as to imitate nature in all its lines and poses. Yet the fact remains that a wax figure in an ordinary suit of coat, vest, and trousers presents a queerness of appearance that is inexcusable when one knows how graceful a model is hidden beneath it. If some appliance could be invented that would enable the wax man to vibrate enough to give the muscles of his limbs a semblance of working, it is possible this stiff look would disappear.

Turning Out the Dollars—From the Washington Star

One can see any amount of cash exhibited any day at the Treasury Department, but the fascinating thing is to see the money in process of manufacture. If you care to visit the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington, you may behold the process of stamping paper dollars and certificates. This, however, is comparatively unsatisfactory, partly because the dollars thus made are not worth a penny until they have subsequently received the treasury's seal, and also for the reason that they are not really money themselves, but simply promises to pay. Now, it is very different with the cash one sees stamped out from the actual precious metal at the parent mint of the United States in Philadelphia. At the treasury you can behold thousands of bags full of silver and gold. All you see, however, is the bags or boxes. In the mint, on the contrary—supposing that you are a favored visitor—you may view the actual precious metal, walls of gold bricks and stacks of pure silver. The writer was shown a little book-case arrangement, behind a sort of a cage, in which was stored \$17,000,000 worth of gold bricks. It was astonishing how little room so enormous accumulation of value took up. One got a notion from the sight of it how it is that all the gold that has ever been dug out of the earth would not fill a room 25 feet cube. A gold brick, of something the shape of an ordinary brick for building purposes and about the same size, is worth not far from \$8,000. You could not carry very many of them, because gold is heavier than lead, and the weight of one such gold brick is astonishing. It would not pay to rob the mint, unless you had a cart. Only one attempt has been made to steal from this institution within the last twenty-five years. A lot of silver bars of considerable magnitude were exposed in the entry way, for the benefit of sight-seers, and one of them was scooped into a barrel of refuse by a porter, the barrel being subsequently sent down the elevator and tossed into a cart that was ready waiting. Unfortunately, the thief, upon reaching New York with his ill-acquired prize, found it an incubus impossible to dispose of. Consequently he was caught and the ingot recovered. A part of the mint's business is the manufacture of what are called "merchants' bars," for sale to jewellers, dentists, and others, including gold-leaf makers, who need for their trade virgin metal. Such bars, whether of gold or silver, are made 999 fine—that is to say, 999 parts pure out of 1,000. How fine this is may be judged from the fact that our gold and silver pieces are only 900 fine, the remaining 100-1000 being copper. What is called "coin silver" is therefore only 9-10 pure. "Sterling silver" is 925-1000 pure, such being the legal constitution of British coins. Therefore, when you get sterling silver you are buying a slightly superior article. The mint derives its supplies of gold and silver mainly from the mines. Such pre-

cious metals as it gets in this way come direct from the mines through the United States assay officers. Upon their receipt at the mint the silver or the gold is separated, refined, melted, and moulded into bricks. A good deal of gold and silver is all the time coming in from private sources, jewellers, pawnbrokers, and others selling their stock of such sort in this way, the rule being that not less than \$100 worth will be purchased. Three days after deposits of this sort have been made, payment is returned to the depositors. All of the \$100,000,000 in gold and silver bricks which the writer saw at the mint, had gone through most surprising transformations. To begin with, the silver, dissolved with nitric acid, appeared in an enormous tank that was stirred about by a huge ladle. Precipitated from this mixture the silver appeared in a great trough, looking like nothing else in the world but so much plaster-of-Paris. This was shovelled into another trough filled with a zinc solution, and the silver, thus exposed to the action of a baser metal, became like so much earthy gravel in appearance. From this last trough it was taken and pressed under a hydraulic squeezer into thick round disks. Then it was ready to go down to another department to be melted. As for the gold, it had been separated from the silver early in the game, and had all the appearance in the crude state of so much fine red gravel, and not so very red either. If you had seen a pile of it by the gutter's side you would not have been disposed to pick up a handful of it; supposing you had done so you would have thrown it away at once. A comparatively small amount of the stuff in the bottom of a brass receptacle on wheels an official in charge said was worth \$220,000. The silver and gold thus made ready in the "separating room" went down-stairs to be melted in the crucibles of black lead banked in among the reddest hot coals. Alchemists, at \$3.50 a day, reduce the metals to a molten state in the crucibles, from which the precious fluid was dipped out by ladlefuls and poured into iron moulds. Incidentally to the melting, however, 10 per cent. of copper was mixed with the gold or silver, such being the proportion of that baser metal in the United States coins. Our coins are 900 parts silver or gold, as the case may be, and are called for that reason "900 fine." As soon as the gold and silver bricks have had time to get cold and solid, they are taken out of the moulds and sliced into thick strips. Each silver brick, for example, is cut into half a dozen strips of its own length and thickness. These strips are passed under a powerful roller, which squeezes them out so as to make them about twice as long and half the thickness. At the same time it compresses the substance of the metal so much that it becomes almost as hard and dense as steel. Next the strips are annealed or softened by putting them into a red-hot oven, the heat of which is 1,600 degrees. Finally they are taken out of the oven, passed three times beneath another roller, and are then ready to have the disks, which are to be coins, punched out of them. This punching business is performed with much simplicity by passing the strips through beneath punches that work rapidly up and down, the disks as they are punched out falling into receptacles below. In this way each punch cuts out 100 silver dollars or 200 dimes every minute. The blanks thus made are washed and then milled. This latter process is simply to give each coin its raised edge, and it is performed with great rapidity by machines that

compress the edges of the coins toward their centres as they revolve about a circular plane. At this point the blank pieces are ready for another process of annealing, to soften them, in order that they may receive properly the impress of the die. They are put by big pansful into an oven, and heated red hot. Then they are stirred about with scoops in a big chemical bath to make them bright again, the annealing having turned them black, and on being taken out of the bath they are poured into a revolving cylinder full of basswood sawdust. When they come out of the bath they look white, like so many celluloid poker-chips, but after being turned about in the cylinder with the sawdust they are bright and shiny. Now the blanks are at last ready to be stamped with Uncle Sam's designs, which make them worth 100 cents on the dollar, though their actual intrinsic value is only 88 cents at the present market rates for silver. The dies strike off eighty coins a minute, printing both sides at once and at the same time corrugating the edges prettily. Women with deft fingers feed the blanks to the machines, which strike them off and automatically dispose of one while they receive another, dropping the completed dollars or halves or quarters or dimes into boxes beneath. All that remains to be done is the counting of the coins, which is performed with a celerity simply marvellous by a girl who thinks nothing of counting \$1,500 in thirty seconds. Gold coins are turned out in pretty much the same way. The eyes of the average visitor to the mint are attracted in the room where the counting is done by great boxes filled to overflowing with beautifully shiny yellow disks as yet unstamped. Usually the people say something to the effect that they wish they could only be permitted to carry off their pockets full and so be rich for life. Were the permission given them, however, they would not be able to live very long on the proceeds, inasmuch as the disks are in reality only bright copper pennies, or rather blanks for pennies. These blanks are made by contract, a firm in Connecticut supplying the government with them at a trifle less than one-tenth of a cent apiece. They come to the mint and are stamped there with the Indian's head and the obverse inscription. Thus you see that our pennies are merely tokens and not worth anything like face value. Blanks for 5-cent pieces are turned out in like manner by contract, and it only costs Uncle Sam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents to produce a nickel. Silver dollars, halves, quarters, and dimes are worth now intrinsically nearly nine-tenths of their face value, while the mere gold in all our gold pieces is worth \$1 for every dollar marked on the faces of the coins, the 10 per cent. of copper and cost of minting being a gift to the people.

The Manufacture of Rubber—From the New York Times

About the year 1820 the first pair of rubber shoes were imported into the United States from South America. They were made from pure rubber, and were extremely thick, heavy, and clumsy. But as it was found that they were useful in protecting the feet from dampness and moisture they became very popular and their importation was greatly increased. After much experiment, however, it was found that the raw material could be brought to this country, and not only rubber shoes made from it, but also many other valuable articles of merchandise. The process by which the natives of South America made the first rubber shoes was very crude. A model of a boot or foot

was first fashioned out of a clay peculiar to the locality, the model was then coated with pure Para gum as it had been gathered from the tree. By holding it in the smoke of the dry palm nut the raw gum was coagulated. The "rubber shoe" was now removed from the mould or model, which was given another coating of raw gum, and thus the manufacture of "rubber shoes" went on. Whatever this crude shoe may have lacked in style and finish was fully compensated for in quality. The tree which produces rubber is known to the scientist as *Siphonia elastica*, and is found in Brazil, the north and west coasts of South America, Central America, Mexico, east and west coasts of Africa, and India. There are many shrubs, vines, and even trees which produce rubber, but not in merchantable quantities. Even our common milkweed would produce a very fair rubber. The standard and most reliable rubber in quality, as well as the highest priced—the celebrated Para bisquit—is procured from Brazil, while from the west coast of Africa comes the lowest grade. In fact, this latter for several years has been deteriorating in quality, due in fact to carelessness or fraud on the part of gatherers, though in theory the importers believe that this is a sure result of the advance of the missionary. The so-called rubber plant found in many houses, and admired for its beautiful foliage, is not the tree which produces the rubber of commerce, for this tree, as found in Brazil, grows to the height of about sixty feet, without branches except at the top, where it is crowned with a rich foliage. The leaves are of a dark green color, thick and glossy, resembling the magnolia, and the bark is smooth and regular. On the Lower Amazon, among the islands, rubber is collected and brought to market every month in the year; but rubber from the upper river, gathered during the dry season, only reaches market during the wet season, for the double reason of the necessity for high water to enable the river steamers to reach the higher branches of the river and the enormous distances to be sailed over by these steamers, whose trips into Peru and to the head water and back cover a distance greater than from here to Liverpool and back, and consume a much longer time. Between Para—which is the great shipping port for rubber—and the Andes Mountains there are 30,000 to 40,000 miles of navigable water of the Amazon and its tributaries. At the beginning of a season—say the latter part of May or the early part of June—the emigration of laborers to work on rubber estates is very large, the steamers from the south (mostly from the Province of Ceara) going up the Amazon loaded with rubber gatherers, most of whom return again in the autumn, when the rainy season begins. Those who remain live a most indolent life in lightly-built bamboo huts perched on piling to elevate them above the rising waters. These laborers have all been previously engaged by some proprietor of a rubber estate or seringoes, as they are there called. A seringo may be had by any one who is fortunate enough to discover "rubber land"—not previously pre-empted—and applying to the provincial government, which will issue a grant, upon the condition that the grantee occupies and works the trees thereon. The proprietor of the seringo can then obtain funds by mortgaging the trees to the merchants of Para or Manaus, who will make advances against rubber to be delivered throughout the season. Nearly all available lands are thus pre-empted, though not all worked.



These seringoes exist not only on the river margins, but in the interior as well; always, however, in low districts of a swampy nature near or around lakes or ponds, and from these inland lakes drain small streams into the river, down which the rubber is floated to the forwarding points for shipment to Para. Some of the seringoes are very extensive, in which many men are employed and the work carried on very systematically, being divided into three gangs. One gang clears paths from tree to tree by constantly chopping and cutting at the wild and luxuriant vegetable growth which would otherwise render travel impossible. A second gang follows, and with narrow hatchets cuts long V-shaped gashes in the bark of the tree. At the point of the V a small clay cup or saucer is placed, into which the white milky sap slowly trickles. In about four hours the milk ceases to flow and each cup has yielded about a gill. A third gang follows, gathering the contents of the cups into a large calabash, which in turn is emptied into one of those large turtle-shells so much used in housekeeping in these regions. The turtle-shell filled, it is returned to camp as quickly as possible, as the milk soon begins to congeal. It is now given to the "makers," each of whom sits by a fire made of dry palm nuts, over which has been placed an earthen jar without bottom and with narrow neck. This makes a crude sort of chimney, which gathers the white smoke that rises from the fire in dense clouds. The "maker," sitting by this chimney, from a small calabash pours a little of the milk on a sort of light wooden paddle or shovel, always careful by proper management to distribute it evenly over the surface. Thrusting the shovel into the thick smoke of the chimney, he turns it to and fro with great rapidity, when the milk is seen to consolidate and take a grayish-yellow tinge. Thus he puts on layer upon layer, until at last the caoutchouc, as the South Americans term it, on both sides of the paddle has reached a depth of from one to two feet. Cutting it on one side, he takes it off the shovel and suspends it in the sun to dry. The caoutchouc, from its first color of a clear silver gray, turns shortly into a yellow, and finally becomes the well-known dark brown of the rubber, such as it is when exported. The rubber is now in the form of the "fine Para bisquit" as imported. These bisquits vary in size, I suppose, with the strength or energy of the maker. Some weigh no more than half a pound, while I have seen them weighing 650, though about 150 to 200 pounds is the usual weight. The bisquit, when finished and cut from the paddle contains 56 per cent. water, which must be wholly evaporated before it is ready to be put into goods. This loss is divided between the different parties who handle it. The greatest loss is between the camp and Para, where every bisquit is cut for grading of quality. This important feature is presided over by black major-domos. These men become very expert judges of quality, their judgment seldom being at fault. It is final between buyer and seller, and is accepted as well by the manufacturers in the consuming markets. They are of considerable local importance. The sweepings of the camp, the drippings of the trees, and cleanings from the basin, etc., are more carelessly rolled together into scrappy balls, termed negro-heads, whether so called from their appearance or what is in them is hard to say. In Ecuador the sap is floated on water and coagulated by sprinkling with ashes sometimes in goodly quantities,

as it increases weight. In Nicaragua the sap is drawn in thin dishes and coagulated by mixing with the bruised leaves of a plant growing in the vicinity. In India and Africa rubber is obtained by allowing the sap from the gash to flow down the side of the tree into a kind of basin scooped out in the soil. It is then gathered with the loose bark and dirt into bundles for shipment. In sections of Africa the natives have a method of gathering by smearing the sap on their naked bodies, often coming into camp veritable living rubber men. The rubber, as it arrives in this country, contains a large percentage of impurities, and the first element of the general process is to eradicate these impurities. This is done by passing the gum a number of times through the washer or masticator. This machine consists of two corrugated or grooved rolls, over which a continuous stream of water is running. These rolls tear or pull the piece of gum from its original form to that of a long, narrow sheet, full of irregular incisions. This permits the water to thoroughly wash and cleanse it from all impurities. After it is thoroughly dried, the gum is next taken to the mixing or grinding machine. Here it is mashed into a fine pulp having the consistency of stiff dough. Next the calender either runs the compound into sheets, to be cut into various articles, or spreads it on a piece of cloth, or, perhaps, by means of friction between the surface of the rolls, thoroughly forces or rubs the compound into the fibre of the cloth. After being made into the required shape the various articles are taken to the "vulcanizer" and cured or baked and their forms made permanent. Rubber in its crude state becomes soft when subjected to heat, and very hard when exposed to severe cold, but by the vulcanizing process it is rendered uniformly elastic when exposed to the most intense cold or to any degree of heat. From 3 to 10 per cent. of sulphur, according to the degree of elasticity desired, is incorporated with the rubber; it is then for several hours subjected to heat from 250° to 300° of temperature, and rubber can thus be made as hard as iron, with a beautiful polish almost equal to glass, or it can be made as elastic as the native rubber. It is a common error with people not conversant with the subject to suppose that rubber in being manufactured is treated with solvents, and is therefore run in moulds, like molten lead. But this is a mistake. Since the invention of vulcanizing rubber—the first patent was issued June 15th, 1844—no solvents have been used, the intermixing being done by machinery, as described, and at no stage of the process up to the time of vulcanizing is the rubber softer than a stiff dough. The rubber is given form and shape by pressure. Another common error is to suppose that rubber and gutta-percha are the same thing. Gutta-percha is produced from the sap of the gutta tree, found in all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In its crude state it has no resemblance to the India-rubber of commerce, nor are its chemical properties the same. It is a fibrous substance, oily, and somewhat resembling sole leather. It is without elasticity or flexibility. If allowed to remain in hot water it soon becomes soft, like putty, and can be moulded into any shape. The product of rubber of the Amazon Valley has more than doubled in the past ten years. The crop of 1878 was 7,598 tons, while last year's crop was 15,725 tons. The total consumption of all grades of rubber in the United States last year was 30,000,000 pounds, the value of which was about \$15,000,000.

## LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY—ETERNAL QUESTIONS

Life but a Dream: Robert Leighton.

Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within him, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He "walks in an image," as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men's also. Life is generally nothing but a doting on images and pictures. Every man's fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is.

The Enigma of Life: Marcus Aurelius.

Though thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years—and as many times ten thousand years—still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and the shortest are thus brought to the same. For the Present is the same to all, though that which is Past is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future. These two things, then, thou must bear in mind: The first, that all things from eternity are of like forms, and come round in a circle; and thus it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years, or two hundred years, or an indefinite time. And the second, that the longest liver, and he who will die soonest, lose just the same. For the Present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived—if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he have it not.

The Coming of Death: Henry Ward Beecher.

The experience of every fresh mourner is, "I knew that Death was in the world, but I never thought that my beloved could die." Every one that comes to the grave, says, coming, "I never thought that I should bury my heart here." Though from the beginning of the world it hath been so; though the ocean itself would be overflowed if the drops of sorrow, unexpected, that have flown, should be gathered together and rolled into deep places; though the life of man, without an exception, has been taken away in the midst of his expectations, and dashed in sorrows; yet no man learns the lesson taught by these facts, and every man lays out his paradise afresh, and runs the furrow of execution round about it, and marks out its beds, and plants flowers and fruits, and cultures them with a love that sees no change, and expects no sorrow!

Influence After Death: John Cumming.

We die, but we leave an influence behind us that survives. The sun sets behind the western hills; but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell.

The coral insect dies; but the reef, it raised, breaks the surges on the shores of a great continent, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live, and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones." Mohammed still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenberg; but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, all live in their influence for good or evil. The apostle from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, all who have passed away to their graves—still live in the practical deeds they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons they left behind them. "None of us liveth to himself;" others are affected by that life, or "dieth to himself;" others are interested in that death. The king's crown may moulder; but he that wore it will act upon the ages yet to come. Dignity, and rank, and riches, are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy—that ever walks the world, and leaves lasting influences behind. What we do is transacted on a stage of which all the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease.

The Certainty of Immortality: Caleb D. Bradlee.

I believe that there has been a telephonic, telegraphic, and electric influence, ever since the days of Adam to the present hour, by which all past history is present life, and every nation seemingly dead is living again in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, so that the races of to-day are but the great-grandchildren of the races of the past, and you and I have something in our bones and blood of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Judæa, Phœnicia, India, and Persia, so that nations never really die, but are changed, transmitted, reorganized, improved, by marriage, by birth, by intermingling of races, by time, by the grace of God, so that, in a certain philosophical sense, I am not only an American, but a Roman, a Grecian, a Persian, a part of everybody and everything that ever has been, and a part, by transmission, century after century, of everybody and everything that ever will be; and thus there is an everlasting unity of flesh, and the unity of God and the unity of humanity are great, and mighty, and twin, realities. Do not forget the prayer of Jesus—that those that were his might be one with him, as he was one with God. Once more, Nature changes all the time. Yes; but Nature never dies. Do those leaves that you tread under your feet on an October or a November day, perish? Are they annihilated? Is their work done, and is our farewell to them a finality? Oh, no! They will go into the hungry earth, and, through many changes, at last will fall into your hands in the shape of a luscious peach or rosy apple or juicy pear, or else as a violet or rosebud or japonica will bless your eyes, cheer your heart, and somehow spiritually say, "We do not die, we have never perished: we are blessing the world forever and ever; and, like you, O mortals, we are immortal."

## NIGHT IN A SOUTHERN CITY—NEGRO LIFE OF TO-DAY\*

Beal Street, Memphis, at night.

To what can it be likened? There are many such in the South, but nowhere else. The shops are kept by the avaricious, the shrewd and brutal of every race. Those that pass in and out are all black. Observe this noisy multitude of men and women that pack the walk, that jostle and joke each other at every step, that gossip at every shop door, that stop to quarrel or dance their rhythmical shuffle at every corner. The prevailing sound is that of hilarious merriment. If heard at a distance it would sound like the musical jubilee of a happy race. It is composed of obscenity, a merry laughter of oaths, threats, drunken revelry, and ribald courtesies. These people seldom think. They are like sensual and unclean barbarians tricked up in borrowed clothes, that play for pastime at civilization.

In almost every shop were games of chance, surrounded by as many as could play or watch. In every unoccupied niche along the street were wheels of fortune. By the side of one of these the two men pushed their way. There was the rude table with the top four feet square. Upon this, nails were driven two inches apart so as to form a circle three feet in diameter. Between these nails were the objects to be won. There were three cigars in each space, or a slip of paper calling for a box of them, or a ham, or a long string of bananas hanging in the greedy sight of all, from a pole fastened to the table. In the centre of this circle was a pivot, on which turned easily, an iron dart pointed with a slip of paper that feathered the nails as it passed.

At the side opposite the banana stem, rose an iron pipe, at the end of which the light of a sputtering gas-jet fell in a slouchy fashion about those bending silently and with bated breath above the table, and shone in the faces peering eagerly over the shoulders of those in front of them.

He that presided over the fortunes of these people was a ruffian. The hat pushed on the back of his head revealed a dirty bald spot surrounded by close-cut hair. This hat was once a dark derby, but was now sadly battered and of that faded brown peculiar to the head-gear of the slums. He wore a thick mustache, dripping with tobacco juice and beer. His red, swollen face confessed to every dissipation. A pair of hard, bad eyes peered from flabby lids at those about him, as he broke the momentary lulls in business, with:

"Come up—come up—thain't no blanks; yer boun' to drop something, and maybe pull a ham—ten cents a slide. Take a turn."

But when some black hand ventured, with trembling hesitation, another and possibly a last dime, and turned feverishly the iron dart, he watched only it. After the first payment of ten cents the fortune seeker, by forfeiting his three cigars, might continue to try at five cents a venture for the larger prizes as long as he wished. When some fresh hand took hold, great merriment was created by his jokes and the flourish with

which he spun the rod. The slip of paper, as it swiftly brushed the nails, was bombarded with a multitude of directions where to stop, until its progress grew slow, and the flagging tip hesitated upon every nail.

The interest at this particular table had been kept at a high pitch for some time by the persistency and dogged patience of a certain old man, who had turned for fifty times without a moment's pause, to no other purpose than three cigars. Each time he had not even waited to refuse this prize, but, dropping another nickel on the board, had turned again. All this while he had never spoken. But the crowd, who seemed even more anxious than himself, constantly encouraged him with assurances that "She done stop on ole ham dis time sho," then with scattering prayers for it to "Touch a ham," "Touch a ham," they settled down to watch.

For the fifty-second time the old man dropped his nickel, and touched the rod. There was a beseeching light in his feeble eyes. His hand trembled a little as he reached forth. He turned it gently, with a lingering touch as if not willing to part with it. He leaned forward as he let it go. As its pace slackened he bent nearer still, glaring at it until his dim eyes grew bright. All were as silent and as motionless as if cut in stone. One more nail and it would reach the ham. His face and body contracted, as it hung for a moment to this impediment.

He reached out with trembling hands, and muttered hoarsely as it hung quivering in the open space.

"My Lo'd," he groaned, as it passed beyond. He turned away. After this, no one wished to venture. All hung back, and even the sport's oratory was in vain.

"I'll turn for you," he said at last.

"No? Then here, you turn—here, I say, you damned fool, just turn for the fun of it. Tain't going to cost you nothin'. That's right—now who goes in? Anybody in on this? You'd better; he knows how to turn—look at that—oh, no, my fly huckleberry, it's too late now—watch where she stops—a ham."

Sure enough, it had stopped upon a ham.

With a great bluster of bragging, Jock pushed through the crowd in front of him and reached the table. He threw down a silver dollar, that fell with a merry ring, and asked for change.

"Now, gem'n," he said, rolling his head, and showing the whites of his eyes in an impressive manner, "reck-on yo' all's gwine ta see sumpin drap."

The faces surrounding him became quickly animated with a broad grin of expectancy.

"Now, you, sah," he continued, giving his head a sudden shake, and settling his chin sidewise upon his expansive chest, while his gaze, solemn and staring like that of an owl's in broad sunlight, fixed itself upon the sport, "Now, you, sah, jes' be'er keep yo' occulations glued mighty sha'p to dat yah ham. I's boun' to hit him dis tahme sho'."

He took the little dart in his great fingers.

"Now, yeers fo' da' ham; keep yo' eye on de paper, boss. I's bleegeed to fetch dat juicy ham."

Away flew the paper around the ring of nails, while all the dusky faces nearer bent to urge it on or to tell it where to stop, as if it lived,—*"Three cigars."*

Another spin, and—*"Three cigars."*

\*From "Nicholas Blood, Candidate." By Arthur Henry. Oliver Dodd, Publisher. Nicholas Blood, a brutal and depraved negro, is the candidate of the black men, for the presidency of the City Council. Judge Rector, the white candidate, on the Saturday night of this reading, is showing Thomas Judd, a young Northerner, the serious, awful side of the race question, and the terrible menace to the South, in the rapid increase of the negro.



Yet again, still—"Three cigars."

But so great is hope and confidence that better luck must come at last, that once and time and time again he sent the paper on its thrilling quest, and felt his heart grow big and fingers twitch, as it brought him always—"Three cigars."

One dollar went, and then in order not to waste so much, he tossed another after it. A third he spent with hesitation. When this was gone, he stopped.

"Well, are you in?" cried the harsh and taunting voice of the man who was watching him.

He broke another dollar, and once again, while fright, and eagerness, and hope toyed with the muscles of his face, he grasped the iron and sent it cautiously about the ring. He did not even listen as the man called, "Three cigars."

He knew what the trouble was. He had not turned quite hard enough—that was all—

"Close—mahty close."

"Three cigars."

Every one fell back with exclamations of excitement and regret. He seized the rod again and threw it from him, savagely. The paper whistled as it ticked the nails, but Jock, not waiting to see the result, walked off, tossing into the crowd, his three cigars.

"Anybody want this whirl?" asked the sport. Some one dropped a dime, and answered:

"Reckon I'll take dat, boss."

It stopped upon a ham.

A ripple of surprise passed through all those about, and half a dozen stepped forward for a chance.

Underneath each of the piles of cigar-boxes on which the sport leaned his elbows was an electric button, by which he controlled the movements of the rod. Those that won were "cappers."

"This is terrible," said Thomas Judd, as they moved away; "they are gambling everywhere."

"It is the negro's life. Let me tell you this, Tom: there is a future to this question. Now that the bondage has been removed, these people are giving the loose rein to their natural instincts of unrest. The children of the next generation will be always roving from place to place. Having no lofty purpose, they think only of excitement and their appetites."

"The negro of to-day is a different being from the old-time plantation type. These that you see are metropolitan negroes. Constant agitation for political ends, an unaccustomed notoriety and plenty of money, has turned their heads. But what is this?"

In front of the market, near where they stood, was a great crowd. Upon a dry-goods box in the centre, stood a tall white man with head uncovered, who was addressing them. Long black hair fell upon his shoulders. The tapering ends of a fierce mustache protruded far beyond his hollow cheeks. Restless eyes flashed from sunken sockets. His voice had the ring of steel. As he spoke, he electrified his audience by the sudden motion of his long arms.

"Vote! Vote!" he cried, "and win by your ballots that which it is your right to have. The unjust slavery of two hundred years is yours to avenge. There is more gold in the cellar of the City Hall than this crowd can carry—it is the hoarded wages of those years. It all is yours. Why do you suffer? Why are you poor—why do you do the labor of these thieves? You are as good as they, and nearly as many. Vote, I say, and if your ballots are not counted, you must kill."

This discourse suited the audience. It is pleasant to be made martyrs of. For twenty years those people have been taught discontent. They believed themselves oppressed, and their black faces grew moody as they listened.

As the two men were pushing closer in the crowd, the judge stepped upon the foot of a burly black. The latter turned and seeing that it was a white man, spit upon his face. He snarled and was about to follow the insult by a blow, when Thomas Judd knocked him down. He lay unconscious, where he fell.

"A white man has killed Sleuth Williamson," passed from mouth to mouth. A sinister murmur arose from the crowd. The judge, aware of the danger, said in a low voice, "Come quickly," and walked a few steps up the street. The crowd spread out and pressed about them, growing more hostile and noisy.

"Head 'em off," was shouted from behind. A clump of dirt broke against the cheek of Thomas Judd.

"Ye, ah! Yah! ah, dun hit 'im. Whoop!" A furious oath followed this cry.

It would be necessary to run or face the crowd. The two men were deciding which to do, when suddenly a negro stepped from the stairway and called savagely for the rabble to stop. They at once obeyed.

It was Nicholas Blood, the candidate, that had stopped the crowd. He said to them:

"See yah, you black devils, none of this 'fo' 'lection day. After that yo' time'll come."

All along the streets excited groups were discussing politics. On Hadon Avenue was a throng of merry-makers. The majority of the men were tipsy; some were quarrelsome. The women, not less so, laughed and swore uproariously. In a large, open place, a great revolving swing, such as is found at fairs and circuses, each of its twenty horses laden with a roaring negro, and its coaches carrying those too drunk to ride, rushed round and round, stopping every few minutes to change its load, while the conductor bawled, dizzy darkies tumbled off, and others scrambled on.

Then the manager put a whistle to his lips, to which an engine in the background, somewhere, shrieked an answer, and off again went the "merry-go-round," while a broken-winded hand-organ, turned by the machinery of the swing, flung over all, wild and disjointed fragments of the "Fisher Maiden."

Were one a benevolent traveller, blessed with a good digestion, taking an after-dinner stroll to see the sights, he might, at the distance of three hundred feet, have thought this a pleasant sound, and afterward have said, honestly enough, many fine things about this happy race. But let me ask you, good men and madams, to wear overalls, and draw your skirts close to you, and mingle for an hour in this crowd.

God knows that I, whose home has always been aired by the winds from heaven, shrink from the vulgarity herein described. My pen staggers, and will not write these oaths. This sketch is not furnished as a pastime, nor for the eyes of those who wish to shun rather than alleviate the evils of the world. It is for all those that pass judgment on the South. If surrounded by your books and paintings, and listening day by day to gentle tongues, you close your ears to the vile drippings of those lips that seek to issue mandates to those that you condemn, then in the name of justice hold your peace, and speak only of those things you are willing to investigate.

## TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

*Bells Across the Snow—Frances Ridley Havergal*

O Christmas, merry Christmas!  
 Is it really come again?  
 With its memories and greetings,  
 With its joy and with its pain.  
 There's a minor in the carol,  
 And a shadow in the light,  
 And a spray of cypress twining  
 With the holly wreath to-night,  
 And the hush is never broken  
 By laughter light and low  
 As we listen in the starlight  
 To the "bells across the snow."  
 O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
 'Tis not so very long  
 Since other voices blended  
 With the carol and the song!  
 If we could but hear them singing  
 As they are singing now,  
 If we could see the radiance  
 Of the crown on each dear brow,  
 There would be no sigh to smother,  
 No hidden tear to flow,  
 As we listen in the starlight  
 To the "bells across the snow."  
 O Christmas, merry Christmas!  
 This never more can be;  
 We cannot bring again the days  
 Of our unshadowed glee.  
 But Christmas, happy Christmas,  
 Sweet herald of good-will,  
 With holy songs of glory  
 Brings holy gladness still.  
 For peace and hope may brighten,  
 And patient love may glow,  
 As we listen in the starlight  
 To the "bells across the snow."

*Spirit of Night—Percy Bysshe Shelly—Poems*

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
 Spirit of night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make thee terrible and drear,  
 Swift be thy flight!  
 Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
 Star-inwrought,  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out.  
 Then wander o'er city, sea, and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand,—  
 Come, long sought!  
 When I arose and saw the dawn  
 I sighed for thee;  
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to her rest,  
 Lingered like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee!  
 Thy brother Death came and cried,  
 "Wouldst thou me?"  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noontide bee,  
 "Shall I nestle near thy side?"  
 Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,  
 "No, no, not thee!"  
 Death wilt come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon,—

Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night,—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

*The Fight of Paso Del Mar—Bayard Taylor—Poems*

Gusty and raw was the morning,  
 A fog hung over the seas,  
 And its gray skirts rolling inland,  
 Were torn by the mountain trees;  
 No sound was heard but the dashing  
 Of waves on the sandy bar,  
 When Pablo of San Diego  
 Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador, out in his shallop,  
 Gathering his harvest so wide,  
 Sees the dim bulk of the headland  
 Loom over the waste of the tide;  
 He sees, like a white thread, the pathway  
 Wind round on the terrible wall,  
 Where the faint moving speck of the rider  
 Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego  
 Rode down from the hills behind;  
 With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,  
 He sang through the fog and wind.  
 Under his thick, misted eyebrows  
 Twinked his eye like a star,  
 And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds  
 Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,  
 Had travelled the shore since dawn,  
 Leaving the ranches behind him,—  
 Good reason had he to be gone!  
 The blood was still red on his dagger,  
 The fury was hot in his brain,  
 And the chill, driving scud of the breakers  
 Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily round him,  
 He mounted the dizzying road,  
 And the chasms and steepes of the headland  
 Were slippery and wet as he trode;  
 Wild swept the wind of the ocean,  
 Rolling the fog from afar,  
 When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,  
 Midway on the Paso del Mar.

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely,  
 And "Back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath,  
 As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,  
 On the perilous line of the path.  
 The roar of devouring surges  
 Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;  
 And, "Back, or you perish!" cried Bernal,  
 "I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland:  
 He clutched at the jingling rein,  
 When Pablo rose up in his saddle  
 And smote till he dropped it again.  
 A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,  
 And brandished his dagger, still red,  
 While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,  
 And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them  
 Shone red through the misty blast;  
 Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,  
 The broad breast of Bernal at last.

And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman  
Closed on him with terrible strength,  
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,  
Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,  
On the slippery edge of the wall;  
They swayed on the brink, and together  
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.  
A cry of the wildest death-anguish  
Rang faint through the mist afar,  
And the riderless mule went homeward  
From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

*The Old Grenadier's Story—Walter Thornbury—Poems*

The story is told on a bench outside the Invalides, Paris.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,  
It seems but an hour ago,  
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,  
Returning blow for blow.  
The Mamelukes were tossing  
Their standards to the sky,  
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side,  
Torn terribly with shot;  
But still he feebly beat his drum,  
As though the wound were not.  
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse  
Burst with a scream and cry,  
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

"My mother has got other sons,  
With stouter hearts than mine.  
But none more ready blood for France  
To pour out free as wine.  
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,  
"Fair is this earth and sky;  
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,  
Wiping his burning eyes:  
It was by far more pitiful  
Than mere loud sobs and cries.  
One bit his cartridge till his lip  
Grew black as winter sky,  
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

Oh, never saw I sight like that!  
The sergeant flung down flag,  
Even the fifer bound his brow  
With a wet and bloody rag;  
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,  
But never made reply,  
Until he sobbed out once again,  
"*Teach me the way to die!*"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,  
They strode into the fray;  
I saw their red plumes join and wave,  
But slowly melt away.  
The last who went—a wounded man—  
Bade the poor boy good-by,  
And said, "We men of the Forty-third  
*Teach you the way to die!*"

I never saw so sad a look  
At the poor youngster cast,  
When the hot smoke of cannon  
In cloud and whirlwind passed.  
Earth shook, and Heaven answered:  
I watched his eagle-eye.  
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,  
He limped into the fight;

I, with a bullet in my hip,  
Had neither strength nor might.  
But, proudly beating on his drum,  
A fever in his eye,  
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third  
*Taught me the way to die!*"

They found him on the morrow,  
Stretched on a heap of dead;  
His hand was in the grenadier's  
Who at his bidding bled.  
They hung a medal round his neck,  
And closed his dauntless eye;  
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third  
*Taught him the way to die!*"

'Tis forty years from then till now—  
The grave gapes at my feet—  
Yet when I think of such a boy,  
I feel my old heart beat.  
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,  
Hearing a feeble cry,  
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

*Fair Inez—Thomas Hood—Collected Poems*

Oh, saw you not fair Inez?  
She's gone into the west  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest.  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheeks  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Inez!  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright.  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Inez,  
That gallant cavalier  
Who rode so gayly by thy side  
And whispered thee so near!  
Were there no loving dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Inez,  
Descend along the shore,  
With a band of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before;  
And gentle youths and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore;  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Inez!  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng.  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Inez!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before:  
Alas! for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blessed one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!



## SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

## Nicknames of European Nations—London Tit-Bits

Englishmen have accepted the name of John Bull as suited to the national character. A Scotchman is Sandy; the Irishman derives his name of Paddy from his national patron saint; while an ancient nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy is a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchman, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud; but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or, as a bourgeois, Monsieur Prudhomme. Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the Continental nations. Mynheer Closs, an abbreviation of Nicholas, sums up the Hollanders, who are often known simply as the Mynheers; while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon. We have all heard of the Russian Bear and the Unspeakable or Infidel Turk; but these are hardly real nicknames. Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni, and Danes are called Danskers.

## Whims of Celebrated Men—From the Baltimore News

Some amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer. Auber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many other attractions it might offer. Adam composed best when he lay in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscape beauty as he showed love to his cats. The same antipathy to all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when he went upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Eimarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters. Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing-desk. Sarti only became inspired in a room without furniture and which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark, and Meyerbeer composed best during violent thunder-storms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections. Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Glück composed in the open air, best in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as if he were an actor on the boards. Handel wandered in the churchyard, and when he wished to become inspired he sat himself down in one corner of it which was shaded by weeping willows. Paesello composed in bed, and did not leave it until he had finished a whole operatic scene or act. Mehul was a great worshipper of flowers, and often fell into silent reverie in observing them. He felt happiest in a quiet garden. Mozart gained his inspiration by reading Homer, Dante, Petrarch; Verdi must read passages from Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian, and Victor Hugo. Schiller inspired his muse by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; besides this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject

upon which he worked. When he wrote the last act to Mary Stuart he had his servants clothed in black, and so long as he worked on Wallenstein he neglected no review or other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle-pieces to him. Goethe loved to have plastic works of art before him as he wrote. It is known that in creation of his Iphigenia he had the image of an antique female before him, in order to see if that which he made his heroine say would suit the features before him. Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he loved the strong smell of flowers. Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry, it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with Father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air. Kotzebue, in the composing of his dramas, was also an actor. He himself acted single scenes in his study. It is related that when Sands murdered him, his little son, as he saw him reel and then writhe upon the ground, cried to his mother, "See, mamma, father play comedy again!" Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street-songs as he wrote his verse on paper. His conversation in such moments is said to have been obscene. Holderlin was often found crying when he composed poems. Similar things are said of the French romance writer Lafontaine. His wife once found him before his writing-desk swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad," he sighed. "It don't go at all," he sobbed; "I am still in the first volume." Matthison wrote his poems by moonlight, while standing at the window. Lamartine wrote his best things in the morning, before breakfast, while sitting before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing-desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated, formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons, singing birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes, and keeps out of mischief while writing. In the background stand a number of printer's devils waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress and appearance."

## The Moneys of the World—San Francisco Chronicle

The money of all civilized nations to-day consists of round tokens, of varying denominations, made of gold, silver, copper, and nickel, and of paper notes either redeemable by the government or by some well-established bank. There was a time, though, when such a short general description could not have been written, and there are still sundry odd corners of the earth where some curious currency is in use. According to most authorities, the skins of animals was the earliest form of money, the very word pecuniary, tracing its derivation back to the Latin *pecus*—cattle. Certain of the Alaskan Indians still use pelts for currency; skins of wild animals were so used by the ancient Muscovites, and in the early days of settlement in Illinois

raccoon and deer skins passed as money. After the hunting age came the pastoral, and then the animals themselves took the place of money. Sheep and oxen were principally employed, their relative value by the old Romans being set at ten sheep for one ox, a standard that still obtains among Indian races. The Icelandic and Irish laws yet bear traces of the use of cattle for money; many Teutonic fines were paid in cattle, and oxen form the circulating medium among the Zulus and Kaffirs in this year of grace. A direct link between this practice and the metal coins for money is found in the fact that the earliest Roman money was first shapeless pieces of bronze chipped off from a lump, these being followed by lumps of regulated weight, on which were stamped the image of an ox or a sheep. The Romans, however, were by no means the first to use metal for money. The Egyptians used both gold and silver as far back as the days of Abraham, but it was counted by weight, and not by face value, and it was the ingenious man who conceived the happy idea of stamping these pieces to show their value, who was the first coiner. Numismatics, as a rule, go no further back than the use of stamped pieces of metal by the Libyans and Greeks, at a date varying from nine hundred to four hundred years B.C. Before the introduction of coined money into Greece, skewers or spikes of iron and copper were a currency, six being a drachm or handful. Iron spikes are still employed in the same way in certain parts of Central Africa, and, according to Adam Smith, it is not so very long ago that nails were used as a subsidiary coin in Scotland. Hence, perhaps, the term "tenpenny nail"—*i.e.*, ten for a penny. The archaic Greek money was in the form of thick, round lumps of metal, stamped with the given value. The metals so used, whether in Europe or Asia, were electrum, an amalgam of four parts of gold to one of silver; billon, for the baser coins, made of silver with a great deal of alloy, and *poten*, a softer quality of billon. The term "brass" is generally supposed to have stood for copper. The Jews, in addition to shekels, talents, and drachms of silver, had a "jewel money." The Egyptians improved on their metal lumps by introducing gold and silver rings. The earliest coinage for America was that made in 1612 for the Virginia Company, at the Somers Islands, now called Bermudas. The coin was of brass, with the legend "Sommer Island," and a "hogge on one side, in memory of the abundance of hogges which were found on their first landing." This was the famous "hog money." The earliest colonial coinage was in Massachusetts in 1652, a "Mint howse" being established at Boston, and the "quoines" being a shilling, sixpence, and three-penny piece. Before this the currency of the colonists was a very mixed one. Musket-balls passed for change at a farthing apiece, and were a legal tender for sums under a shilling. Tobacco and tobacco receipts were legal tender; corn and beans and codfish were also employed. Wampum, however, was the commonest currency of all. It was the shell-bead money of the Indians, and was soon accepted by the colonists as a convenient token. There were two kinds of wampum—wampumeag, which was white and made from the conch or periwinkle; and suckanhock, which was dark-purple and made from the hard-shell clam. The purple was worth twice as much as the white. The shell was broken in pieces, rubbed smooth on a stone till about the thickness of a pipe-stem, then

pierced with a drill, and strung into necklaces, bracelets, and belts. The English, French, and Dutch settlers all used wampum, the value being fixed in 1640 at six beads for a penny. The strings were called fathoms, and varied in value from five to ten shillings. Shell money has played quite an important part in the world's commerce. The small hard shell known as the cowry, is still used in India, the Indian islands, and Africa, in the place of subsidiary coin. In 1851 more than one thousand tons of these shells were brought from India to Liverpool, to be exported to the coast of Africa in exchange for palm-oil. In Bengal they are worth thirty-two thousand to the rupee (forty-six cents), or about seventy to the cent. The cowry is a gasteropod mollusk, is beautifully marked, and is strung on a tough grass string for convenience of transportation. The British Columbia Indians still use a variety of wampum made of *haiqua* shells. These they string up, and use as an ornamental border to dresses, their currency value being one string for a beaver's skin. Looking back to the pre-wampum days, it is learned that of the aboriginal money of the American continent, the mounds in and adjoining the valley of the Mississippi have produced specimens of lignite, coal, bone, terra-cotta, mica, pearl, carnelian, chalcedony, agate, jasper, gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron, which were fashioned into forms evincing considerable skill and art. According to Prescott, the money of the Aztecs and the nations in kin consisted of quills filled with gold-dust and bags of chocolate grains. Chocolate is still used in the interior of South America for the same purpose, as are cocoanuts and eggs. Copper is now used in the subsidiary coinage of all civilized nations, except Persia; tin and zinc in none of them, except as an alloy. There was a time, though, when both these latter metals were employed. Halfpence and farthings of tin were coined in England during the time of the early Stuarts, possibly because at that time the tin supply of Cornwall was greater than the demand. In this the English kings were only reviving a very ancient fashion, stamped lumps of tin having been found in use in Britain at the time of its invasion by the Romans. Tin was also coined by Dionysius. Of the other base metals, iron was always more or less used by Asiatic nations; the Byzantines were especially addicted to its employment. Lead was also employed. There is a leaden stater among the coins of the British Museum, and it still forms part of the currency of Burmah. Platinum was coined in Russia from 1828 to 1845, but the experiment was not a success. The Carthaginians had leather money. Barbarossa, during his fight with Milan in 1158, issued leather tokens, and so did John the Good of France in 1360. William I. of Sicily (1154-66) compelled his subjects to give gold and silver in exchange for leather money, and when Leyden was besieged by Spain in 1574, the resolute burghers issued a leather coinage. Numa Pompilius went even further than this, and made a money of wood, while Marco Polo brought back the report from China in the thirteenth century that he had seen there a coinage made of the middle bark of the mulberry, cut in disks, and stamped with the king's mark, which money it was death either to counterfeit or refuse. The list of what may be curious money is a long one. Among some of the native Australians greenstone (jade) and red ochre form the currency. In the retired districts of New Guinea female slaves form the standard of value. Nor-

way even now uses corn for coin. Whales' teeth are used by the Fijians, red feathers by some of the South Sea Islanders, and salt in Abyssinia. In India, cakes of tea pass as currency, and in China pieces of silk. Tin, indeed, to-day forms the standard of value at the great fairs of Nijni Novgorod. In the British West Indies pins, a slice of bread, a pinch of snuff, or a dram of whiskey have all a purchasing power, while on the African coast axes are the accepted currency. The strangest coin of all, though, is the ideal money spoken of by Montesquieu as being found in certain parts of Africa. It is an ideal money called "maconte," but is purely a sign of value without a unit. The notes of the nations of to-day are as follows: The Bank of England note is about five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white and with ragged edges, which lacks the oily smoothness of American bank-notes. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water-lined, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denominations from the twenty-franc note to the one-thousand-franc. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon-brown and slate-blue are the prevailing colors, and the Spanish and Portuguese language the prevalent language engraved on the face. The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black, upon paper lighter than American gold certificates, and about an inch wider. They run in denominations from five marks to one thousand marks. Their later bills are being printed on the silk-fibre paper. The Chinese paper currency is in red, white, and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for wash-checks or prayer-papers in a joss-house, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom. Italian notes are of all shapes, sizes, and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten lire notes—are about the size and shape of our own old twenty-five-cent "shin-plaster" fractional currency, and printed on white paper in pink, blue, and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely-engraved vignette of King Humbert. The one-hundred-ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the centre, in bold relief, stands a large, finely-executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Norwegians have a curious currency; but it is rarely seen in the United States, for the reason that it circulates very little among the common people, and the class that come to America as emigrants. These stick to their copper and silver coins, and shun the little cinnamon-brown bills of their government, which are about the size of our old "shin-plasters." The Austrian bill is printed on light-colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk-fibre marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting. The principal methods by which money is put into circulation in the United States were recently given by the Atlanta Constitution. First, through the paying out of sums appropriated by the government for various purposes. The appropriations for the current year are \$460,000,000. About \$100,000,000 is paid out in pen-

sions and thus scattered in every State. A large amount goes for the redemption of bonds and the payment of interest; other large amounts for rivers and harbors, for the civil, military and naval establishments, for the diplomatic service, for public buildings, in the government of the District of Columbia, and for the Indians. In this way \$460,000,000 will go out from the treasury this year, and the amount increases annually. A second method is through the coinage of silver and gold. The government buys bullion and must pay for it with something; it pays for it with silver and gold certificates, which thus get into the hands of the people. A third method is through the national bank system, by which, as everybody knows, a duly chartered corporation, on deposit of United States bonds, is allowed to issue 90 per cent. of their face value in currency of their own. This currency the bank loans to its customers. A fourth method is through the government depositories. All over the United States federal officers are collecting internal revenue taxes, over \$100,000,000 a year, sometimes as high as \$150,000,000. The local officers must have a place of deposit, and so the government designates depositories in convenient places. The banks so designated have to secure the government fully by bonds.

A Science Theater—R. B. Richardson—Independent

Germany is not generally looked upon as the land of novelties; but Berlin possesses one novelty so important that it seems worthy of attention and description. Every day one sees on each of the several thousand large wooden columns standing at almost every street corner, along with the other theatre announcements, the following: "Urania, in the Science Theatre (Wissenschaftliches Theater), at eight P.M.; The Primeval World," or, on another day, "The Journey from the Earth to the Moon." If one follows this standing invitation, he will see something interesting. If he chooses the "Journey to the Moon," he will find that he has a popular lecture on astronomy actually put upon the stage. In the place of actors, to be sure, one finds a single reader or declaimer, who mounts a desk in front of the curtain, and gives the lecture to the audience; but all the scenic effects which the stage affords are called in to aid the lecture. After a short prologue on the purpose of the lecture, the curtain rises on a scene near Berlin on the morning of the last great eclipse of the sun, August 19th, 1887. Morning twilight comes on. The world begins to stir in anticipation of the usual sunrise, when lo! in the place of the usual sun, up comes a blood-red sickle, which soon disappears, and weird lights appear around a black disk. Nature is shrouded in a veil worse than pitch darkness. Animals feel the terror which men uninstructed to look for such a phenomenon used to feel. The tension is soon relieved by the reappearance of the sickle reversed, and the gradual passage into an every-day light. The lecturer all the while proceeds, explaining the cause of the strange phenomenon—*i.e.*, that the moon has come between the earth and the sun. Attention being thus fastened upon the moon, the spectators are made to approach that body by successive scenes. The next scene affords a look at the earth from a point of view in space at some distance from it. We now see how the same eclipse appears from this point, and see the shadow of the moon sweeping over a small area of the great revolving globe, moving eastward from Berlin over



the Russian border, taking its course between St. Petersburg and Moscow into Asia, where we leave it, on the dropping of the curtain. In the next scene one sees an eclipse of the moon from a point in space where he beholds both earth and moon in their relative size, and sees the moon pass into the broad shadow of the earth. Thus by two successive stages one is brought nearer the moon, until he sees it as the most powerful telescopes present it. With the mountains all spread out before the sight, a disquisition on the moon's surface is intelligible and impressive. Not to give every detail, one is at last introduced to the surface of the moon itself. The grandeur of that dead world is an impressive scene. Then comes a scene representing the moon by earthlight, corresponding to our moonlight night, resolved into sunlight at the close of the scene, as the sun rises, wasting his glory on those desert fields. Then we are shown an eclipse of the sun as seen from the surface of the moon, or how things look there on the occurrence of what we call an eclipse of the moon. Returning to the earth with a comfortable "home again" feeling, but with a new interest in all the operations of our satellite, we have a magnificent scene in the High Alps, sunset, evening glow, and, following, eclipse of the moon, in which the disk is seen still dull red in the earthlight, which we had already seen surrounding us when we witnessed from the moon the same occurrence, or what there appeared as an eclipse of the sun by the earth. Then comes the closing scene, a sunset in St. Paul, a volcanic island of the Indian Ocean, accompanied by a comparison of the so-called volcanoes of the moon with those of the earth. The scene painter has exhausted his art to leave on the mind of the spectator an impression of the glory and beauty of earth encircled by sea and sky and lighted by the glorious sun. The two hours' instruction closed with an appeal to the feelings. The same chords are touched upon which great Nature plays in summer evenings when we have all felt more than we can express. The other representation, *The Primeval World*, a lecture on geology, is incomparably more effective in its scenic display. The twelve scenes present the world in its various conditions from primeval chaos down to the present, with the convulsions through which it passed. It would be tedious to catalogue each scene. Particularly grand is a *Volcanic Outbreak of the Devonian Age*, which changes the whole face of nature. Impressive also are the *Forest of the Carboniferous Age* and a *Jurassic Landscape*, with its giant lizards. When the eleventh scene presents the *Lake of Zurich*, with the morning sun rising upon a simple community of lake dwellers, one feels that the reign of monsters is over, and wants to rise and shout "Hurrah for man!" But when a Mediterranean shore is introduced crowned with eloquent ruins, and pensive music fills the air, the feelings are toned down, and the spectators are sent home in somewhat of that quiet, thoughtful frame of mind in which the old Greek tragedy was supposed to leave them. The story of the origin of the *Urania Institute*, of which the theatre is only one branch, is a very interesting one. Some years ago Professor Forster, the director of the Berlin Astronomical Observatory, and a professor in the university, was troubled by the great number of people, not students, who wished to look at the moon and other heavenly bodies thorough the observatory telescopes. It did not seem right to shut them out.

Germans always have sympathy with one who "wants to know." The observatory management proceeded in a patient German way to take applications and to accommodate the applicants in order so far as possible. But the calendar became clogged with applications six months in advance. Professor Forster appealed to the government, the first and natural resort of a German, for an appropriation to set up telescopes in a separate building, to supply the evident demand. He failed to secure the appropriation. After this there gradually matured in his mind and the minds of several of his associates the idea of an institution of popular instruction, with not only telescopes, but a great quantity of physical apparatus. Then came the thought of calling in that great auxiliary, the stage. Thus, what, as a benevolent enterprise confined to the simple scope of giving people a chance to look through telescopes, was about to be abandoned for lack of funds, now became a promising financial venture. A stock company was formed, and the result was the *Urania*. It has already been in operation a year, and has, I am told, paid eight per cent on the investment. Yet so strong is the feeling that an educational institution of this sort should be supported by the State, that the proprietors still talk of having the government take it off their hands and give it an assured durability. The actuating motives of the projectors of the *Urania* were not mercenary. They felt that a good deal of the pleasure of the poorer people of Berlin was crass. Then, again, the larger theatres, particularly the Royal Theatre, supported by the government, though powerful educational aids, could not reach the poor, who could not afford to buy tickets. The cheap theatre, on the other hand, furnished often cheap stuff, if not worse. Thus came the desire of a cheap theatre which should at the same time be above reproach and yet be interesting. The institute is open from noon until eleven p.m. In the evening, before the theatrical representation, you may see crowds of Germans who "want to know" investigating microscopes, spectroscopes, phonographs, electric railways; in fact, all sorts of electric and magnetic apparatus, and other apparatus, a catalogue of which would be too long to give. Near each piece are "Directions for Use," and willing directors are also constantly moving about the rooms. The six large telescopes have unfortunately been of little use for most of the summer, as rain clouds hovered over Berlin, dropping rain every day for a month and a half previous to July 14th, giving a grim humor to the remark in the *Journey to the Moon*, that the view of the moon which is here vouchsafed is independent of the weather. It should have been remarked earlier that the eclipse of 1887 is here given as it ought to have been, and not as it actually presented itself. Occasionally, in the place of the stage representation, a regular lecture is given. Dr. Schultz-Hencke gives two lectures on photography on two consecutive evenings, with abundant apparatus and experiments on the stage. The characteristic feature and the drawing power of the institute is, however, its novel theatre. The lectures that form the basis of the representations are admirably written by Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer. But they are probably no better than Professor Young could write. In the *Urania*, however, they go in at the eye as well as at the ear. The scene painter and the declaimer are as important as the writer of the lecture, who intrusts his work to them and does not appear.

## PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

## Animals at Their Toilets—From the London Spectator

Brushes and combs most animals carry with them. "Brilliantine" also is carried in a small and handy reservoir by all ducks and divers. Mud serves for cold cream and vaseline; dust for fuller's earth and pearl powder, and water, as with us, is perhaps the most important necessary. But birds especially are mighty particular about the quality of their "toilet dust," and equally nice as to the water in which they prefer to wash. Some use water only, some water or dust, others, dust and no water. Partridges are a good example of the dusting birds, and are most careful in the selection of their dust-baths. Dry loam suits them best. But perhaps their favorite place is a meadow where a few turfs have been removed. There they scratch out the loam, and shuffle backward under the grass roots till their feathers are full of the cool earth. In wet weather they find, if possible, a heap of burnt ashes on the site of a weed fire, and dust there. Sparrows, on the contrary, always choose road dust, the driest and finest possible. Larks also are fond of the road, and dust there in the early morning. But they, too, have their fancy, and choose the dry, gritty part, where the horses' hoofs tread. Wild ducks, though feeding by the salt water, prefer to wash in fresh-water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and wash themselves in the early morning. But, though passing so much time on the water, ducks seem to prefer a shower-bath to any other; and in heavy rain they may be seen opening their feathers and allowing the rain to soak in, after which they dress the whole surface with oil from the reservoir which we mentioned above. Swallows and martins are as nice in their choice of bath water as any "professional beauty;" nothing but newly-fallen rain water thoroughly pleases them, and if tempted to bathe, it is generally by some shallow pool in the road which an hour's sun will evaporate. We have never seen hawks or falcons bathing when wild. Trained birds, in good health, bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peregrine falcon is a very careful performance. But no nymph could be more jealous of a witness than these shy birds, and it is not until after many careful glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her block, and wades into the shallow bath. Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts her broad head under the water, and flings it on to her back, at the same time raising the feathers and letting the drops thoroughly soak them. After bathing head and back, she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water, and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the drops in every direction. The bath over, she flies once more to the block, and turning her back to the sun, spreads every feather of the wing and tail, raises those on the body, and assists the process of drying by a tremulous motion imparted to every quill, looking more like an old cormorant on a buoy than a peregrine. Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animal, with the exception of some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it

over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is always used to apply the "paint" to the face for the stage. One of the most charming pets we have kept, and the most particular as to washing and brushing its feet and fur, was a lovely brown opossum from Tasmania. "Sooty phalangist" was, we believe, its scientific name. It was covered with deep rich brown fur, had a face something like a fox, a pink nose, hands with a nailless thumb, and long claws on the fingers. It washed its feet every two or three minutes. Water-rats are very clean animals, and wash and brush their faces "like Christians." We saw one this summer on a pond at Welling, in Kent, swim out to pick up the blossoms of an acacia tree which were falling on the water. After daintily eating each flower on the bank he licked his hands, wiped his mustaches, and swam off for another. We also tried an acacia blossom, but except a slightly sweet flavor, could find nothing to account for the rat's taste for them. Sporting dogs which are used in mud, snow, and wet are strangely clever and quick in cleaning and drying their coats, and it is a sure sign that a dog has been over-tired if he shows any trace of mud or dirt next morning. Most of their toilet is done with the tongue, but they are very clever at using a thick box bush or the side of a haystack as a rough towel.

## Birds are Reptiles—Dr. Steyneger—Washington Star

You would be astonished to hear a chicken referred to as a reptile, but I do assure you that the zoölogist finds it very difficult to tell why the common barnyard fowl should not be so designated. The same remark applies to all birds, which might fairly be called reptiles with feathers; for the bird is only scientifically distinguished from the reptile by the fact that it has feathers. Pluck a chicken and you have what is to all intents and purposes a reptile. Some time in a far-distant zoölogical epoch there existed creatures which were the common ancestors of the reptiles and birds of to-day. Sprung from the same stock, these two branches of the animal kingdom have simply become differentiated to some slight extent. But even now there is no distinguishable difference of anatomical structure between the bird and the reptile. All the distinction between the two, as I have said, lies in the fact that the reptile has scales, and the bird, feathers. However, feathers and scales are but modifications of the same thing. So you see how it must be very difficult for the physiologist to determine with regard to certain forms whether they are reptilian or of a bird nature. A bird has recently been discovered in South America and named the "hoatzin" which has claws on its wings, and before it has learned to fly, climbs by means of these claws. Yet this is declared to be a bird for the sole reason that it has feathers. The fact of being able to fly does not constitute a bird. Reptiles with wings and powers of flight have existed in the world—notably the pterodactyl of a distant antediluvian era, which was about as big as a turkey. The earliest bird of which any remains have been found

was the archæopteryx, which many authorities are disposed to consider a reptile, and the question regarding it will probably always remain in dispute. Its progenitors were creatures neither bird nor reptile, but a mixture of the two, of which the only memorials discovered are in the shape of footprints made in the rocks when they were forming and yet soft—perhaps millions of years ago. The archæopteryx I spoke of was something like a big pigeon, but had a long tail like a lizard's. Many birds have claws on their wings like the hoatzin, but do not use them. You say that birds lay eggs. Well, so do reptiles. Some reptiles bring forth their young alive, but that is merely because the eggs are hatched before being laid. With snakes and many other reptiles it is simply an accident whether the young are born living or in the egg to be hatched subsequently. Toads and frogs, by-the-way, though commonly termed reptiles, and even classed as such in many museums, are not reptiles at all, but batrachians. In a general way it may be said that whatever has feathers is a bird, and whatever has scales is a reptile; that is about all the difference. Of course, modern science considers that all creatures which have an internal skeleton are derived from the same primary origin. The bird, the fish, the reptile, and that noble animal man are all descended from the same ancestral stock. In the skeleton of a fish, unlike as it seems to that of a human being, can be found every essential part that goes to compose the skeleton of a man. The very unborn human embryo goes through a certain stage of likeness to the shark, which is the most ancient of the fishes, exhibiting even some traces of the gill slits of the shark. It is readily to be understood how this differentiation of species came about. Spread out your hand, with the fingers wide apart, for an illustration, and consider each finger as representing a branch, all of them from a common root. Beginning at this root, a creature millions of years ago, perhaps through necessities of its environment, such as being in a wet place, developed certain characteristics in the direction of what we now call the fish. According to a law of nature, those characteristics would inevitably go on, becoming, through generations, more accentuated. The creature could never go back on its tracks. Therefore you find that, as far back as it can be traced, the fish has been becoming more highly developed, progressively, from age to age, its organs more highly specialized, so that the modern fish is a great improvement over the ancient type. Just as it has been with the fish, so with man and the other mammals and with other branches of living things. All starting from the same ancestral source, they have branched out in different lines, until the likeness among them is now only apparent to the student of anatomy. The wing of the bird and the foreleg of the reptile are but the same thing modified, and the same similarity of parts exists throughout. The most remarkable reptiles of the world belong to an age long past, when the ichthyosaurus, resembling the whale somewhat in size and appearance, though itself a reptile, roamed the ocean's depths in search of prey. It was the whale of that ancient epoch, though the whale is a mammal. About as big as the ichthyosaurus—often attaining sixty feet in length, that is to say—was the pleiosaurus, which has been compared to the body of an enormous tortoise threaded through with that of a gigantic serpent. Then there was the most astonishing of the reptiles of

that era, the dinosaur, which resembled in appearance a cross between the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, but larger than either, although at the same time it was more nearly related to the birds than any other reptile of which remains have been found.

#### How Salmon are Hatched—From the New York Times

Swimming in a small stream, distant from the sea about thirty miles, and from the river where they were caught three miles, near Bangor, Maine, are about two hundred robust salmon, male and female, the property of the United States and of the State of Maine, all of which are soon to have the assistance of man in producing millions of their kind. They swam in from the sea last spring with thousands of others, weighing on their arrival about twenty-five pounds each, and, had they avoided the fish-weirs of the fishermen, would have deposited spawn and milt along the spawning-beds prepared by nature, where fully two-thirds of it would have been devoured by eels, suckers, chubs, pickerel, and other fish. But they were caught alive, tenderly transferred to submerged cars, which were afterward towed inland, and now, in their narrow quarters, are being carefully tended. They are in what is known as Craig Brook, the only sea-salmon hatchery place in the world. At this place, in years past, Uncle Sam has expended many thousands of dollars in experiments, and here, too, millions upon millions of fish, have been artificially brought into being, and have been distributed in the waters of Maine and sent abroad to England, Germany, and Australia. The fish, two-thirds of which are females, are purchased late in June and early in July, and until October are allowed the freedom of the river for a distance of a quarter of a mile. The bed of the river is of mud and not at all to the liking of the salmon, which will make no attempt to spawn thereon, but at the upper end there is another and a much smaller inclosure, having a bottom of gravel. Into this comes the female when "ripe," or ready to deliver a portion of her eggs, and following her is seen the male salmon. About this time one of Uncle Sam's dip-nets is placed under her, and she is lifted, flapping and fighting-mad, to the bank. Then thousands of eggs are forced into a broad and shallow tin pan underneath, and the fish is again placed in the water. The male fish is similarly treated. Enough eggs only are taken to cover the bottom of the pan. They are of a gelatine-like substance, soft and flabby. In each there is a minute opening, and the milt, spreading over them as oil spreads over water, enters each aperture, impregnating the whole. Soon the eggs take on a yellow hue, assume the firm shape of the pea, and grow brittle. The salmon egg at first is not unlike glass and will not bear transportation. Frames about 18 inches square, in which are stretched fine wire screens, are brought out, and on these the eggs are placed. These frames are termed trays, and are not unlike household wire screens. Perhaps they are piled one dozen high, taken into the hatching-house, and submerged into water. This hatching-house is at the foot of a dam, and water flowing down into it fills large wooden troughs to a depth of several feet. Thus the eggs are in gently-moving water, the temperature of which grows lower as the winter approaches. The process continues until all the eggs have been taken from the females and all the milt from the males, when they are allowed to return to the sea. When bought,



every fish is weighed and given a ledger account, and before he or she is allowed to depart, a credit is given, and the account closed. About the first of the new year there appears upon such eggs what is known as eye-spots. At this stage the eggs look like black-eyed peas, and can be frozen, shaken, or transported with safety. In March or April, according to the warmth of the spring, the submerged egg begins to assume the shape of the pollywog—all head and tail—and about half an inch in length. This change is brought about by the temperature of the spring water alone. The fish seems to be born of part of the egg, the remainder seems to anchor him, and on this he feeds for a while, the anchor growing less each day, and the fish larger. It is a wonderful provision of nature that with the egg is given forth food for the period the young salmon is helpless. In May or early June the attachment has been eaten, and the pollywog-like fellow looks something like a fish. Now comes the time for distribution. Large cans of the capacity of a flour-barrel are brought forth, and into these the small fry are dipped with a good supply of water, and taken where desired. Maine takes from 250,000 to 500,000 each year. In times past these have been let go in the Penobscot and St. Croix rivers, and as a result tons of twenty and thirty pound salmon are taken each season, being a large source of revenue to coast fishermen, and commanding in the early season \$1 per pound or more in Boston and New York markets, though later the price at home runs as low as 15 cents per pound per fish. One peculiarity of the fish is noticeable. Let 100,000 small salmon be placed in the Penobscot River, a like number in the St. Croix, and in the River St. John, in New Brunswick, and in time, when they are grown to a spawning age, each fish that returns will seek his native river. Then, too, the flesh of the fish differs with the rivers, and no one familiar with the Penobscot salmon can be deceived with a fish from the provinces. Salmon spawn only once in two years; eat nothing at all during that season, and therefore no food is found in them. They are laid upon the block when for sale, whole, and are sliced like beef from a dressed quarter. Such salmon as take the fly in rivers, therefore, take it undoubtedly in sport, and this accounts for the success which anglers often experience from a change of fly. But land-locked salmon, of course, being confined in fresh waters always, must eat, and therefore take bait. Where the sea salmon gets its food no man knoweth. Nevertheless, as has been said, the flesh of the salmon of different rivers has different hues and different tastes. It was about thirteen years ago that Maine began the distribution of land-locked salmon throughout the State. It did not require much experience to convince the Fish and Game Commissioners that these fish would thrive only under certain food conditions. The first requisite is access to large, quick-running streams with gravel bottoms to which the fish can have free access. Then the pond or lake where they are to flourish must be stocked with smelts. The smelt is a spring-spawning fish, hatching out at about the time the young salmon appears. The progeny of the smelt is so small as to be rightly-proportioned food for the young salmon, and on these tiny fish the salmon will multiply wonderfully. The first land-locked salmon liberated in the State were let go into the Rangeley waters, and in what is known as Weld Pond. These waters were favor-

able, and as a result the fishing has increased until, in 1889, none better could be found in the Northern States. Hundreds were taken, some weighing over eleven pounds each. Five years ago Wilton Pond was stocked, and last season eight-pound fish were caught which could not possibly have been more than four years old. Other ponds have been stocked; the young fish have worked along the brooks and streams in the spring when the freshets were on, into still other lakes and ponds until now, outside of Moosehead Lake, nearly as many salmon as trout are taken from the inland waters. All over the State are heard calls for eggs, but only such ponds as meet the above spawning and food requirements are stocked. The first land-locked salmon eggs purchased for Maine waters came from the United States land-locked salmon hatchery, situated on the border line between Maine and New Brunswick, and of these 500,000 were hatched and let go. Later, when these began to spawn, the State established a hatchery of its own, and since then has had eggs to sell, the average cost of production being only \$1.50 per thousand. One odd feature of this interesting industry is the method of packing for transportation. Oddly enough, the eggs are taken from the water. A box 15 inches square and 4 inches high is made of some light material. A layer of one inch of moss is deposited in the bottom, and a bit of wet mosquito-netting thrown over it. Next a layer of eggs is put in, more mosquito-netting is doubled back over them, then another layer of eggs, the process continuing until there are four layers of eggs—about 12,000 possible salmon in all. From four to six boxes—72,000 possible fish—are placed in a tier, and these are packed in sawdust in one large case. These eggs may weigh ten pounds, and should all hatch and grow to be ten-pound fish, they would then weigh about 108 tons, which fact demonstrates a wonderful increase in nature. If sea salmon are treated the same way, and the hatching be attended with equally favorable results, the weight of the fish at maturity would be over 1,080 tons, allowing thirty pounds for each fish. Salmon eggs, packed as above, can be and are shipped to all parts of the world. It is said that where salmon and trout spawn naturally hereabouts only eight eggs out of every hundred hatch, and, as it is conceded some of the young fry become food for stronger fish, the State is keeping the young fish for one year, not allowing them to go free until strong and of good size.

Freaks of Nature—Felix L. Oswald—New York Ledger

Professor Agassiz used to tell a good story about his friend Buckland, the British naturalist, who, on one of his visits to the London Zoo, was attacked by a babiroussa, or horned boar, and had to save himself by a headlong retreat. "That brute would have knocked you down if he had struck you with his horns," remarked a sympathizing friend. "Oh, I don't care," said the philosopher, "but it worries me to notice that he never does use his horns, as you call them. They are horn-shaped tusks and curved too much backward to be of any service in fighting. What in the world can be their practical purpose?" Naturalists of that sort are liable to a good deal of worry. Nature abounds with unexplained phenomena. Of what use, for instance, is the long tail of the male pheasant, to a bird that has often to save itself by flight? In some varieties (as in the Chinese silver-pheasant), the problematic

appendage is nearly six feet long, and makes it almost impossible for its proprietor to take wing at short notice. In running through the tangled underbrush of a tropical forest, the tail is hardly less obstructive, and is certainly not ornamental enough to compensate its undesirable tendencies. And again: of what benefit to its owner are the enormous horns of the Wapiti stag—antlers with a spread of fifty-six inches and a weight of twenty-five pounds? Besides stretching left and right, almost as far as a man of average size could extend his arms, they send out a number of lateral branches, forming a system of hooks and prongs exquisitely adapted to catch against every bush as the encumbered animal dashes along through the maze of its native woods. "I would not care for the bite of a mosquito if it wasn't for its infernal whine," I have heard many people say; and it seems, indeed, not quite easy to understand of what profit the droning or buzzing sound of its wings can be to any blood-sucking insect. It merely serves to warn or annoy its intended victims, to whom it can hardly be more aggravating than to the whining little vampire itself. A still greater enigma is the deadly virus of the African tsetse fly. In Southern Nubia there are districts where herdsmen have to drive their cattle hundreds of miles every spring to avoid the bite of the little pest, whose private purpose is limited to extraction of a few drops of blood, and whose interests have no imaginable connection with the subsequent agony of its victims. A day or two after a stout steer has been bitten, strange swellings appear under his jaw and about the groins; the animal shivers and twitches, as if in extreme distress, and finally dies in convulsions, often attended with outbreaks of fury, similar to those observed in an advanced stage of hydrophobia. The testimony of such travellers as Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker leaves no doubt about the actuality of the described results; yet if a wasp should be provided with an apparatus to poison every pear it nibbles, the arrangement could hardly appear more preposterous. The gratuitous destructiveness of certain carnivorous animals presents a very similar problem. An otter in a well-stocked fishpond will kill about fifty fishes for one it eats, and the murderous instinct of the weasel and the European pine-marten far exceeds the needs and conceivable interests of the little demons. An amateur poultry fancier of my acquaintance once lost twenty-eight imported chickens in a single night, all of them having been killed by a small sharp bite into the base of the brain. In three or four cases the murderer had gnawed the skull of its prey and torn open the neck in quest of blood, but, with those exceptions, the massacre seemed to have been prompted by a sheer wanton love of havoc. With a little more prudence, the poultry-loving marten could have repeated his visits and banquets for a long series of nights, and have all his depredations credited to one or the other of the half-hundred different disorders fowls are heir to, for the hen-house harbored an army of feathered bipeds, some of them always on the sick-list. But that one night's mischief ended the game. The fiend was tracked to his loop-hole, and trapped the very next evening. As a rule, defenceless animals are dressed in the colors best adapted to conceal them from their enemies, and kind Nature goes so far as to vary the protective hue of certain creatures with the different seasons of the year, as in the case of the Norwegian grouse, whose plumage

is brown in summer but turns white at the approach of winter. But the close study of that rule reveals some curious exceptions. In the arctic regions, where snow-white would be the best possible protective color, several species of seal are dressed in suits of black and dark-brown that contrast strikingly with the bleak surface of the ice-fields, and attract polar bears and other connoisseurs of seal-skin from a distance of many miles. Sparrow-hawks often pursue tanagers, or summer red-birds, that try their best to escape by darting into a thicket of tangle-vines, but are betrayed again and again by a color that "flames as if it was going to set the woods afire," as Henry Thoreau expresses it. Several species of tropical finches are attired in even more risky hues—a glaring combination of white and scarlet or of yellow and dark-blue; colors that cannot possibly escape the attention of even a casual observer. Butterflies fight the struggle for existence under similar disadvantages, and many species of their helpless caterpillars seem to have been colored expressly for the convenience of their chief enemies, the predatory ichneumon wasps, that can hardly fail to see a coil of red and dark-brown worms in a green tree. Every now and then parent animals of various colors are surprised by the birth of a snow-white youngster with pink eyes. There are albino sparrows, albino rats, mice, pigs, cats, weasels, horses, turkeys, and even albino crows and starlings. There are also albino children, and pathologists have learnedly explained the reason why pallid hair and reddish eyes are apt to appear together. But what is the significance of the whole phenomenon? Can it be a case of atavism—reversion to the type of an earlier ancestor—bleached, perhaps, by long exposure to a polar climate? The monstrosities of the animal creation have been divided into "monsters by excess," "monsters by defect," and "monsters by displacement of special organs;" and only medical specialists know what an amazing number of different malformations have been recorded under the heads of those three classes. Children with two or three heads, trunks born without any head at all, mouthless children, children with both nostrils closed or both eyes consolidated à la Cyclops, web-toed babies, and babies with monkey-claws, are found in every class of anatomical museums; and, but for the ancient pagan (and modern Chinese) custom of destroying such prodigies, we might have bottled evidence of even stranger malformations. As a rule, Nature appears averse to the perpetuation of abnormal forms, but that rule, too, admits of remarkable exceptions. In Northern Kamtschatka a whole tribe of natives is covered with a dense growth of poodle-hair, and Darwin mentions a special breed of sheep with hereditary bow-legs. The pretty little marmoset monkey, with its silken tresses, is found as a household pet on nearly every Brazilian plantation, and the visitors of the Rio pet-stores are occasionally shown specimens with short, woolly hair, often associated with a thicker skull and a more mischievous disposition. Those freaks of nature often pair with the ordinary, long-haired kind, which transmits its type to the offspring; but in Para I was shown a whole cageful of wool-headed imps, said to have originated from the union of two monos chinios, or curly marmosets, of exceptional vitality. Should it be possible that our wooly brother, Sambo, in some mysterious way we cannot at present understand, is the result of a similar accident?

## FAMOUS CHAPTERS—GLAUCUS IN THE ARENA\*

The door of the cell swung gratingly back—the gleam of spears shot along the wall.

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice; "the lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian. When he came forth into the air, its breath, which, though sunless, was hot and arid, smote witheringly upon him. His frame, not yet restored from the effects of the deadly draught he had taken, shrank and trembled.

The officers supported him and anointed his body, completely naked save by a cincture round the loins, placed the stylus (vain weapon!) in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear, all fear itself, was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features; he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but frowning brow, in the high disdain, he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land; of the divinity of its worship; at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the centre of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing was rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head—snuffed the air through the bars—then lay down—started again—and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below.

The ædile's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale: he looked anxiously around—hesitated—delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar. The keeper hastily retreated.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But, to the astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the up-

ward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger: its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment. The ædile called to the keeper.

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle; voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair dishevelled, breathless, heated, half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring.

"Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste; he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian; he is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there, stand back, give way. People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces; there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat.

"The priest Calenus—Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No—it is a dead man!"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis: these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "remove the Athenian—Arbaces to the lion!"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea—"Arbaces to the lion!"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus—remove, but

\* From "The Last Days of Pompeii." By E. Bulwer Lytton. This scene is 74 A.D., the day of the destruction of the city by the eruption of Vesuvius; the lion and all other brute life seemed to feel the coming convulsion long before man had any warning. Glaucus the Greek, condemned to death for the murder of the priest Apæcides, is now led into the arena to fight the lion.



guard him yet," said the prætor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day."

As the prætor gave the word of release, there was a cry of joy; a female voice, a child's voice; and it was of joy! It rang through the heart of the assembly with electrical force; it was touching, it was holy, that child's voice. And the populace echoed it back with sympathizing congratulation.

"Silence!" said the grave prætor; "who is there?"

"The blind girl—Nydia," answered Sallust; "it is her hand that has raised Calenus from the grave, and delivered Glaucus from the lion."

"Of this hereafter," said the prætor. "Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides? Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Prætor—with these eyes——"

"Enough at present. Arbaces of Egypt, thou hearest the charge against thee—thou hast not yet spoken—what hast thou to say?"

The gaze of the crowd had been long riveted on Arbaces: but not until the confusion which he had betrayed at the first charge of Sallust and the entrance of Calenus had subsided. At the shout "Arbaces to the lion!" he had indeed trembled, and the dark bronze of his cheek had taken a paler hue. But he had recovered his haughtiness and self-control.

"Prætor, this charge is so mad that it scarcely deserves reply. My first accuser is the noble Sallust—the most intimate friend of Glaucus! my second is a priest; I revere his garb and calling—but, people of Pompeii! ye know somewhat of Calenus—he is griping and gold-thirsty to a proverb; the witness of such men is to be bought! Prætor, I am innocent!"

"Sallust, where found you Calenus?"

"In the dungeon of Arbaces."

"Egyptian," said the prætor, frowning, "thou didst dare to imprison a priest of the gods—wherefore?"

"Hear me," answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune: I remonstrated—in vain. Peace there—let not the priest interrupt me! Noble prætor and ye, O people! I was a stranger in the land—I knew myself innocent of crime—but the witness of a priest against me might yet destroy me. In my perplexity I decoyed him to the cell whence he has been released. I resolved to detain him there until the fate of the true criminal was sealed, and his threats could avail no longer; but I meant no worse. I may have erred—but who among ye will not acknowledge the equity of self-preservation? For the rest, I throw myself on your laws. I demand their protection. Remove hence the accused and the accuser. I will cheerfully abide by the decision of the legitimate tribunal."

"He says right," said the prætor. "Ho! guards—remove Arbaces—guard Calenus! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Resume the sports."

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people, "shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall justice be delayed now, that it may be frustrated hereafter? Shall the lion be cheated of lawful prey? A god! a god! I feel the god rush to my lips! To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!"

His exhausted frame could support no longer the ferocious malice of the priest; he sank on the ground

in strong convulsions; the foam gathered to his mouth; he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw, and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man! To the lion with the Egyptian!"

With that cry up sprang, on moved, thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights; they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command; in vain did the prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood; they thirsted for more. It was one of those convulsions common to crowds ignorant, half-free and half-servile; and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word, the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches. They made but a feeble barrier; the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd; when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high: over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted, with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar; "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld with dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence; through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beasts. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high, shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb.

At that moment they felt the earth shake under their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself; far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower.

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen; amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the great cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

## CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

*A Boston Symphony—The Chicago Advance*

Across the moorlands of the Not  
 We chase the gruesome When,  
 And hunt the Itness of the What  
 Through forests of the Then.  
 Into the inner consciousness  
 We track the crafty Where;  
 We spear the Ego tough, and beard  
 The Ergo in his lair.  
 With lassos of the brain we catch  
 The Isness of the Was,  
 And in the corses of the Whence  
 We hear the Think bees buzz.  
 We climb the slippery Which bark tree  
 To watch the Thusness roll,  
 And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes  
 To woo the Over-Soul.

*Ich Bin Dein—New York News Letter*

This poem in English, French, German, Greek, and Latin, is one of the best specimens of Macaronic verse in existence.

In tempus old a hero lived.  
 Qui loved puellas deux:  
 He no pouvait pas quite-to say,  
 Which one amabat mieux.  
 Dit-il lui-même un beau matin,  
 "Non possum both avoir,  
 Sed si address Amanda Ann.  
 Then Kate and I have war.  
 Amanda habet argent coin,  
 Sed Ka e has aureas curls:  
 Et both sunt very agathæ  
 Et quite formosæ girls."  
 Enfin the youthful anthropos,  
 Philoun the duo maids,  
 Resolved preponere ad Kate,  
 Devant cet evening's shades.  
 Procedens then to Kate's domo,  
 Il trouve Amanda there,  
 Kai quite forgot his late resolves,  
 Both sunt so goodly fair.  
 Sed smiling on the new tapis,  
 Between puellas twain,  
 Cœpit to tell his love à Kate  
 Dans un poetique strain.  
 Mais, glancing ever et anon  
 At fair Amanda's eyes,  
 Illæ non possunt dicere  
 Pro which he meant his sighs.  
 Each virgo heard the demi-vow,  
 With cheeks as rouge as wine,  
 And off'ring each a milk-white hand,  
 Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

*To Tell the Age of a Horse—The Horseman*

To tell the age of any horse,  
 Inspect the lower jaw of course;  
 The six front teeth the tale will tell,  
 And every doubt and fear dispel.  
 Two middle "nippers" you behold  
 Before the colt is two weeks old.  
 Before eight weeks two more will come,  
 Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.  
 The outside grooves will disappear  
 From middle two in just one year.  
 In two years, from the second pair;  
 In three, the corners, too, are bare.  
 At two the middle "nippers" drop,  
 At three the second pair can't stop.  
 When four years old the third pair goes,  
 At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view  
 At six years from the middl<sup>h</sup> wo<sup>o</sup>  
 The second pair at seven years,  
 At eight the spot each "corner" clears.  
 From middle "nippers" upper jaw  
 At nine the black spots will withdraw;  
 The second pair at ten are white;  
 Eleven finds the "corners" light.  
 As time goes on, the horsemen know,  
 The oval teeth three-sided grow;  
 They longer get, project before  
 Till twenty, when we know no more.

*A Welsh Song—From the Melbourne Age.*

Gryffod-ap-Llewellyn Plymm—  
 Watta nnaym to goeto bbedwyth—  
 Hhee wydd fyille uppe to tthe eerss  
 Rhumm-n-jynn-n-bbittye bbeers,  
 Ann-y-thynnge to sswelle hys heddwyth!  
 Yt wyz aull tthe ssaym to hymme,  
 Gryffod-ap-Llewellyn Plymm,  
 Ffulle uf llikkyr ty tthe brymm!

CHORUS—Sso settemup byffoer u ggo:  
 Ther ys nno llikkyr ddoun bbelloe.

*Hang Up the Baby's Stocking—Wit and Wisdom*

Hang up the baby's stocking. Be  
 sure you don't forget. The dear  
 little dimpled darling, she never  
 saw Christmas yet! But I've  
 told her all about it, and she opened  
 her big blue eyes; and I'm sure  
 she understood it; she looked so  
 funny and wise. \*\* Dear, what  
 a tiny stocking! It doesn't take  
 much to hold, such little pink toes  
 as baby's, away from the frost and  
 cold. But then, for the baby's  
 Christmas, it will never do at all.  
 Why! Santa wouldn't be look-  
 ing for anything half so  
 small. \*\* I know what  
 will do for the baby. I've  
 thought of the very best  
 plan. I'll borrow a  
 stocking of Grandma's,  
 the longest that ever  
 I can. And you'll  
 hang it by mine,  
 dear mother, right  
 here in the corner,  
 so! And leave a  
 letter to Santa, and  
 fasten it on to the  
 toe. \*\* Write—this  
 is the baby's stocking,  
 that hangs in the corner  
 here. You never have  
 seen her, Santa, for  
 she only came this  
 year. But she's  
 just the blessed'st  
 baby. And now,  
 before you go,  
 just cram her  
 stocking with  
 goodies, from  
 the top clean  
 down to  
 t h e  
 toe

## PRATTLE-CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

*Johnny—John E. McCann—Songs from an Attic*

Johnny's hair is just like silk,  
 Johnny's eyes are brown;  
 Johnny's skin is just like milk,  
 Johnny's lip hangs down.  
 Johnny in the corner stands,  
 Johnny bites his thumb;  
 Johnny doubles up his hands—  
 Johnny's glum.  
 Johnny's looks are very black,  
 Johnny's blood is hot;  
 Johnny waves his breakfast back.  
 Johnny eat? Guess not!  
 Johnny's heart goes pit-a-pat,  
 Johnny's nurse is sad;  
 Johnny does not care for that—  
 Johnny's mad.  
 Johnny's only three years old—  
 Johnny's rather young!  
 Johnny showed to-day, I'm told,  
 Johnny's little tongue.  
 Johnny cries (don't Johnny blame!—  
 Johnny's human quite);  
 Johnny's brand-new sister came  
 Here last night.

*Cradle Song—Edith M. Norris—Yankee Blade*

They spread their sails and sped away,  
 O'er seas of darkling blue;  
 And brought the best from many lands,  
 My little one, for you.  
 Soft silks to wrap thy dainty limbs;  
 Sea corals, white and red,  
 Rare perfumes, strings of shining pearls,  
 And down to line thy bed.  
 The sailor's babe has hair of gold,  
 That falls in silken curls;  
 Between his parted coral lips  
 Are rows of seedling pearls;  
 And when the fierce storm-dragons blow  
 Their trumpet-blasts of glee,  
 His mother folds him closer yet,  
 A-sleeping on her knee.

Oh, hush thee, hush thee, baby mine!  
 What if the night be dark?  
 The same eye watches lovingly  
 Babe's bed and sailor's bark;  
 And He who in His mighty hand  
 Doth hold the land and sea,  
 Hath care for both His little ones,—  
 The sailor's babe and thee.

*A Boy's Belief—Eva Best—Harper's Young People*

It isn't much fun a-living  
 If grandpa says what's true,  
 That this is the jolliest time of life  
 That I'm a-passing through.  
 I'm 'fraid he can't remember,  
 It's been so awful long.  
 I'm sure if he could recollect  
 He'd know that he was wrong.  
 Did he ever have, I wonder,  
 A sister just like mine,  
 Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,  
 Or tangle up his twine?  
 Did he ever chop the kindling,  
 Or fetch in coal and wood,  
 Or offer to turn the wringer?  
 If he did, he was awful good!  
 In summer, it's "weed the garden;"  
 In winter, it's "shovel the snow;"

For there isn't a single season  
 But has its work, you know.  
 And then when a fellow's tired,  
 And hopes he may just sit still,  
 It's "Bring me a pail of water, son,  
 From the spring at the foot of the hill."  
 How can grandpa remember  
 A fellow's grief or joy?  
 'Tween you and me, I don't believe  
 He ever was a boy.  
 Is this the jolliest time o' life?  
 Believe it I never can;  
 Nor that it's as nice to be a boy  
 As a really grown-up man.

*Armenian Lullaby—Eugene Field—Chicago News*

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,  
 My mulberry one, my golden son!  
 The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
 My pretty cosset lambkin!  
 And thou shalt swing in an almond tree  
 With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—  
 A silver boat in a golden sea—  
 My velvet love, my nestling dove,  
 My own pomegranate blossom!  
 The stork shall guard thee passing well  
 All night, my sweet, my dimple feet!  
 And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,  
 My gentle rain-of-springtime!  
 And, for thy slumbrous play, shall twine  
 The diamond stars with an emerald vine—  
 To trail in the waves of ruby wine—  
 My hyacinth-bloom, my heart's perfume,  
 My cooing little turtle!

And when the morn wakes up to see  
 My apple-bright, my soul's delight,  
 The partridge shall come calling thee,  
 My jar of milk-and-honey!  
 Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies  
 In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,  
 If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,  
 You wakeful one, you naughty son,  
 You chirping little sparrow!

*Greedy—Sidney Dare—St. Nicholas*

A greedy fellow? I should say!  
 They passed the apples round this way  
 And then he snatched—he couldn't wait—  
 The biggest one upon the plate.  
 Such greediness I do despise!  
 I had been keeping both my eyes  
 Upon that apple, for, you see,  
 The plate was coming, next, to me.  
 'Twas big and mellow, just the kind  
 A greedy chap would like to find.  
 He laughed as if he thought it fun—  
 I meant to take that very one.

*A Christmas-Eve Adventure—Child Verse*

You awake, Mamie?	Dess I don't like it much,—
I tan't do s'leep;	Dere he tums, hark!
Tink hear Santy T'la;	Now I'll just tell 'oo,
Wis' I tood peep!	Mamie, my dear;
Dem's our stottins;	I se faid he won't like it,
Dess what we'll det?	Findin' us here.
Santy T'la tummin'?	What makes 'oo shiver?
Ain't tummin' yet,	Starin' just so!
'Tause it's so early.	Shut 'oor eyes, Mamie,
Let's go hide dere	I say, let's go;
Back o' dat sofa,	I ain't a bit frightened,
Look troo our hair,	But let's—just for fun—
Back o' dis sofa?	See who tan det back first,
Such a wide dark,	Tum, Mamie, let's yun.



## THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

Sunset on the Piedmont Ridge—E. V. B.—New York Sun

Sunrise in the sunny South, especially in the low-lying pond-lands of the cotton belt, is a wondrous pageant, a short but brilliant and glorious first act in the drama of a sunny day in the depths of the shining land of Dixie. The phenomenon gives to the artist soul a composition which no painter can ever put on canvas. The gorgeous sunsets of that land he may faintly portray perhaps, but not her sunrise glories. For brush and pencil cannot reproduce that great white silver sun, bigger than the biggest sort of cart-wheel, which bursts above a horizon of silver mist, and in an instant floods the vast expanse of fields, forests, and sedgy borders around the clear, dark ponds, with a veil of silver lace dotted with diamonds. The color-shades beneath the glittering web would test severely the combinations of his palette, but that multi-colored mosaic, set in silver flagree and diamond dust, punctuated here and there with huge solitaires, no artist could ever express. A match to this masterpiece in nature's art gallery, to be hung only in the halls of memory, is a golden sunset on the Piedmont Ridge, in middle Georgia. The Piedmont Ridge is that bold escarpment of rolling highlands thrown like a scarf around the shoulders of the Blue Ridge from Virginia to northern Alabama. It forms the foot-hills on the Atlantic side of the great Appalachian chains, within whose embrace lies the land of the sky. The principal peaks of the Blue Ridge are continually in sight of the tourist from the western windows of the cars that run over what is called the Piedmont Air Line Railway. The sunsets over those peaks furnish one of the many surprises of pleasure which greet the southern-bound northern or foreign traveller in Dixie land. A few weeks ago I witnessed one of those golden sunsets on the Piedmont Ridge, at a point in Georgia where the peaks of the Kenesaw Mountains form the northwestern boundary of a horizon that dips into a deep and wide valley between them and the ridge. A storm had been muttering behind the mountains all the afternoon, but the sky was clear as crystal, and blue as lapis lazuli overhead. I was on my way to the station at Douglassville, travelling satchel in hand, and stopped for a rest on a bridge spanning the deep cut of the railway at that point, when the day god hung about half an hour high over the Kenesaws. There was a hush in all the summer air, a rumble like distant thunder or heavy artillery from behind the mountains. Suddenly from a gap between two peaks rose up a little black tongue of cloud, "like a man's foot," "no bigger than a man's hand." I knew what it meant, and ran at full speed, like Elijah's servant on his errand to Achab, not, however, to tell others to fly from the coming storm, but to find shelter myself in the station-house about three hundred yards away. By the time I had reached it, the cloud had risen five feet in the gap, pouring through it, and like an inky pall had spread over a third of the sky and nearly all of the valley. Sharp zigzag lightnings, accompanied with sharper strokes of thunder, like the cracking of a hundred rifles amid an incessant roll as of artillery, broke in quick succession from the rapidly moving cloudy mass. It was like a battle cloud instinct with psychic force. It looked as if it

knew what it was about. Its horrible beauty was so absolutely fascinating as to make the beholder forgetful of the mighty dangers it held in its dark embrace. As it approached the ridge on which the village stands it seemed to fairly rush along the valley. Suddenly it broke with terrific fury into rain and wind as it rose higher and higher in the sky, completely shutting out the mountains and darkening the sun. Great drops of rain fell, like cupfuls of water dashed against the panes of glass in the station-house windows. The gale, sweeping from northeast to southwest, bore the cloud down the valley. The storm broke in fury on the western half of the village, while the eastern part was only streaked with falling rain-drops, glittering in a belt of sunlight that broke from behind the cloud as it roared on its way southwestward, carrying its awful artillery along with it. As it disappeared a rainbow suddenly flashed like magic across it, dipping into it, spanning the blue arch above, and tinting, with its seven iris-hued bands, the landscape and village on the east. I turned to the west. The sun was sinking amid bars of gold and green and rose and violet, behind the Kenesaws. Those radiating bands of color reached to the very zenith, and laid themselves in bars of glory down the mountains and across the valley, with all its verdure glittering with rain-drops. As the bars began to fade there was another roar. This time it was not a storm that came. But the northern-bound train, with its black engine belching forth pine-knot smoke and snorting out fire, rushed upon the scene, making its furious entrée from under the bridge where I had stood not twenty minutes before, catching the first glimpse of that quick-moving, rapid-growing black tongue of cloud that heralded that magical, swift, and awful mountain storm. Slowly faded the evening's green and gold and rosy hues into the deep purple of the short Southern twilight as our train sped onward to Atlanta. Then the stars came out, all ablaze in the blue of a sky hanging, like "the inverted bell of a great flower, sprinkled with golden dust and healthly fragrance," over all the earth on every fair, delicious night that falls upon the weird and wondrous land of Dixie.

A Japanese Love Story—Edwin Arnold—London Telegraph

A love story will outlive the memory of long wars and great princes. There exists a proof of this in a little village, which I recently visited, not far from Tokio. The village is named Meguro, and lies about three miles from the capital, amid bamboo groves and clumps of wild camellias, on the banks of a stream called the Furu Rawa, which runs into the Sumida. Here lie buried, near the temple of Fudo-Sama, Shiral Gompachi and Ko-Murasaki, his beautiful mistress. And although it is two hundred and thirty years since these lovers were laid there together under the bamboos, their memory remains still as green as the leaves that flutter above them. Everybody hereabouts knows their story; every one can relate it to you with the minutest particulars; every one, sooner or later, repairs to their grave to burn a stick of incense there, and afterward to sit in the delightful, quaint, little tea house by the beautiful pool of white lotus and feed the tame carp, with morsels from the pink and green biscuits in their hands, while quietly meditating, each in

his own peculiar way, on what the immortal Shakespeare has expressed:

Golden boys and girls all must  
Consign to this, and come to dust.

My Japanese friends and I took the wrong road with our rurumas, and, thanks to this happy mistake, meandered on wheels for half the sunny afternoon through a country wonderfully rustic, considering that Tokio was so near at hand. The rice fields stretched out on all sides, bright with the young crop, over which were flitting great dragon-flies, blue and bronze, and butterflies as big as bats, with black velvet and crimson, or brown and amber, or saffron and scarlet wings. On the drier ground, interminable rows of the egg-plant, nasubi, hung heavy with the black-purple fruit, now everywhere in use as a vegetable, and clumps of hydrangea, with pale blue clustering blossoms, grew beside the little huts of wood, paper, and thatch, where the Japanese babies, glad of the summer heat, played stark naked. Every now and then, at the foot of a wooded slope, you would see the red torii of a shrine raised to Inari-Sama, the deity of farming, who has the fox for his badge and gives or withholds bumper crops. On the banks and fences not many wild flowers are observed blooming, but you do notice two or three lilies—among them a Crown Imperial—late irises, a small white umbellifer, like our meadow-sweet, and the little sprays of the lithospermum, after which "Little Wild Indigo" was named. You would very much miss the birds which render an English country lane so vocal. The Japanese woods sadly lack feathered musicians, but in the open districts our own lark may be heard, and there is a little songster, the Cettria cantans. Presently we plunge into a bamboo thicket, where the long green canes and arrow-headed foliage make the road by their flickering shadows a mosaic of black and gold; and so we come into the right road at the entrance of the village of Meguro, where stands an old Shinto fane surrounded by tall, dark, cryptomeria trees. This is a favorite place with jealous women who wish to turn the hearts of indifferent lovers. The Japanese day is divided into twelve periods, named after the rat, ox, tiger, and hare; the dragon, horse, snake, and ram; and the ape, cock, hog, and fox. In the watch of the ox—ushi no-toki—that is to say, about three in the morning, the wronged damsel goes, in a white kimono, with a candle lighted in a fillet on her head and with a mirror bound round her neck, carrying a little straw figure representing her wayward lover, which she nails to one of the great trees, praying to the genius of the place to turn his unkind heart or punish him with sickness. Further on, another little temple is seen in a grove—that of Taku-Shi; and as the image here came to shore riding on a cuttle-fish, nobody who resorts to it is allowed to use the Tka for food. Now we turn between two tea houses, where the musmees, in chorus, beseech us to enter as soon as we have made our "honorable supplications," and the jinricksha rolls into the paved court of the celebrated temple of Fudo-Sama. At the bottom of the stone stairway leading to the chief shrine are to be seen chapels, in the Japanese style, containing effigies of Emma, the judge of the wicked, who is really the Indian god Yama, regent of the dead, imported with Buddhism; and of Shodzuka-No-Baba, the old hag who waits on the banks of the river dividing this world from the next, and strips little children of their earthly clothing there, setting them afterward

to pick up stones if their friends in this life have not previously filled the lap of Jizo with pebbles to propitiate her. At the left of the steps sparkles a pool of clear water, led by a small waterfall flowing through the mouth of a brass dragon. When we approached, a penitent sinner was standing under this heavy jet of water, receiving it on his head, and praying hard all the time with clasped palms. This is called the Sui-Giyo, or "water cure" for sin, and is considered highly efficacious, as well as rather pleasant in summer. Another penitent was doing the Hiyakudo, or "hundred-turn walk," passing backward and forward between two points and repeating a prayer at each run, the tally of which he kept by depositing on a stone at every round a twisted straw. If you do not feel wicked or warm enough to go through either of these lustral performances, you can get quit of quite a number of peccadillos by buying outside the temple some small birds, fish, or tortoises, and setting them free into the woods or the water, in honor of the compassion of the Lord Buddha. We mount the stone steps and reach the shrine, painted bright red, and roofed with copper, containing some very curious images and treasures, and among them a particularly strange bronze figure of a dragon coiled round a sword, supposed to symbolize the two principles of life. In front of the altar gongs are suspended, which you sound by banging them with a twisted red and white rope. I take off my hat while my companions vigorously invoke the Deity, repeat their light-hearted prayers, and clap their little hands together, to let heaven know that its attention is no longer requested for the present. Then we descend the steps, call at one of the tea houses for the key to the lovers' grave, and, guided by two or three laughing musmees, find our way to a door in a wooden fence, leading into an old burying-ground. Here, under a tiny pent house of weather-worn boards, are two moss-covered stones, projecting from the damp earth, with two little cisterns of stone in front of them, one containing rain water and the other sand and ashes. The musmees have brought with them a bundle of senko, which we stick up in the sand and light. The fragrant blue smoke of the incense, curls among the bamboo stems and leaves, and diffuses agreeable wafts while somebody reads to us what is written on the stones and on the sotoba, or wooden tablets planted in the ground round the grave. "This is the tomb of the Shiyoku," it says. The Shiyoku were fabulous birds, which always flew with their near wings joined together, and became the emblem of love and fidelity. Another stone says: "In the old days his beauty was like that of the cherry flower, and she looked upon it with a love like that of the sunshine. These two birds have died in their too-short flight; the cherry blossoms have perished without fruit!" The story is admirably, though briefly, recounted in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*. But I received some curious additions from my companions, and from the local guardians of the spot. Shirai Gom-pachi was a young Japanese gentleman, a two-sworded Samurai, in the train of a Daimio of Thaba, who, by the age of eighteen, had become widely known in his own province for great personal beauty and courage, and perfect skill in the use of the sword. Those were the days when the sword was the "life and soul of the Samurai." The sword-makers were honored beyond all craftsmen; they forged their blades amid solemn ceremonies; and to mount and ornament them the



best workmen lavished all that art could command. Noblemen would give a whole estate to buy a famous weapon, the edge of which should be so keen that a lotus-stalk descending a stream against it would be cut in twain, while it would not turn or notch if you clove an iron spear-handle with it. The etiquette of the sword governed all Japanese society. Once drawn, it must never be sheathed until reddened by blood, and must never be unsheathed in the precincts of the palace. Young Gompachi, on a certain unlucky day, quarrelled with a companion, and drawing his sword upon him in the court, fought with and killed him. For this he had to fly to Yeddo, then but a small city, and to hide in its suburbs. It was a wild time everywhere, and he put up one night in an inn where a gang of robbers lived, some six or seven, who could not see his richly-ornamented sword and dirk without coveting them, and also concluding that the owner must have plenty of gold coins in his girdle. As little could the musmee of the house, a singularly lovely girl, wait upon the handsome young stranger without interest. In the dead of the night, Gompachi was touched by some hand, and, starting up, saw the musmee kneeling by the side of his futon. He had not noticed before how beautiful she was, this damsel of fifteen years, which in Japan is maturity. "Damatte! do not speak," she said, "I crave your honorable pardon for arousing you; but you must know this is a den of dreadful robbers, who last year carried me off from my father's house in Mikawa, under the hill of Azabu. To-night they will murder you to get your sword and clothes and money. You seem to be as brave as you are handsome. If you are really skilful with the sword prepare yourself, and I will try to help you; and if you can get away safely take me with you, for I love you, and am risking my life to tell you all this." Gompachi answered: "Greatly I thank you, O Ko-Murasaki San! but I will not have you hazard one hair of your beautiful head for my sake. Steal out of the house and wait in the shadow of the bamboos for me. As soon as I have tied up my sleeves and fastened back my hair I will come to you, and if any seek to stay me I will kill them." Accordingly, she went out, and while Gompachi was putting on his day dress the thieves stealthily entered by another door, with drawn swords, but were disconcerted to find the young Samurai leap upon them, his long sword in one hand, and in the other the Ai-Kuchi, the dirk, to guard and to dispatch. Two of the knaves he instantly cut down, slashed the arm from another, and from another the leg, so that the survivors, being terrified, made way for him, and then, calmly wiping his Katana with white paper before sheathing it, he came to where "Little Wild Indigo" waited trembling for him in the bamboos. Reassuring her he conducted her to Mikawa, to her father's house, where they overwhelmed him with thanks, and would have kept him as a son of the establishment, but that he said a Samurai must live by his sword. He promised, however, to the weeping girl that he would soon return; and receiving as a friendly present two hundred ounces of silver, he started forth again on his wanderings. He had been absent about a year, experiencing all sorts of adventures, till he fell into the society of a wardsman of Yeddo, named Chobei, who helped him to lead, I am sorry to say, the usual reckless life of his time and age. In those days letters were seldom written, news was scant, and he neither heard nor, it seems,

tried very much to hear from Ko-Murasaki. But one night at dinner talk arose at Chobei's house of a very beautiful Geisha, who was newly come to the Yoshiwara, and whose dancing and singing made the sign of the "Three Sea Coasts," where she was an inmate, famous. Gompachi repaired to the "Three Sea Coasts," and saw there sitting among the immoral sisterhood his Ko-Murasaki, the "Little Wild Indigo" of Mikawa. In deep distress she told him that overwhelming calamity had fallen upon her household; that her parents became poverty-stricken and in danger of starvation; that not hearing from him, or seeing him, or meeting him, she had been obliged to submit to the fate of many and many a Japanese maiden, and sell herself, for the sake of her father and mother, to the master of the Yoshiwara. "But now," she said, "that I have seen you again, you, who are so strong and brave, will help me; do not desert me again." The beauty of the girl filled his heart full once more, and he gave up everything to visit her daily. But at the Yoshiwara money must be spent, and being a Ronin, without any means, Gompachi soon came to the bottom of his wits and his purse, and was driven at last to crime, by love and poverty. For Ko-Murasaki's sake he betook himself to robbery and murder. His heart grew blacker and blacker by these concealed wickednesses. Just as he had amassed, however, gold enough by his robberies to buy Ko-Murasaki's liberty, the authorities, who were aware of his deeds, laid hands upon him. He was proved guilty of murder and plunder, and beheaded on the execution ground. Chobei, the wardsman, claimed his body and head, and buried them in the grounds of the Borauji Temple at Meguro, and Ko-Murasaki first knew of the event by hearing the people in the Yoshiwara talk of the handsome young Samurai who, for his heinous crimes, had been forbidden the privilege of his rank to commit hara-kari, but was dispatched like a common malefactor. The same night she fled from the "Three Sea Coasts," walked all the way bare-footed to Meguro, and threw herself on the newly-made grave of her lover, whose sins she seems too easily to have forgiven, committed for her sake. In the morning the priests of the temple found the dead body of the lovely girl lying, with pierced throat, by the stone. They placed her side by side with Gompachi, in the same earth, and, with all their faults, the loving fidelity of "Little Wild Indigo" and the desperate devotion of her guilty but brave and handsome Samurai have, it seems, consecrated the place, so that it is the chief attraction of Meguro. As usual in all such Japanese stories, the woman comes out best. It was certainly for the sake of Ko-Murasaki, and not at all for Gompachi's, that I myself paid for the incense sticks. It is characteristic of the Japanese way of thinking on these subjects that Ko-Murasaki is praised upon her tombstone for her misao—that is to say, her feminine virtue. As we sat afterward in the tea-house, watching the white lotus close up one by one as the sun disappeared, and drinking tea perfumed with the salted blossoms of the cherry, I inquired how the priests could possibly eulogize a girl who, whatever her difficulties and distresses, had notoriously taken service in the Yoshiwara. The answer was, in Japanese, "Karada de nemas, Kokoro no naka de nemasen," which means, "That she sinned not with the will of her heart." And this appeared to be the accepted and unanimous view of all those present.



## IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*Contented Jim—O. F. Pearre—Pantagraph*

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim,  
When it rained  
He never complained,  
But said wet weather suited him.  
"There never is too much rain for me,  
And this is something like," said he.  
When earth was dry as a powder mill,  
He did not sigh,  
Because it was dry,  
But said if he could have his will  
It would be his chief supreme delight  
To live where the sun shone day and night.  
When winter came, with its snow and ice,  
He did not scold  
Because it was cold,  
But said: "Now this is real nice;  
If ever from home I'm forced to go,  
I'll move up North with the Esquimaux."  
A cyclone whirled along its track;  
And did him harm—  
It broke his arm,  
And stripped the coat from off his back;  
"And I would give another limb  
To see such a blow again," said Jim.  
And when at length his years were told,  
And his body bent,  
And his strength all spent,  
And Jim was very weak and old:  
"I long have wanted to know," he said,  
"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead  
The Angel of Death had summoned him  
To heaven, or—well,  
I cannot tell;  
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;  
And cold or hot, it mattered not—  
It was to him the long-sought spot.

*Plantation Pictures—A. Wilkinson—Times-Democrat*

MORNING: "Oh, mis'ry in de mornin'  
Comes wid de turnout horn.  
An' mo' an' mo' o' mis'ry  
Befo' de day is gone!  
From Monday on to Saddy,  
Ontell de sun go down,  
Hit's nuttin' else but mis'ry  
For all de yeah aroun'.  
"I hates to heah dem roosters  
Befo' de sun is riz,  
I feel so stiff an' po'ly  
All full o' rheumatiz;  
I's got de bad plumbago  
All up an' down my back,  
An' ebery step I trabbels  
I heahs my knee-j'int crack.  
"Hit ain't no use to grumble,  
'Case when dat horn done blow  
Dar ain't no time to tarry,  
You got to swing de hoe;  
You's got to shake an' shiver  
Wet wid de mornin' dew,  
An' when de sun gits higher,  
Wid sweat wet, thew an' thew.  
"Hit's grapplin' wid de tie-vines,  
Hit's diggin' in de row,  
De mo' you chop de grass dar  
De mo' hit seems to grow;  
My arms an' back is achin'.

An' sho'ly I'll drap dead  
Ef soon dat sun a-shinin'  
Don't git right overhead."

NOON: "Dar goes de horn for dinner!  
Whooppee! You heahs it toot!  
Oh, come on, boys, I'll run you  
Fer home! Come, shake yo' foot!  
I bets I beats you ploughmens  
Upawn yo' swif'est mule,  
An' doan' mistook dis nigger  
For nary pokin' fool.

"You sees dat smoke a-quirlin'  
Above my chimbley top?  
You better jes' believe you  
Dar's sumpen dar to sop;  
I smells dat po'k a-sizzlin'  
An' tas'e dat catfeesh fry-  
I'll be de fus' to git dar,  
I bets I does or die.

"Hya! hya! O Sam, I beat you!  
Yo' mule ain't got no pace—  
De bes' on dis plantashun—  
Does you know how to race?  
Ef dar had been a possum  
A-bakin' in de pot,  
I could a' beat de boss's  
Bay buggy mar's bes' trot."

NIGHT: "T'ank Gawd dis day is ended,  
An' when dat yaller moon  
Gits white an' bright an' higher  
I's gwine to catch a coon.  
A heavy dew is fallin',  
Hit's good to leave de scent;  
I's gwine to give dem varmints  
A little worriment.

"Dar's mis'ry in de mornin'—  
But bes' lef' dat alone;  
De res' dat comes wid night-time  
Is all I calls my own;  
I'll drap dem stiff rheumatics  
Ontell de roosters crow,  
An' leave off dat plumbago  
Ontell de turnout blow."

*Up Berkshire Way—F. E. Pratt—Berkshire News*

Seems ter me it's dreadful long  
Since I saw them shinin' hills!  
Suthin's pullin' at my heart  
Till my old eyes brims and fills.  
When I dream about 'em nights,  
Care and sorrier pass away;  
Nothin' but old saounds an' sights  
Useter be up Berkshire way.  
There's the old house on the hill,  
Set araoun' with apple-trees;  
There's Lake Garfield shinin' still,  
Just a-flutterin' in the breeze,  
Seems ez ef I couldn't wait  
Tell the winter's passed away,  
Longin' so to see the folks  
'Mongst the hills up Berkshire way!  
Never wuz sech astrachans  
Sech ez made the old trees red;  
Never wuz sech skies ez laughed  
Through the green leaves overhead.  
Ain't no place in all the airth  
Cuddles in my heart ter stay  
Like thet little humly taown  
'Mongst the hills up Berkshire way.

## AMONG THE PLANTS—IN GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST

Sleep of Plants—Arabella B. Buckley—Youth's Companion

In the quiet, still hour of night, when man is resting from his labors, one whose business obliged him to be out in the fields might, if he watched their often-drooping leaves and closely-folded blossoms, easily be led to think that the plants and their flowers were weary, too. True, he would find exceptions here and there, for the evening primrose (*Oenothera biennis*) and the night-flowering catchfly (*Silene noctiflora*) would be wide open; but then he would remember that these flowers had had their sleep in the day-time, and were night-watchers like himself, while, on the other hand, the daisies and the dandelions, the pimpernels, the convolvulus, and their companions, would have their blossoms folded together as if in sleep. And yet he would be mistaken in supposing that such plants as closed their flowers or drooped their leaves did so because they were tired, as men are, although the ancients thought this, while poets have sung it, and many people still believe it. The plant has indeed good reason for folding both its leaves and its flowers, yet it is not guided by weariness or want of rest, and, what is still more curious, the folding of its leaves has quite a different meaning from the closing of its flowers. Look at the little wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), which is scattered over the ground in many parts of the deep woods, its threefold leaves widely spread, with its pretty white flowers streaked with reddish veins looking out from among them. In the daytime these leaflets are spread out flat, with their faces to the sky; but when night comes, they sink down, and are folded together close against the stalk, with under surfaces pressed against each other, and the broad ends of the leaf downward. The common clover, on the contrary (*Trifolium repens*), does just the opposite. It raises its leaves up, and folds one over the other so that the upper edges are covered, and then the whole leaf droops so that the narrow point is toward the sky, and the broad ends downward. Now why do these plants fold their leaves? It was to find an answer to these questions that Mr. Darwin made a long series of minute experiments, fastening leaves down so that they could not turn, and finding that they actually died when prevented from following their own devices, while the other leaves of the plants folded themselves or turned aside, and thus lived and flourished. And by these experiments he proved that it is to avoid giving up their heat to the chill night air that the plants fold or turn their leaves. For after the sun goes down, the warm layers of air near the earth are continually rising, while the colder ones above fall to take their place, and thus when the leaves face the sky, they are continually giving up heat to be carried off into the space above. Now the wood-sorrel, when it droops its leaflets, having the narrowest point uppermost; the clover, when it folds them over each other and lets them hang; the nasturtium turning its leaves edgewise, and the chickweed pressing them together, all either cover up some surfaces, or turn them so as to expose them less to the chill night air, and thus the "sleep of leaves" turns out to be a wise precaution against losing heat, and therefore strength. If we only knew the whole history—and every one can help to learn it—we should

probably find many hidden reasons for changes like these, for while many plants never fold their leaves at all, others have theirs moving up and down slightly all day long, and they do not rise by exactly the same path as they fall, so that they make several ellipses in the air before their great night-change comes. If this is the case with leaves, we should at first sight suppose that the flowers, too, close at night to escape the cold. No doubt they do so partly for this reason, but let us see for a moment what the causes are which make both leaves and blossoms fold. They are twofold. First, the moving sap, which is always surging through the tiny vessels of the plant, stretches them wherever they will yield, and, secondly, warmth, which helps to make the surface of the leaves expand and be elastic, and so generally decides where it will yield to the swelling vessels within. Let us try to picture this to ourselves. It is early morning, and the tulip flowers have been asleep all night, with closely-folded petals; but soon the warmth of the morning sun sets the sap more vigorously to work, and the stream of life is flowing rapidly through the tiny vessels of stem and leaf and flower. Now, within the tulip flower all has been kept warm during the night, and the soft, elastic inner surface of the petals is ready to stretch and yield, while the skin of the outer surface, which has been chilled and stiffened during the night, yields much less readily. Therefore it is the inside skin of the petals which will gradually expand in answer to the swelling vessels within, and little by little the flower will open, till the tension of the two surfaces is equal, and the petals move no longer. Two things, however, will make it close again: first, too much heat, for if the hot sun draws all the moisture out, the skin will grow hard and contract, and the flower closes and fades; or, secondly, the chill night air coming on will also harden the surface, and the flower will sleep. Now, if this be so, then even a chill coming on in the day ought to make a flower close, and so it does. Look at the little pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), how tightly it shuts when clouds hang heavily in the sky, folding up so quickly that it has been called the "shepherd's weather-glass." This sensitive little plant feels the chill at once, and by drawing together its petals, protects the pollen in its stamens from the coming rain. We know well how important the visits of insects are to plants, in carrying their pollen from flower to flower. Now, if either this pollen be washed away, or the honey spoiled by which the insects are attracted, then the plants must suffer, and just that very chill which comes before a fall of rain, or the formation of dew, acts as a means of closing the blossom, and preserving the precious material within. But many flowers never close at all; probably, because in their case the swelling of the sap or the elasticity of the skin of the petals is not great enough to cause the movement. But when more observations have been made on flowers, we shall almost certainly find that they all have some other protection which makes opening and closing unnecessary. The dead-nettle, the sweet pea, the wild broom, the down-hanging violet or the well-shielded orchids, are all so well protected by their folded petals, that they need fear no weather changes. The harebell and the heaths,

which hang their heads, need not fear the rain, which will run off their curved bell, while they are not nearly so sensitive to cold as though they looked upward. But the dandelion and the daisy, with their tiny tube florets gathered thickly in one head, would soon be filled with water, the tender anemone would be quickly washed to pieces, while the sweet honey which lies at the base of the stamens of the field convolvulus would be quite spoiled, if the sudden chill before a heavy shower did not cause these plants to close their flowers.

In a Mahogany Camp—Consul Burchard—Gov't. Report

Belize, the capital of the British possessions in Central America, now a city of considerable commercial importance, owes its origin and wealth to the mahogany cutters. Since iron and steel have taken the place of wood in the construction of public vessels the mahogany trade has decreased to a notable extent, although it is still large and profitable. The expense and difficulty of getting out the wood are much greater. Few trees can now be found near a river of sufficient water to float the logs. Having selected and secured a suitable locality, and arranged with one of the exporting houses of Belize to advance the means in provisions and cash to carry on the works, the mahogany cutter hires his gang of laborers for the season. Nearly all labor contracts are made during the Christmas holidays, as the gangs from the mahogany works all congregate in Belize at that time. The men are hired for a year, at wages ranging from \$12 to \$20 per month. They generally receive six months' wages in advance, one-half of which is paid in goods from the house which furnishes the capital. Early in January the works are commenced. Camps for "banks," as they are called, are organized at convenient places on the margin of some river in the district to be worked. Temporary houses thatched with palm-leaves are erected for the laborers, and a substantial building for the store and dwelling of the overseer. All work in mahogany-cutting is done by tasks. The best laborers are out at daybreak and generally finish their task by eleven o'clock. The rest of the day can be spent in fishing, hunting, collecting India-rubber and sarsaparilla, or in working up mahogany into dories, paddles, and bowles, for all of which they find a ready market. Game and fish are abundant, the former consisting of two varieties of hogs (warree and peccary), deer and antelopes, tapir (mountain cow), monkeys, two varieties of wild turkeys, armadillos, gibbonets, Indian rabbits, partridges, quail, macaws, parrots, etc. The rivers abound in excellent fish, and the supply of terrapin and iguanas is inexhaustible. The regular ration for a laborer in this country consists of four pounds of salt pork and seven quarts of flour per week, which is delivered to him every Sunday morning. The abundance of game and wild fruits enables the mahogany laborer to save a large part of his rations, which he either sells to his employer or sends home to his family. The standard of morality in the mahogany camps is decidedly low. The owner or overseer of mahogany works is a distinguished personage. He lives well, and has many and varied sources of enjoyment. His rustic dwelling in the forest is supplied with every comfort and many luxuries. He travels up and down the river in a batteau made of mahogany, and fitted up regardless of expense. His crew consists of from twelve to twenty skilful rowers, generally Indians, and a captain, cook, and waiting

boy. He camps out at night on the bank of the river, where savory dishes are prepared, which would puzzle the uninitiated. No menu is considered complete without entremets of monkey and iguana cooked à la criolla, delicious even to the uninitiated. The mahogany-tree hunter is the most important and best-paid laborer in the service. Upon his skill and activity largely depends the success of the season. Mahogany trees do not grow in clumps and clusters, but are scattered promiscuously through the forests and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines, and creepers. It requires a skilful and experienced woodsman to find them. No one can make any progress in a tropical forest without the aid of a machete, or heavy brush-knife. He has to cut his way step by step. The mahogany is one of the largest and tallest of trees. The hunter seeks the highest ground, climbs to the top of the highest tree, and surveys the surrounding country. His practised eyes detect the mahogany by its peculiar foliage; he counts the trees within the scope of his vision, notes directions and distances, then descends and cuts a narrow trail to each tree, which he carefully blazes and marks. The axemen follow the hunter, and after them go the sawyers and hewers. To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the wide spurs which project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds have to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, which leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet high, a waste of the very best wood. While the work of felling and hewing is in progress other gangs are employed in making roads and bridges over which the logs are to be hauled to the river. One wide truck-pass, as they call it, is made through the centre of the district occupied by the works, and branch roads are opened from the main avenue to each tree. The trucks employed are clumsy and antiquated contrivances, which no American would think of using. The wheels are of solid wood, made by sawing off the end of a log, and fitting iron boxes in the centre. No tires or spokes are needed. New wheels are in constant requisition. Most trucking is done at night by torchlights made of pitch-pine. The oxen are fed on the leaves and twigs of the bread-nut tree, which gives them more strength and power of endurance than any other obtainable food. The trucking is done in the dry season, and the logs are collected on the bank of the river and made ready for the floods, which occur on the longest rivers in June and July, and on all in October and November. The logs are turned adrift loose, and caught below near tidewater by booms. Indians and Caribs follow the logs down the river in jupans to release those which are caught by fallen trees or other obstacles in the river. No little judgment and experience is required to determine at what exact stage of the flood the logs should be let loose. Should the water rise at what they call "top-gallant flood" before the logs reach the boom, many of them would be carried over the banks, and left high and dry in canebrakes and thickets, or covered up by sand and rubbish. From the boom the logs are rafted to the embarcadero, and "manufactured" for shipping. The manufacturing process consists in sawing off the log-ends which have been bruised and splintered by rocks in the transit down the river, and in relining and rehewing the logs by skilful workmen, who give them a smooth and an even surface. The logs are then measured, rolled back into the water at the mouth of the river, and made into rafts to be taken to the vessel, anchored outside the bar.



## FACTS AND FIGURES—THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA\*

A new material, called rubber velvet, is made by sprinkling powdered felt of any color over rubber cloth while the latter is hot and soft; the result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, waterproof, and exceedingly light.—There are 3,064 languages and over 1,000 religions.—A burning taper uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose power amounting to the one-thousandth of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible from every part of the compass.—One-third of the land surface of the earth is covered with forests.—The Académie des Sciences has submitted a new system of musical notation in which twenty-seven characters replace the 203 symbols now employed to represent the seven notes of the gamut in the seven keys.—There are now 7,000 millionaires in the United States, where, in 1860, there were only two.—In every teaspoonful of human blood there are about 15,000,000,000 red corpuscles, but only 30,000,000 white ones; the blood of clams, lobsters, and nearly all other invertebrates contains no red cells, but only white.—It is estimated that in Paris 1 in 18 of the population, or 150,000, live on charity, with a tendency toward crime; in London this class is 1 in 30.

The railroad capital of the world is estimated at \$29,000,000,000.—There are over 7,000,000 pores in the human body.—The population of Vienna, by the annexation of several villages, now amounts to 1,300,000, ranking as Europe's fourth city in point of inhabitants.—When Haydn received from the University of Oxford a doctor's degree, which, since 1400, had been conferred on four persons only, he sent in acknowledgment a piece of music, exhibiting a perfect melody and accompaniment, whether read from the top, the bottom, or the sides.—The biggest workshop in the world is said to be that of Herr Krupp, the famous gun-maker of Essen; in 1833 it employed nine workmen; in 1848, 74; in July, 1888, 20,960 men were employed, and the families of the workmen numbered 73,769 souls; of these 24,193 reside in dwellings provided by the firm.

Platinum can now be drawn into wire-strands so fine that 27 twisted together can be inserted into the hollow of a hair.—All watches are said to be compasses; point the hour-hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half-way between the hour and the figure XII. on the watch; for instance, suppose it is 4 o'clock, then point the hand indicating IV. to the sun and II. on the watch is exactly south.—The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, organized in 1878 with a membership of 700, has now 17,000 circles, located in all parts of the world.—In man, the lower jaw has much freedom of lateral movement, which aids in grinding food between the molars; the jaws of carnivora admit of only the upward and downward movements.—A recent survey established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,155, of which 249 have a length of more than  $4\frac{3}{4}$  miles; the French Alps contain 144 glaciers, those of Italy 78, Switzerland 471, and Austria 462.—The name of Wayne is the title or part of the title of more places in the United States than any other.—The fastest mile a single man has travelled by various methods of locomotion is, to date, as follows: Swimming, 26:52; walk-

ing, 6:23; snow-shoes, 5:39 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; rowing, 5:01; running, 4:12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; tricycle, 2:49 2-5; bicycle, 2:29 4-5; skating, 2:12 3-5; trotting horse, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; running horse, 1:35; railroad train, 40 $\frac{1}{4}$  seconds; balloon, pneumatic tube, and electricity records are yet to be made.—The average duration of life is greater in Norway than in any other European country; this is attributed to the uniform cool temperature of the climate.—Nature produces the light given by the firefly at about one-four-hundredth part of the cost of the energy expended in the candle flame, and at an insignificant fraction of the cost of electric light, or the most economical light yet devised.

Stanley proves the Nile to be 4,100 miles long.—Take in your hand a crystal of quartz, a stick of deal, a daisy, an acorn, and you will not find in them a single element of matter that is not also found in your physical frame.—Experience in electrically welding projectiles shows that the metal is strengthened at the point of welding.—A cold wave is a fall of temperature in 24 hours of 20° over an area of 50,000 square miles, the temperature in some part of this area descending to 36°; between '80 and '90 no less than 691 cold waves were recorded in the United States.—By count and estimate, it is said that a shrimp would every year produce about 6,800 eggs, a prawn 8,800, a lobster 21,600, a flounder 133,407, a mackerel 454,651, a herring 36,960, a cod 3,686,760, a ling 19,248,625; the swarm of enemies to which they are exposed, renders necessary the production of a much larger number of eggs than are hatched, otherwise any species would become extinct.

The submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable.—Standard time has been fully accepted in Asia by not less than 40,000,000 people, in Europe by almost an equal number, and in America by more than 60,000,000.—The Old Testament has 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words, and 2,728,800 letters; the New Testament has 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, 181,253 words, and 838,380 letters; the complete Bible has, therefore, 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,567,180 letters; there are more people in London than there are letters in the Bible.—The Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, is the most spacious building on the globe; within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, eat and sleep; it contains in all between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each; this immense house has thirteen courtyards, five open and eight covered, and a large garden within its walls.—Experts say that the buried city of Pompeii has not yet yielded up a third of its artistic treasure; that at the present rate of progress seventy years will elapse before it is thoroughly unearthed.—This country has but about one-twentieth of the world's population, but it consumes twenty-eight per cent of the world's crop of sugar, thirty per cent of the world's production of coffee, nearly one-third of the world's production of iron, about a third of the world's steel and copper, more than a quarter of the world's cotton and wool, a third of the India-rubber of the world, and more than half of the world's supply of tin, and forty per cent of all the coal from the world's mines.

\* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN\*

It seems to me that I do the greatest wrong in the world to the feelings of my heart, in trying to make them known to you in writing. How happy I should be if you could judge of them by the violence of your own! But I cannot expect anything from you, and I cannot help telling you, much less earnestly than I feel it, that you ought not to ill-treat me as you do; by a neglect which overwhelms me with despair.

I realize that I deceived myself when I thought that you would act in better faith than is usual, because the excess of my love seemed to lift me above any kind of suspicion and to deserve more fidelity than is ordinarily met with. I should not cease to be unhappy if you loved me only because I love you, and I should wish to owe everything to your inclination alone; but this is so far from being the case that I have not received a single letter from you in six months. I attribute all this misfortune to the blindness of my attachment. Ought I not to have foreseen that my happiness would come to an end, rather than my love?

Could I hope that you would spend all your life in Portugal, and that you would renounce your fortune and your country to think only of me? My pain is without solace, and the remembrance of my pleasures fills me with despair. What then! my desires are of no avail? And I shall never see you in my room again, giving way to all the ardor of your passion. But alas! I deceive myself, and I know only too well that the emotions which filled my mind and heart were with you but transitory, gone with the pleasure of the moment. In those too happy moments I should have called reason to my aid to moderate the fatal excess of my delight, and to predict all my present suffering. But I gave myself entirely to you, and was in no state to think of that which might poison all my happiness, and prevent me from enjoying to the full all the ardent proofs of your passion. I was too blissfully conscious that I was with you, to think that some day you would be gone. Although I remember having told you sometimes that you would make me miserable; but these fears were soon dissipated, and I took pleasure in sacrificing them to you, and giving myself up to the enchantment and the bad faith of your protestations. I see very plainly the remedy for all my ills, and I should soon be delivered from them if I no longer loved you. But alas! what a remedy! No, I would rather suffer still more than forget you. Alas! does this depend upon me? I cannot reproach myself with having wished for a single moment not to go on loving you. You are more to be pitied than I. It is better to suffer all that I suffer, than to enjoy the languid pleasures that the women in France may give you. I do not envy you your indifference, and I pity you. I defy you to forget me utterly; I flatter myself I have made it so that you can only experience imperfect enjoyment without me; and I am happier than you, because I am busier.

I have lately been made portress of the convent; every one who speaks to me thinks I am crazy. I do

not know how I answer; and the nuns must be as crazy as I, to think me capable of taking care of anything.

Ah! I envy the happiness of Francisque and Emmanuel.† Why am I not always with you as they are? I should have followed and served you more faithfully. I wish for nothing in this world but to see you. At least, remember me! I could content myself with your remembrance, but I dare not be sure of it. I did not limit my hopes to your remembrance when I saw you every day; but you have made me understand that I must submit to your will in everything. Still I do not regret having adored you; I am even glad to have been betrayed by you; your absence—harsh and perhaps eternal though it be—in no way diminishes the ardor of my love. I wish every one to know it. I make no mystery of it, and am only too happy to have done all that I have for you in defiance of all propriety. I have made it my honor and my religion to love you desperately, since I have begun by loving you. I do not say all this to oblige you to write to me. Ah! do not force yourself in any way. I wish nothing from you which does not come of your free will, and I refuse all tokens of your love which you could help giving. I shall take pleasure in excusing you, because perhaps you will take pleasure in not taking pains to write to me; and I feel the deepest inclination to forgive all your faults. A French officer was charitable enough to talk to me more than three hours this morning about you; he told me that the peace of France was concluded. If this is true could you not come to see me, and take me back with you to France? But I do not deserve it. Do what you will; my love no longer depends on the way you may treat me. Since you went away I have not had a moment of health, and my only pleasure now consists in naming your name a thousand times a day.

I go as little as possible out of my room, where you have come so many times to see me, and I look incessantly at your portrait, which is a thousand times dearer to me than my life. It gives me some pleasure, but it also gives me great pain when I think I may never see you again. How can it be possible that I shall never see you again? Have you abandoned me forever?

I conjure you to tell me why you set your heart on fascinating me as you did, when you knew well that you were to desert me? and why have you been so pitiless in making me wretched? Why did you not leave me in peace in this cloister? Had I done you any injury? But forgive me, I impute nothing to you. I am in no state to think of revenge, and I only accuse the harshness of my fate. In separating us, it seems to have done all the harm we could have feared. But our hearts cannot be separated; love, more power than destiny, has united them for our whole life. If you take any interest in mine, write to me often. I certainly deserve to have you take some trouble in letting me know the state of your heart and your fortunes. Above all, come to see me.

Farewell, I cannot leave this paper; it will fall into your hands; would I might have the same happiness. Alas! how insane I am! I see this is not possible. Farewell! I can write no more. Farewell; love me always, and make me suffer still more misery.

\* From "The Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun." Translated by R. H. With an introduction by Josephine Lazarus. Preface by Alexandre Piedagnel. Cassell & Co. For sketch of the authorship of the letters see General Gossip of Authors and Writers.

† Two little Portuguese servants belonging to M. Chamilly.

## NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*The Mystic City—Katherine Pyle—Phila. American*

All day long, and every day,  
 Along the rough and stony way  
 The crowds pass up and down,  
 And all the while a city lies,  
 Invisible to many eyes,  
 Without the market town.  
 The sounds of solemn festivals  
 Are heard beyond those circling walls,  
 And joyous chants arise,  
 And some there are whose eyes can see  
 The shining fruit, and waving tree,  
 And spires against the skies.  
 Without the gate, a warder stands  
 Who bears a censer in his hands,  
 And, when he swings it clear,  
 The rolling clouds of incense rise,  
 Like golden mists, before the eyes  
 Of those who linger near.  
 Yet still the crowds who hurry down  
 The highway to the market town  
 See nothing of it all,  
 Till man, or maiden, suddenly  
 In some strange way some eyes can see  
 The warder and the wall.  
 Then, prince or pauper, sad or gay,  
 They leave the crowd to go its way,  
 And turn aside to stand  
 With others, who already wait,  
 Eager or hopeless, at the gate  
 Of that enchanted land.

*Uncle Sidney's Views—J. W. Riley—Indianapolis Journal*

I hold that the true age of wisdom is when  
 We are boys and girls, and not women and men;  
 When, as credulous children, we know things because  
 We believe them—however averse to the laws.  
 It is faith then, not science and reason, I say,  
 That is genuine wisdom—and would that, to-day,  
 We, as then, were as wise, and ineffably blest  
 As to live, love, and die, and trust God for the rest!  
 So I simply deny the old notion, you know,  
 That the wiser we get as the older we grow,  
 For in youth, all we know we are certain of; now  
 The greater our knowledge the more we allow  
 For skeptical margin; and hence I regret  
 That the world isn't flat, and the sun doesn't set,  
 And we may not go creeping up home, when we die,  
 Through the moon, like a round, yellow hole in the sky.

*A Sermon in Rhyme—Boston Globe*

If you have a friend worth loving,  
 Love him. Yes, and let him know  
 That you love him, ere life's evening  
 Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
 Why should good words ne'er be said  
 Of a friend—till he is dead?  
 If you hear a song that thrills you,  
 Sung by any child of song,  
 Praise it. Do not let the singer  
 Wait deserved praises long.  
 Why should one who thrills your heart  
 Lack the joy you may impart?  
 If you hear a prayer that moves you,  
 By its humble, pleading tone,  
 Join it. Do not let the seeker  
 Bow before his God alone.  
 Why should not your brother share  
 The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling  
 From a brother's weeping eyes,  
 Share them. And by kindly sharing  
 Own your kinship with the skies.  
 Why should any one be glad  
 When a brother's heart is sad?  
 If a silvery laugh goes rippling  
 Through the sunshine on his face,  
 Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—  
 For both grief and joy a place.  
 There's health and goodness in the mirth  
 In which an honest laugh has birth.  
 If your work is made more easy  
 By a friendly helping hand,  
 Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
 Ere the darkness veil the land.  
 Should a brother workman dear  
 Falter for a word of cheer?  
 Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,  
 All enriching as you go—  
 Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,  
 He will make each seed to grow.  
 So, until its happy end,  
 Your life shall never lack a friend.

*A Sea Song of Old—W. J. Henderson—N. Y. Times*

We ride head to wind, and the breeze whistles free,  
 The land is to windward, the sea's on our lee.  
 Man the bars, and heave taut, off stoppers, heave round!  
 Clear the jib, port your helm; now the anchor breaks ground.  
 Lay aloft, you sail loosers! Man halliard and sheet!  
 There's nothing can catch our fair lady so fleet.  
 We're bound for the uttermost rim of the day;  
 Lay down from aloft! Now sheet home, hoist away!  
 We are running off sounding, the wind hauls abeam;  
 Along the horizon there comes a white gleam.  
 We'll take off the stu'n'sails, and still onward spin;  
 So lower away now! Haul down and rig in!  
 The wind comes ahead and the jib falls aback;  
 Now ready about! 'Tis the order to tack.  
 Hard-a-lee! From the quarter-deck echoes the call;  
 It's raise tacks and sheets! Haul taut! Mainsail haul!  
 Up yonder to windward the clouds darkly frown;  
 Man clewlines and buntlines! Look lively! Clew down!  
 The gale is upon us with riot and rout:  
 'Loft topmen! Come, cheer'ly! Trice up and lay out!  
 At last to the southward the swift gale has whirled,  
 Once more to fair breezes our sails are unfurled;  
 At the masthead the lookout swings wide to and fro,  
 Till the silence is rent with the warning, "Sail ho!"  
 Then hark! The sharp beat of the hollow-voiced drum;  
 To quarters! See yonder, the enemy's come.  
 Our colors break out. Oh, the foe woe betide!  
 To quarters! Now silence! Cast loose and provide!  
 Run in, serve and sponge! Load, run out, and prime!  
 Now point, ready, fire! There are smoke, blood, and grime.  
 But down come her colors; she yields to our pluck;  
 Raise cheer upon cheer! She is ours! She has struck!

*Faith—S. W. Hodge—Courier-Journal*

The silk-worm, in its dark cocoon,  
 Shut away from the sunlight and air,  
 Is spinning the silvery silken threads  
 Which beauty and royalty wear.  
 The radiant, rustling, rainbow-threads,  
 Which gleam and gladden our eyes,  
 It spins from its own little lonely life;  
 It spins—and then—it dies.



And I, shut in by sorrow and pain,  
 Apart from the gladness of youth,  
 Weave out of my soul the beautiful dreams  
 Which to others may prove the sweet truth.  
 I sing of love—which hath found me not;  
 Of hope—which hath passed me by;  
 Of a noble faith and a high intent  
 I sing—before I die.

It may be that God to the silk-worm gives  
 A subtle and secret delight;  
 Some instinct rare to lighten the gloom  
 As it spins in its rayless night.  
 And I, though I see not the good which may be,  
 And cannot the rapture explain,  
 Feel yet, through the darkness, God's impulse in me,  
 And know that I weave not in vain.

*The Conundrum of the Workshops—Rudyard Kipling—Scots Observer*

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,  
 Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;  
 And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,  
 Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew—  
 The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;  
 And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a glorious gain  
 When the Devil chuckled "Is it art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky, and wrench the stars apart,  
 Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it art?"  
 The stone was dropped by the quarry-side and the idle derrick swung,  
 While each man talked of the aims of art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and the south, they talked and they fought in the west,  
 Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the poor Red Clay had rest—  
 Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the dove was preened to start,  
 And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human, but is it art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—as new as the new-cut tooth—  
 For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master of art and truth;  
 And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,  
 The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did it, but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,  
 We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,  
 We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is drawn by the cart;  
 But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever, but is it art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the club-room's green and gold,  
 The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mould—  
 They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start  
 When the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the four great rivers flow,  
 And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,  
 And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,  
 By the favor of God we might know as much—as our father Adam knew.

*Lydia—Lizette Woodworth Reese—Independent*

Break forth, break forth, O Sudbury town,  
 And bid your yards be gay  
 Up all your gusty streets and down,  
 For Lydia comes to-day!

I hear it on the wharves below,  
 And if I buy or sell,  
 The good folk as they churchward go  
 Have only this to tell.

My mother, just for love of her,  
 Unlocks her carved drawers;  
 And sprigs of withered lavender  
 Drop down upon the floors.

For Lydia's bed must have the sheet  
 Spun out of linen sheer,  
 And Lydia's room be passing sweet  
 With odors of last year.

The marigolds are out once more  
 In lanes salt with the sea;  
 The thorn-bush at Saint Martin's door  
 Grows white for such as she.

So, Sudbury, bid your gardens blow,  
 For Lydia comes to-day;  
 Of all the words that I do know  
 I have but this to say.

*My Old Coat—Mortimer Collins—London Figaro*

This old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,  
 And changed is the color, and loose is the fit;  
 Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire,  
 'Tis a cozy old coat for a seat by the fire.

When I first put it on, it was awfully swell.  
 I went to a picnic; met Lucy Lepel;  
 Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,  
 And disjoined the nose of her lover, the Earl.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,  
 Whose art is no longer the talk of the town.  
 A magical picture my memory weaves  
 When I thrust my tired arms through its long old sleeves.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,  
 Sweet maidens of old that are long over ripe,  
 And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,  
 Whose guineas paid well for champagne at Wanier's.

A strong generation, who fought, drank, and kissed,  
 Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed,  
 Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high.  
 We remember them well, sir, my old coat and I.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at court,  
 Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port;  
 Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,  
 And I'll drink to the past in my battered old coat.

## MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR DECEMBER, 1890

*Art and Architecture :*

A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion : Theodore Child : Harper's Mag.  
 Architecture and the Environment : Barr Ferree : Pop. Sci. Mo.  
 Collections of Teapots : E. Ruhamah Scidmore : Cosmopolitan.  
 Neapolitan Art—Morelli : A. F. Jacassy : Scribner's Mag.  
 New Departure in Parisian Art : Birge Harrison : Atlantic.  
 Press and Art Criticism : John Moran : Belford's.

*Biographic and Reminiscent :*

Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, Warwick : W. H. Rideing : Scrib.  
 Field Marshal von Moltke : James G. Wilson : Cosmopolitan.  
 Formative Influences : Archdeacon F. W. Farrar : The Forum  
 Rudyard Kipling : Varina A. Davis : Belford's Magazine.  
 Sir Walter Raleigh of Youghal : Louise Imogen Guiney : Atlan.  
 The Wife of Mr. Secretary Pepys : Margaret Whiting : Atlan.

*Dramatic and Musical :*

As You Like It : Andrew Lang : Harper's Magazine.  
 Dion Boucicault : A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle) : The Arena.  
 Ibsen's Brand : Wilbur L. Cross : The Arena.  
 Some Views on Acting : Tommaso Salvini : Century.  
 The Passion Play at Oberammergau : Eliz. Bisland : Cosmop.

*Fiction—Short Stories :*

A Christmas Episode in Chicago : K. M. Cleary : Belford's.  
 A Christmas Present : A Story : Paul Heyse : Harper's.  
 A Conscript's Christmas : Joel Chandler Harris : Century Mag.  
 A Postal Bomb : A Story : W. Blackburn Harte : Belford's.  
 A Speakin' Ghost : A Story : Annie Trumbull Slosson : Harper's.  
 As the Sparks Fly Upward : George A. Hibbard : Scribner's.  
 Christie's : Humphry Ward : Scribner's Magazine.  
 Christmas Cross Purposes : A Story : Celia Logan : Belford's.  
 Flute and Violin : A Story : James Lane Allen : Harper's.  
 Fourteen to One : A True Story : Elizabeth Stuart Phelps : Cent.  
 Jim's Little Woman : A Story : Sarah Orne Jewett : Harper's.  
 Mr. Gobble Colt's Ducks : A Story : R. M. Johnston : Harper's.  
 Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand : Gertrude F. Atherton : Cos.  
 My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen : R. H. Davis : Scribner's.  
 Plaski's Tunaments : A Story : Thomas Nelson Page : Harper's.  
 The Cynical Miss Catherwaight : Richard Harding Davis : Cent.  
 The Plumb Idiot : Octave Thanet : Scribner's Magazine.  
 The Pursuit of the Martyns : Richard M. Johnson : Cosmop.

*Fiction—Serial Stories :*

An Army Portia : Captain Charles King : Lippincott's Mag.  
 Colonel Carter of Cartersville : II. : F. Hopkinson Smith : Cent.  
 Felicia : 11-12 : Fanny N. D. Murfree : Atlantic Monthly.  
 Jerry : Part Third : Chapters 1-3 : Scribner's Magazine.  
 Marthy Virginia's Hand : George Parsons Lathrop : Century.  
 Sister Dolorosa : I : James Lane Allen : Century.  
 The House of Martha : 9-12 : Frank R. Stockton : Atlantic.

*Literary Criticism :*

A New Book of Hugo's : A. C. Swinburne : North Am. Rev.  
 Literary Boston : Lillian Whiting : The Cosmopolitan.  
 Types in Fiction : W. W. Crane : Lippincott's Magazine.

*Military and Naval :*

Fight Between the Merrimac and the Monitor : Belford's.  
 Armor for War Ships : Comm. F. M. Barber : The Forum.  
 Laurels of the American Tar in 1812 : Edgar S. Maclay : Cent.  
 Lord Wolseley as a Military Critic : Gen. Longstreet : Belford's.  
 Military Cycling : C. Turner : Outing.  
 The Army of Japan : Part 2 : Arthur Sherburne Hardy : Cos.

*Miscellaneous Essays :*

From King's Mountain to Yorktown : John Fiske : Atlantic.  
 Heimweh : Sophia Kirk : The Atlantic Monthly.  
 Notes on Ghosts : Andrew Lang : The Forum.  
 Patriotism and the Public Schools : E. B. Andrews : Arena.  
 Pity, Genuine and Spurious : Frances P. Cobbe : The Forum.  
 Prairie Flowers of Late Autumn : Byron D. Halsted : Pop. Sci.  
 The Humanities : Major J. W. Powell : The Forum.  
 The Winter Of our Content : Charles Dudley Warner : Harper's.

*Natural History Sketches :*

Animal Life in the Great Desert : William Marshall : Pop. Sci.  
 Carriage Horses and Cobs : H. C. Merwin : Atlantic Monthly.  
 Defences of Burrowing Spiders : H. C. McCook : Pop. Sci. Mo.

*Poetry of the Month :*

A Complaint : Louisa T. Cogswell : Century Magazine.  
 A Far Haven : A Poem : Annie Fields : Harper's.

But One Talent : Oliver Wendell Holmes : Atlantic.  
 Ecce Signum : Stephen Henry Thayer : Century Magazine.  
 Equanimity : A Poem : William Wheeler : Cosmopolitan.  
 From the Japanese : Richard Henry Stoddard : Scribner's Mag.  
 Horace, Book III., Ode XXIX. : Helen Leah Reed : Scribner's.  
 Hylas : A Poem : Marion M. Miller : The Cosmopolitan.  
 I, Polycrates : S. D. S., Jr. : Lippincott's Magazine.  
 Midwinter Storm in the Lake Region : Wm. W. Campbell : Cent.  
 Non Sine Dolore : R. W. Gilder : Atlantic Monthly.  
 Pan the Fallen : William Wilfred Campbell : Atlantic.  
 Renewal : Kate Putnam Osgood : Century Magazine.  
 Some Boys : James Whitcomb Riley : The Century Magazine.  
 Song : Thomas William Parsons : Atlantic Monthly.  
 The Birds of Nazareth : Elizabeth Akers : The Cosmopolitan.  
 The Encounter : Helen Gray Cone : Atlantic Monthly.  
 The Lady Hannah : A Ballad : James Herbert Morse : Scrib.  
 The Race : A Poem : George Edgar Montgomery : Cosmop.  
 The Reed Player : Duncan Campbell Scott : Scribner's Mag.  
 To a Friend Across the Sea : Austin Dobson : Century.  
 To the Sunset Breeze : Walt Whitman : Lippincott's Mag.  
 Uncle Jack : A Poem : Clarence H. Pearsall : Belford's.  
 Uncrowned : Daniel L. Dawson : Lippincott's Magazine.

*Political Questions :*

A Glance at the Tariff : Joel Cook : Lippincott's Magazine.  
 City Growth and Party Politics : W. M. Springer : Forum.  
 Does China Menace the World? : W. A. P. Martin : Forum.  
 Electoral Reform Legislation : Chas. C. Allen : The Arena.  
 Family Stocks in a Democracy : C. W. Eliot : The Forum.  
 Government of American Cities : A. D. White : The Forum.  
 Partisanship and the Census : Robert T. Porter : N. A. Rev.  
 Recent Elections : John G. Carlisle : North American Rev.  
 Stability of the French Republic : J. Simon : The Forum.

*Religious and Theosophical :*

Can a Nation Have a Religion? : Lyman Abbott : Century.  
 Christian Doctrine of Non-resistance : Count Tolstoi : Arena.  
 Various Editions of the Bible : M. J. Wright : Arena.  
 What Is Christianity? : Lyman Abbott : The Arena.

*Scientific and Industrial :*

Early Steps in American Iron-making : Wm. Durfee : Pop. Sci.  
 Experiences of a Diver : Prof. Hermann Fol : Pop. Sci. Mo.  
 Flash-light Photography : W. Lincoln Adams : Outing.  
 Popular Science : Felix L. Oswald : Belford's Magazine.  
 Speed in Railway Travel : R. H. Thurston : The Forum.  
 The Identity of Light and Electricity : Henri Hertz : Pop. Sci.  
 Sensations of Pleasure and Pain : Dr. E. H. Kisch : Pop. Sci.

*Sociologic Questions :*

Domestic Service in England : Emily Faithful : No. Amer. Rev.  
 Dress of the Point Barrow Eskimos : John Murdoch : Pop. Sci.  
 Expression in Figure and Dress : Alice Jennings : Belford's.  
 The American Girl : Mrs. Burton Harrison : No. Am. Rev.  
 The Duk-duk Ceremonies : William Churchill : Pop. Sci. Mo.  
 The Jewish Question in Russia : V. Yarrows : The Arena.  
 The Nature of the Negro : N. S. Shaler : The Arena.  
 The United States Looking Outward : A. T. Mahan : Atlan.  
 Then and Now : Rev. Minot J. Savage : The Arena.  
 What Is Individualism? : M. Handfield-Jones : Pop. Sci. Mo.  
 Whall Shall We Do with the "Dago"? : A. Morgan : Pop. Sci. Mo.

*Sport and Recreation :*

Athletics in Ohio Colleges : E. W. Forgy : Outing.  
 Football : Details of a Defensive Play : Walter Camp : Outing.  
 Rabbiting in Ireland : Thomas S. Blackwell : Outing.  
 Swan Shooting on the Columbia : T. G. Farrell : Outing.

*Travel and Adventure :*

Ancient Athens for Modern Readers : Atlantic.  
 Californiana : Trading with the Americans : Century Mag.  
 Japanese Women : Pierre Loti : Harper's Magazine.  
 Japonica : Japan, the Country : Sir Edwin Arnold : Scrib.  
 Life in California Before the Gold Discovery : Gen. J. Bidwell : Cent.  
 Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California : G. Valejo : Cent.  
 Shasta of Siskoyou : California of '49 : C. H. Shinn : Cent.  
 The Bermuda Islands : H. C. Walsh : Lippincott's Magazine.  
 The Border-land of China : W. Woodville Rockhill : Cent.  
 The Cruise of the "Sonoma" : T. H. Stevens : Cosmopolitan.  
 Up and Down the Indian River : St. George Rathbone : Outing.

## BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Will N. Harben, author of the successful story *White Marie*, has a new novel, *Almost Persuaded*, now in press of the Minerva Publishing Co.—Mme. Lydie Paschkoff, the intrepid traveller, has just published a volume of stories, the plots of which are laid in China, Japan, and other countries of the far East, under the title of *Fleur de Jade*.—Miss Marianne North, the famous botanist, traveller, and artist who died recently, may be said to have lost her life in the cause of science, as the illness of which she died was contracted during her last journey to South America.—Henry Francis Moore, of Medford, Mass., is said to be the original of Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, and the idea is supported by circumstantial evidence.—Miss Mary E. Wilkins, in the judgment of many excellent critics, says *Harper's Weekly*, "is accorded the first rank among the short-story writers of the day; her work owes its charm to simplicity and originality which amount to genius, and her shy, quaint personality is as fascinating to those who meet her as is the straightforward candor of her village heroines."—The wife of the poet-historian Lamartine gained some repute as an amateur worker in plastic art; a font which she made is exhibited in one of the churches of Paris.—Gladstone has written to Joseph Foster, author of a recent volume on *Four Great Teachers*, that he considers Sir Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* the "most Æschylean work (so far as he knows) of Christian times."—Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, who since the death of Courtlandt Palmer has been president of the Nineteenth Century Club, has resigned, and been succeeded by Brander Matthews.

Speaking of the late Professor Phelps, a writer in the *Troy Times* says: "His death reminds me that he was the victim of a burglary which inspired his daughter (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) to write a novel; the burglars carried off \$5,000 worth of bonds; he offered a reward of \$1,500, and this set the detectives to work, but their efforts were in vain; Miss Phelps saw so much of the trickery practised by the detectives, that she was led to expose it in her *Burglar's Paradise*."—The *San Francisco Examiner* does not think very highly of Henry James's translation of Daudet's *Tartarin in Tarascon*, now running in *Harper's*, and says: "Daudet's humor having passed through James as a medium, is like maple sugar that has stood near a kerosene can."—Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), author of *Lucille*, has written a novel in French, which is said to be his best work.—A memorial in honor of the late Mr. William Beaumont, of Warrington, the well-known Lancashire author, is to be erected in Christ Church, Warrington.—The great French religious writer, Ernest Renan, is spending the decline of his life in his native village, in Brittany, where he occupies a small one-story villa overlooking the Bay of Biscay; Renan passes a great deal of his time in an arm-chair under the trees.

A translation, into modern Greek, of Cardinal Newman's *Arians of the Fourth Century*, has just appeared in Constantinople.—Mr. Gomme has made considerable progress with his *Dictionary of English Folk-lore*, upon which he has been engaged for the last five years or so; its chief feature is an analysis of each custom, superstition, or legend, according to its geographical

distribution and the date of its first being put on record.—Lucy Toulmin Smith, an English woman, distinguished, like her father before her, as an editor of old English texts, is visiting her cousin, the Rev. Brooke Herford, in Boston.—It is said that the Chautauquan circle in this country is largely responsible for the present marvellous interest in Latin and Latin literature; at no time within fifty years have so many text-books, commentaries, and translations been turned from the press.—The caustic Alphonse Karr, who died recently, on one occasion published a few satirical verses upon a certain poetess, who, in revenge, watched for him in the street, and stabbed him with a poniard; the wound luckily was not dangerous, and the only revenge the satirist took was to suspend the dagger in his study, with the following inscription attached: "Presented by Madame — to Alphonse Karr—in the back."

Mme. Judith Gautier, the daughter of the illustrious novelist and critic, has in collaboration with M. Henri Bouillion executed the fine statue to Théophile Gautier's memory at Tarbes, his native city.—Prof. John Stuart Blackie, "the Grand Old Man of Scotland," who at the age of eighty, "so meagre that one might fancy a puff of wind would blow him over," still retains all his force, vitality, and brilliancy; he has just finished a book in which he denounces the "multitudinous babblement and insolent centralization of Parliament."—It is proposed to erect a simple memorial of some sort in honor of Miss Sewell, the author of *Black Beauty*, in order that her work on behalf of the horse may not be speedily forgotten; Miss Sewell's death was followed shortly by her mother, who left no heirs.—Dona Emilla Pardo Bazan, according to an English critic, "is the greatest of Spanish writers, perhaps the greatest of living European writers; certainly in England no woman can be named who comes nigh her."—A new monthly magazine, to be devoted to education and school affairs, will be begun shortly in New York; its promoters claim it will have a literary standing as high as *The Forum* or the *North American Review*.

Rev. Dr. Stifler, of Detroit, confesses to having read *Paradise Lost* twenty-one times.—George Bancroft, the historian, has come to his ninetieth birthday with a gradual loss of physical strength and powers of memory, but still a remarkably well-preserved body and mind for one so old; he continues his reading and interest in leading events of the day, and, as *Harper's Weekly* says, is not in any sense "on the shelf."—Mrs. John Addington Symonds has offered to Kew Gardens the magnificent collection of birds and butterflies bequeathed to her by her sister, the late Miss Marianne North; Mrs. Symonds wishes the collection placed near the Marianne North Gallery of Paintings.—Rubinstein, in his autobiography, says 50 per cent of the Germans understand music, 16 per cent of the French, and 2 per cent of the English, while the United States in this respect stands a little higher than England.—Anatole France, whose *Crime of Sylvester Bonnard* was so well received in this country, is the assistant librarian of the French Senate and the literary critic of *Le Temps*; his real name is Anatole François Thibault.—In a recent number of *Melia's Magazine* is a



portrait of Elizabeth Tomlinson, the original of Dinah Morris in George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, with a sketch of Dinah's life.—Rudyard Kipling wears a scarlet fez and eye-glasses in his sanctum; he smokes a pipe, and his room contains a rifle, a whiskey decanter, a siphon of soda-water, and other like accompaniments of British manhood.—The newest aspirant for literary honors from the South to attract notice in New York is Mrs. B. H. Shortridge, who, under the nom de plume "Belle Hunt," has written charming stories of Southern life.

The editor of a little Ohio paper recently declined to use five poems of five famous poets, which were copied and sent to him as original, on the ground that they were not up to his literary standard.—The New York Tribune, speaking of the recent anonymous English book *The Confessions of a Toady*, says: "In reading the *Toady's Confessions* one almost imagines that one is perusing Mr. McAllister's "Society;" the former constitutes a species of corollary of the latter, and after digesting both it is a matter of considerable difficulty to remember where the one ends and the other begins; both books are in reality autobiographies of men who, according to their own admission, have pushed their way up into the sets of which they now claim to be the most shining lights."—Marc Antoine Calmon, the French statesman and writer, died recently, at the age of seventy-five; early in life he entered public office, and after the Franco-Prussian war he was placed in a responsible secretaryship by M. Thiers; in that position M. Calmon signed the warrant for the expulsion of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, who had entered France without permission.—Miss Isabella Ford's tale, *Miss Blake of Monkshalton*, which was originally published anonymously in Murray's Magazine, will shortly be issued in book form; Miss Ford lives at Leeds, where she has taken an active part in forming trades-union societies among working women.

The new law for transferring the insane poor from the county poorhouse to the State insane asylums in New York State has just gone into effect; it was to aid in securing this reform that Dr. J. G. Holland wrote his novel, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, years ago.—William Black, who is now writing his twenty-second volume, has peculiar methods of work; he fishes all summer, and writes all winter; his writing is done in a quiet place at Brighton, and he is so sensitive to noise that he lays down his pen at the sound of a footfall on the stair.—Mrs. Terhune (Marian Harland) was Miss Mary Virginia Hawes, a Richmond (Va.) lady, a descendant of Captain Smith, whose life was saved by Pocahontas.—The heart of Gambetta was removed and embalmed after his death, and Paul Bert, the well-known popular scientist, who had the matter in charge, intended to place it in the memorial erected to the statesman in Paris; this was not done, however, and as M. Bert died in Tonquin several years ago without leaving any memorandum in regard to the matter, the heart is supposed to be lost.

Isabel Garrison (Mrs. W. R. Smith), of Montreal, whose reciprocity novel, *Line 45*, has caused some stir among Canadians, as it is believed to represent the opinions of certain prominent French Canadians of the province of Quebec, is at present in New York City, where she may remain during the winter; she is one of the few English-speaking Canadians who openly favor annexation, and her pioneer work in this direction has upon occasion been roundly denounced

by the conservative Ontario press.—It is said that Mrs. John W. Mackay and her sister are the originals of Mrs. Scott and Bettina in Ludovic Halevy's charming *L'Abbé Constantin*.—Rudyard Kipling received his name from the well-known English lake Rudyard, on whose shores his parents plighted their troth.—The latest of the society writers is Mrs. Ruth Dana Draper, who has a pretty little story in one of the November monthlies; Mrs. Draper is a daughter of Hon. Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, and the wife of Dr. William H. Draper.—Gustav Adler Gans zu Pultitz, formerly director of the Karlsruhe Court Theatre, Germany, died recently; he was the author of a dozen plays, the earliest of which was produced in 1851.

John Habberton, who wrote *Helen's Babies*, is very fond of the sea, and looks somewhat like a sailor, with his bronzed face, shaggy hair, and loose shirt collar; he is one of the most successful newspaper writers of the day.—A portrait bust of the poet James Whitcomb Riley has been completed in clay by R. H. Park, after eight years of intermittent work; and in Indianapolis the likeness is thought to be good; the model has been sent to Rome for a bronze casting.—Sir Richard Francis Burton, well known for his explorations in Africa and other countries, and through his labors as an author of fifty books, died recently at Trieste, at the age of 69; his latest publication was a literal translation of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment* in ten volumes, with ample notes; he spoke fluently twenty-nine languages and dialects.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll said recently, apropos of Mrs. Phelps Ward's article in *The Forum* on *The Décolleté of Modern Society*: "What a curious opinion dried apples have of fruit on the tree!"—Fräulein Helene Lange, author of *The Higher Education of Woman*, in the *International Education Series*, is said to be one of the most influential women in Germany at the present time; she is a lecturer and an essayist, with a remarkable power of critical analysis and originality of thought; twenty years ago she went to Berlin to make that city her permanent home; she was called to the principalship of a training school for teachers, and by her efforts in bringing a petition before the Prussian House of Deputies she materially raised the standard of education for women.—Mrs. Bottome, the president of the King's Daughters, has become the editor of a department in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"The house of the seven gables," which furnished the name and some of the scenes for Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, is still standing on Turner Street, at Salem, where Hawthorne lived for a time; the house was built in 1662, and different owners made additions to it, till it assumed the peculiar appearance which attracted the story-writer's fancy.—Archdeacon Farrar has just accepted the chaplaincy of the House of Commons.—The London Athenæum says of the late Prof. Thorold Rogers, political economist and historian: "He possessed an immense stock of stories, many of them rather more racy than decorous, and his conversation was famous for profusion of anecdote and vigor of epithet; his intellectual energy, his width of knowledge, and his extraordinary powers of work combined to render him a man of mark, and had he possessed a little more tact and self-control his career would have been really brilliant."—Flavel Scott Mines, the well-known poet, is to be managing editor of *The Knicker-*

bocker, a new literary weekly.—Björnsterne Björnson, the Norwegian writer, has a daughter who gives promise of becoming a great singer; her father has just completed a volume of poems, which as fast as they were written Froken Bergliot Björnson set to music.—Charles Dudley Warner, says the Washington Star, called one day upon his neighbor, Mark Twain, and asked him to go walking; the humorist resisting, Warner advanced scriptural authority in support of his desire as follows: Matthew v. 41: "And whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him, Twain;" and Twain went.—Lorenz von Stein, a celebrated German political economist, died recently at Eckernförde, in Sleswick-Holstein, at the age of seventy-five years.

Matthew Arnold once spoke of Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Meister as one of the greatest triumphs of that writer's prose style; De Quincey, on the other hand, declares it to be overrun with "provincialisms, vulgarisms, and barbarisms."—Carducci, esteemed the greatest living poet in Italy, keeps himself by teaching in the Bologna University, and is to be made a senator when the next Italian Chambers meet.—A Diplomat's Diary, the most successful book of the season, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., and not by Appleton, as noted.—Tennyson is said to write many short poems, but his own judgment is that the publication of them would not help his fame, and they are pigeon-holed or destroyed.—Mme. Adam is editing a new daily paper in Paris called *L'Union Franco-Russe*; the journal has for its object "tightening the bonds which already unite France to Russia."—Lowell says: "We should remember how few long poems will bear consecutive reading; for my part I know but one, the *Odyssey*."—The London Athenæum says of Ouida: "She has become a melancholy improving story-teller, a kind of Miss Edgeworth dashed with Schopenhauer."

Sardou is "mad" because he has been reported as saying that Shakespeare had not the least talent; he never said so, he declares; he admits, however, that he is offended because a statue in honor of Shakespeare has been put up in Paris on a spot belonging by right to Corneille.—Mme. Vattier d'Ambaine has been elected a member of the Association of the Parisian Newspaper Press; she is the first lady thus honored in France.—William Wetmore Story, the American poet-sculptor now in Rome, says of Ruskin: "He has done an immense deal of good by his writings, he has stimulated the mind to think, he has brought art over from vague generalities to a real study of nature, which is the true basis of excellence in sculpture and painting; besides this, he is a poet, and his descriptions of nature in landscape are wonderfully true and subtle, but in his statement of principles he is vague, contradictory, and unphilosophical; he has no system, but many very just observations; no metaphysical accuracy, but a high poetic and critical faculty."—Charlotte M. Yonge, editor of *The Monthly Packet* and author of 101 books, is to edit a new magazine, *Mothers in Council*.

John D. Barry, of Boston, late of the Boston Traveller, is now on the staff of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*.—A new hymn-book compiled by an English Catholic priest, and just published by the Bishop of Birmingham, is the first Catholic hymn-book that has included Cardinal Newman's *Lead, Kindly Light*.—Mrs. Jane Clemens, mother of Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, died recently at Keokuk, Iowa, at the age of

eighty-seven.—The well-known romance scholar Prof. Tobler, who has been elected rector of the Berlin University, is obliged to decline the honorable office, on account of feeble health; a second election will be necessary, an incident which has not occurred since 1832, when the election of Friedrich von Raumer was rejected by King William III., on account of a liberal article written by the historian on Poland.—Madame Michelet, widow and collaborator of the historian, is preparing a volume of his travels for the press.—Mrs. Browning was not eleven, but fourteen years of age when she wrote her epic on Marathon; her knowledge of Greek was originally due to her preference for sharing with her brother Edward in the instruction of a Scottish tutor, and at such lessons she constantly assisted until her brother's departure for the Charter House, where he had Thackeray for a schoolfellow; Mrs. Browning was self-taught in almost every respect, a remarkable fact considering her wide culture.

At a recent meeting of the (London) Carlyle Society, a member, in speaking of Professor Newman, told a curious story of the "cold scholar's" remark that he knew of no service rendered to English literature by Thomas Carlyle.—The son of Aristotle Valaoritis, one of the "greatest poets of modern Greece," is preparing a new edition of his father's works; the most important is an epic, *Gratianos Zorzi*, on the resistance of the Leucadians to the domination of Venice in the middle ages.—In Darkest England, and the Way Out, the great book of the season in England, by General Booth, the chief officer of the Salvation Army, will be published in the United States by Funk & Wagnalls.—The Chicago Times says: "Ward McAllister evidently wrote his remarkable book upon New York society in order to confirm a weary world in its preconceived notion of himself."—London is said to have fully eighteen thousand newspaper women, and the Ladies' School of Journalism turns out fresh material at the rate of two hundred a term; there are twenty-two press clubs, where the fair scribblers meet to lunch, read, and exchange notes; successes are few, and salaries lamentably small.—A new and remarkably clever American novelist has, it is reported, been discovered in the person of Miss Lily A. Long, of St. Paul, Minn.; the title of her novel, which the Appletons are about to publish, is *A Squire of Low Degree*; the motive of the story is a peculiarly noble form of self-sacrifice.

Simonides, the notorious forger of Greek manuscripts, died recently in poverty in Albania; he was a native of the island of Syme, and born about 1824; his skill in imitating ancient writing was great, but his scholarship was, fortunately, unequal to his manual dexterity; he made a considerable stir at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association in 1862, when he produced the Mayer papyri and declared he had written the Codex Sinaiticus.—Mrs. Gen. Grant's eyesight is very poor, and her maid is writing her book of reminiscences, from dictation.—Julian Sturgis, who has written the libretto for Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, is a Surrey County gentleman, a distinguished Oxford man, and the author of several interesting books.—The Boston Herald says: "Of the twenty American women deemed by the readers of *The Critic* the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood, no less than fourteen are Yankees, and a majority of these live in Boston or its vicinity; ex-



cuse our New England blushes!"—Upon the house No. 19 Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill, London, in which Robert Browning lived from 1861 to 1887, a tablet has been placed recording that fact.—Mrs. Lynn Linton is one of the most unpopular women in Great Britain, as well as one of the cleverest, so far at least as the verdict of her own sex makes or unmakes popularity; the sting has never been drawn from her famous sarcastic articles on social topics in the *Saturday Review*.

A memorial of Robert Browning has just been placed in a little church in North Wales; it bears this inscription: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet, born 1812, died 1889, who worshipped in this church ten weeks in autumn, 1886; by his friend, Helena Faucit Martin."—Archibald Lampman, in a recent sonnet, *Invocation*, in the *New England Magazine*, gives this confusion of metaphor, worthy of Sir Boyle Roach:

"A gnawing flame that robbed my songs away,  
And bound mine ears, and made me blind and dumb."

Professor John H. Hewitt, poet, story-writer, musical composer, teacher, and soldier, who died recently in Baltimore, was a rival of Poe in Baltimore's literary world fifty or sixty years ago; a paper offered prizes for the best story and the best poem; both writers tried for each prize; Poe won the story prize with his famous tale, *A Manuscript Found in a Bottle*; Hewitt won the poem prize with *The Song of the Wind*; Poe believed that he should have captured both prizes, Hewitt thought that both should have come to him, and the rivals proceeded to decide for themselves in a lively street-fight.—The University of Pennsylvania is fortunate in having secured James Russell Lowell for a course of lectures upon the Old English dramatists.

Cardinal Newman was as warm a lover of *The Wizard of the North* as is Gladstone, and knew his prose and poetry almost by heart; every year he offered the *Waverley* novels as prizes in the Oratory School at Edgbarton; to Scott's granddaughter, Mrs. Hope Scott, who invited him to visit Abbotsford, the cardinal wrote: "I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott, and it would delight me to see his place when he was dying, I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him, and continually thinking of Keble's words, 'Think on the minstrel as ye kneel.'"—Susan Coolidge remains abroad this winter and will take an entire rest from literary work.—Professor Huxley's deafness is growing on him, and now when he attempts to speak at any length he becomes very tired and loses control of his voice.—The oldest printed book in Germany has lately been acquired by the Royal Library in Berlin; it is an early edition of the Chinese art treasury, "*Po-Ku-t-u-l-u*," printed from metal blocks, and dating from the years 1308 to 1312; the impression of both the text and the illustrations is said to be beautifully clear and distinct.

F. H. Dickinson, the Somersetshire archaeologist, best known by his edition of the *Sarum Missal*, died recently.—Henry J. Macdonald, of New York, the well-known financial writer, is an uncle of Rudyard Kipling; the celebrated English artists Burne-Jones and Poynter also hold the same relationship to the clever writer of East Indian stories.—A series of clever sketches from the pencil of "Luc" has been running through the last half-dozen numbers of the *Journal Amusant*; the series is entitled *Variations sur les Sept Péchés Capitaux*.—Helen Hunt's grave, on Cheyenne Mountain, is

now marked by a heap of stones, every visitor to it casting two stones upon it in accordance with the wish of the woman-poet.—Ferdinand Denis, the eminent French writer on literature, language, travels, bibliography, and paleography, who died recently, was a great friend of Americans in Paris when he was administrator of the *Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève*; if they asked for his aid in their researches he gave it, without regard to the time and labor it would take; his history of the art of decoration in manuscripts, the most valuable work on the subject yet written, was made almost entirely of notes compiled by him in reply to a question of an American student of paleography, under Chassant.—George Eliot wrote to a friend after reading Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*: "I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidence of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world."

A treasure, to be offered the public in Harper's Magazine, is a collection of the private letters addressed by Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins; these charming letters are to be edited by Laurence Hutton.—Russia publishes but 800 journals, 200 of which appear at St. Petersburg and seventy-five at Moscow; an infinite number of languages are represented in the Russian press.—Mrs. Pollard, wife of the historian of the Lost Cause, is now a resident of New York; she is a creole by birth and is a fine-looking woman of middle age, with dark, expressive eyes and brown hair.—The tale, *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*, reprinted in the November number of *Short Stories*, and credited to Geraldine Bonner in Wit and Wisdom, appeared originally in Harper's Weekly; the mistake of the credit was due to the fact of the London publication's adaptation of the story to an English locality, and the printing of it as original over Miss Bonner's signature.—There are to-day in the British Museum thirty-five complete editions of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—Fisher Unwin, London, has projected a new series of novels to be called *The Pseudonym Library*, from the fact that the author in every book will be under a nom de plume.

Heinrich Homberger, who died recently, at Airolo, was for a long time editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, and in 1880 he published in Berlin a series of brilliant *Italienische Novellen*.—Mrs. Florence Howe Hall and Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott are preparing a life of Laura Bridgman, which will include a critical presentation of the psychological work of Dr. Howe in his remarkable education of this imprisoned mind.—While Robert Louis Stevenson was sailing about lately between Samoa and Auckland his cabin caught fire; there was great excitement on board; the burning things were carried on deck or thrown into the sea; suddenly Mrs. Stevenson saw two of the crew heave up a burning box; with a scream of dismay she sprang forward and caught one of the men by the arm, they dropped the box on deck; it was deluged with water and saved; it contained all Stevenson's MSS., the work of long months past, the story he is writing under contract for \$20,000, and much of the history of the island.—T. C. DeLeon, author of *The Rock or the Rye?* a parody on *The Quick or the Dead?* has now ready Society as *I Have Foundered It*, by Cad McBallaster.

See Book List on second page following.

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# L Current Literature

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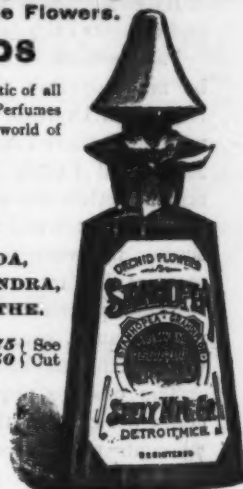
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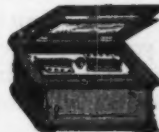
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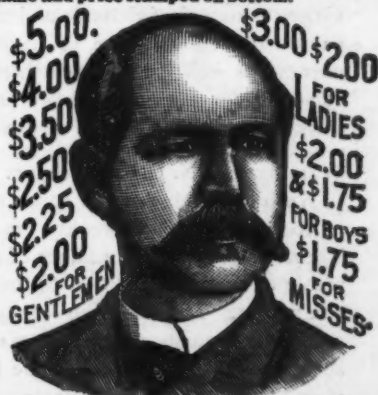
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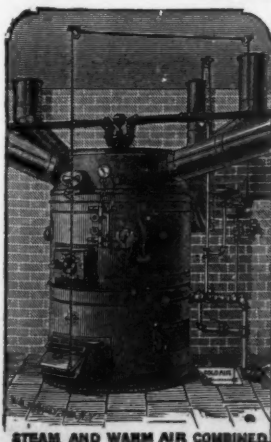


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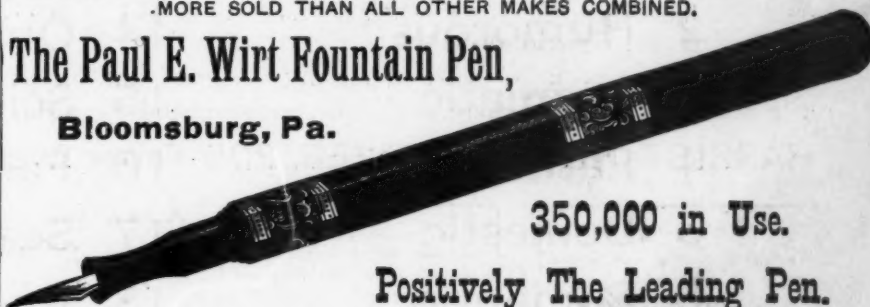
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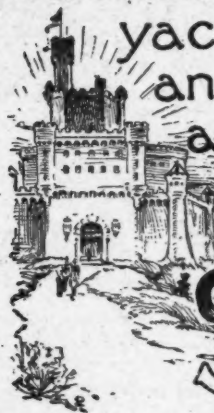




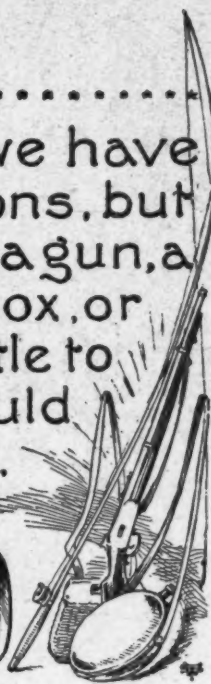


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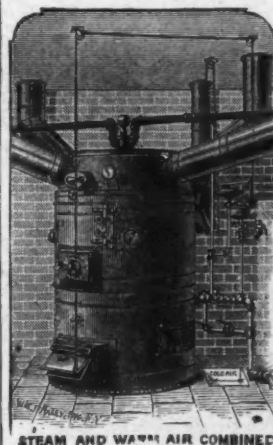
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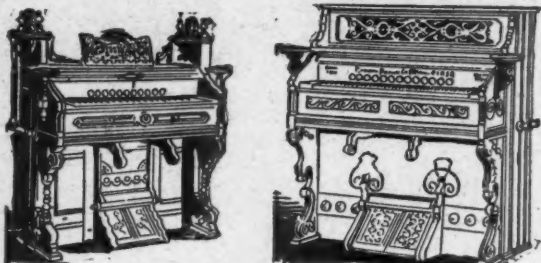
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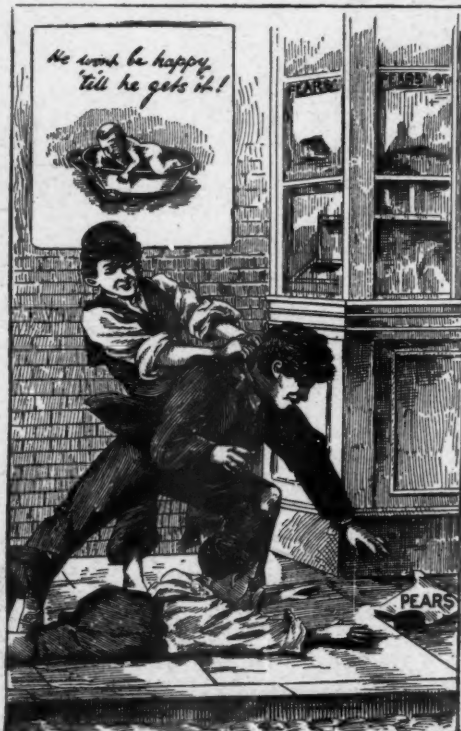
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